

# K&N

A.N.C.



APRIL 21ST  
VOL.1.NO.2 1938

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*"Gentle as a Lamb"*



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YOUR GUIDE TO



GOOD LIQUORS

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# NEW TIRE SENSATION

REDUCES DANGER OF SKIDDING AS  
NEVER BEFORE. *Here's the evidence* ↓



## Amazing Life-Saver Tread Gives You Quickest, Safest Stops on Wet, Slippery Roads

**P**EDESTRIANS darting in front of you! Cars coming from every angle! Hair-pin curves looming ahead! When you're driving on slippery, rain-drenched roads think what you'd give to turn the wet road under your car into a "dry" track. That's exactly what this new Silvertown Life-Saver Tread does . . . because every inch of this new wider, flatter tread is specially designed to DRY the road . . . give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever seen!

In exhaustive road tests by the impartial Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, largest independent testing laboratory in the country, against regular and premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire

manufacturers, *no tire tested*, regardless of price, came up to the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown in non-skid action!

Go to your Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store for a free demonstration that will give you one of the greatest motoring thrills you've ever had.

### No Extra Cost

And remember, this new skid-protected Goodrich Silvertown also has the famous Golden Ply blow-out protection. Thus you get *two* great life-saving features—AT NO EXTRA COST!—to say nothing of 19.1% greater non-skid tire mileage—which is the same as saying you'll get EVERY 6TH MILE FREE!

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested including those tires listed from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

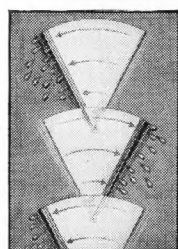
"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out, or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."



A. R. ELLIS, Pres.  
PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

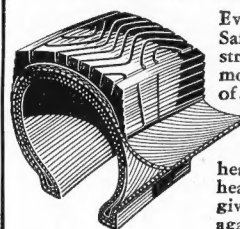
## 2 LIFE-SAVING FEATURES . . . AT NO EXTRA COST!

### ACTS LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS



The never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread, found *only* on the new Goodrich Silvertown, act like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a *dry* track for the rubber to grip.

### GIVES YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION



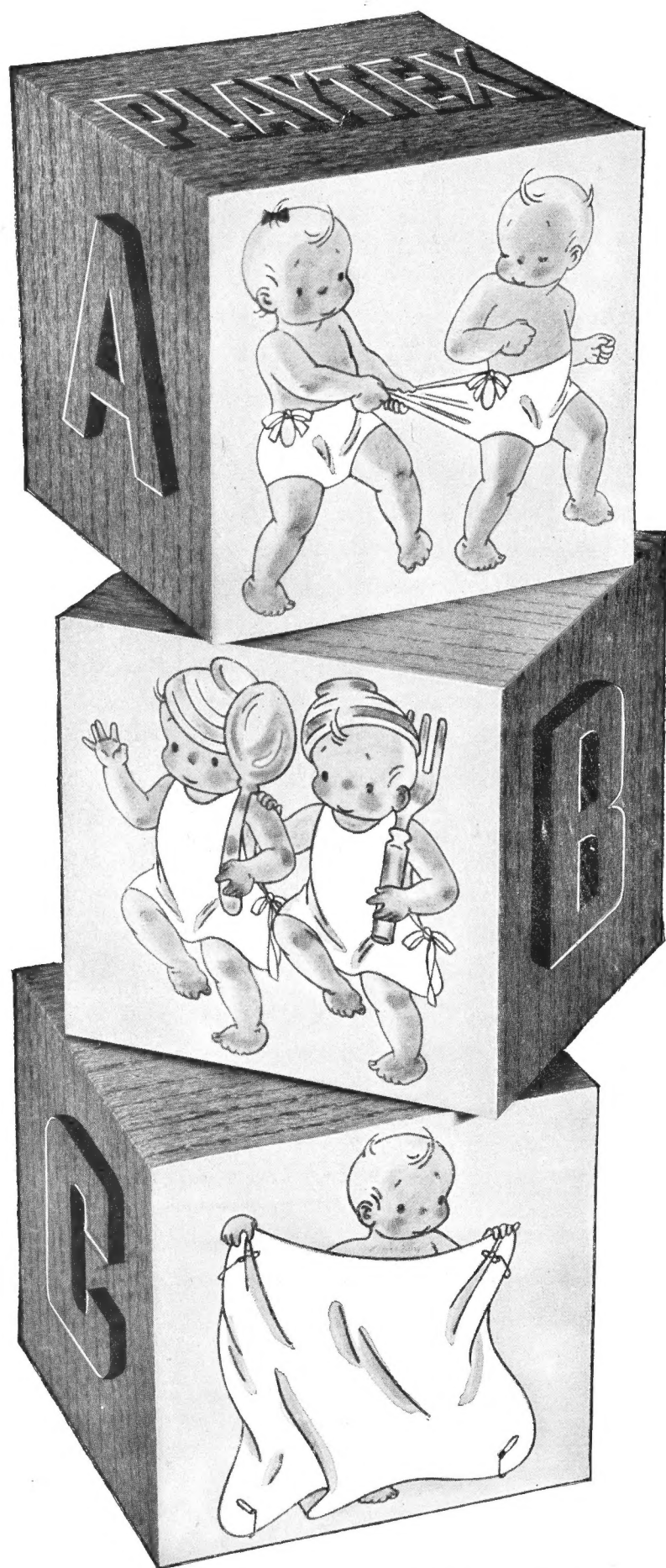
Every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown is constructed with the now famous Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply gives you *real* protection against high-speed blow-outs.

# The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SKID PROTECTION OF LIFE-SAVER TREAD ♦ ♦ ♦ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

T

here's an "insider's world" for your baby, too!



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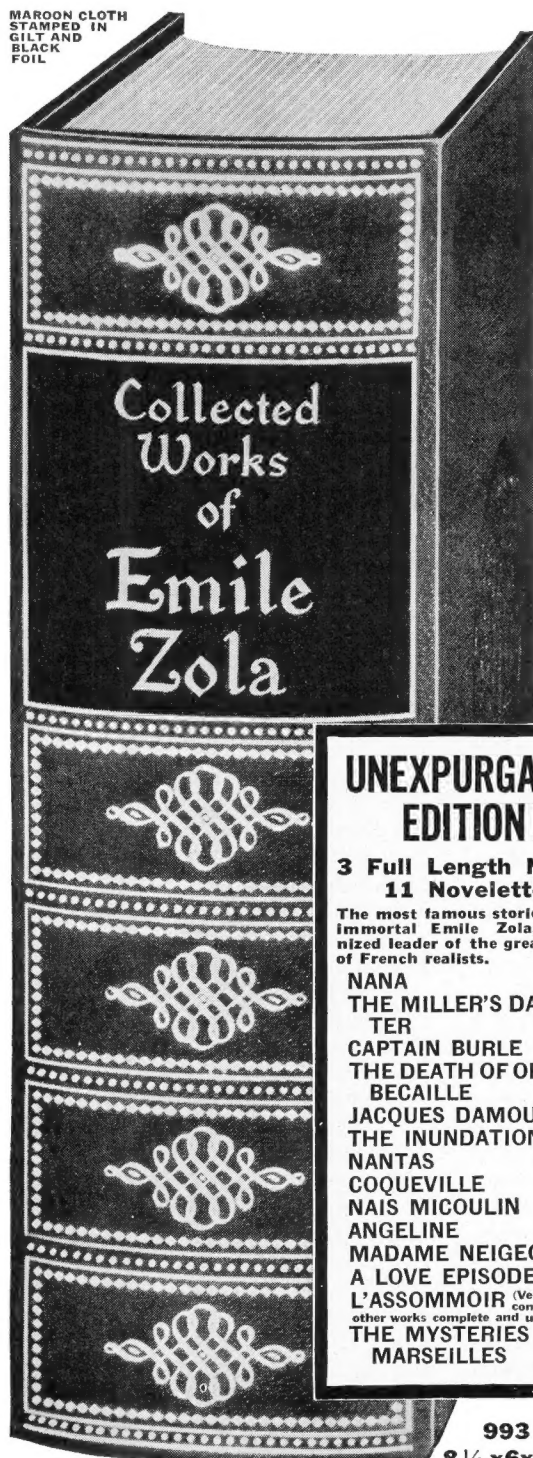
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HAS PORTRAYED  
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# KEN PARTICLES

BY LAWRENCE MARTIN

COLLEGE SUIT . . . Joe College pays average of \$29.73 for a suit in the national men's wear market of \$60,000,000. COINCIDENCE . . . British foreign minister Lord Halifax has withered arm, like ex-Kaiser. NAMES . . . After a year of deliberation on results of contest for American name for unpronounceable hors d'oeuvres, the winner of 988 submissions is—apiteasers! . . . Real name of president U. S. Steel is not Fairless, but Benjamin Franklin Williams. SAVING FACE . . . Good chance Alben Barkley may get appointive post to save him from possible defeat in Kentucky senatorial race that would be interpreted as slap at FDR. TRIPLE-THREAT . . . Announcement due soon of development amphibian plane capable of traveling under water like submarine. RED WINNER . . . Newspapers will learn any day now that Bryn Mawr Summer School scholarship awarded annually to an Englishwoman will go this year to Mrs. Marjorie Pollitt, wife of British communist leader. WINE . . . Its consumption increased 115% during 1935-36, still more last year, until in 1938 more wine consumed than before prohibition. Californians lead, drinking seven times more than average for country. JOBS . . . Highest paid professions are medicine and law, average member of which may expect to earn total of \$117,000 in lifetime; dentistry, engineering, architecture, next with \$108,000; college teaching, \$74,000; social work, \$51,000; journalism, \$44,000; ministry, \$46,000. Average farm laborer only \$12,000, or what average physician makes in 2½ years. THREAT . . . Winchell once said he'd quit work in 1939, when he's 45. Some people are keeping tabs. PRE-WAR . . . Properties on presumed air-invasion routes in southern England have lately fallen in value. TRADE? . . . Britain has obtained rights to a secret German process for extracting oil from coal. GOLD . . . Prof. Edwin W. Kemmerer predicts return to an international gold bullion standard, as distinguished from gold coinage standard. Gold redemption would be possible only in large sums. GEMS . . . Perfect artificial emeralds now being manufactured are still too expensive to threaten real emeralds. 100% . . . Best selling book in U. S. for two years has been reprint of Constitution and Declaration of Independence. GOOD-CONDUCT PRIZE . . . Insurance companies will extend practice of giving rebates to auto policy holders who go through year without accident.

QUESTION . . . Who are world's gabbiest people on the telephone? Read on. HOUSES . . . Prefabricated housing developments will soon

bring active counter-drive by vested interests threatened. Building industry and labor's "Build America, Inc.," working on promotion to offset hostile attitude toward labor and material costs in home building. TIES . . . American Clothing Workers Union will open co-operative non-profit tie factory to beat sweat shop chiselers in two-bit field. WAR NOTE . . . U. S. Army now recruiting to fill new swollen quotas for service in Pacific outposts. ALIENS . . . declined to new low of 3,000,000, and still going down, making it harder for super-patriot orators. HEARST . . . Hearst-Brisbane Properties takes advantage of N. Y. moratorium to pass up its principal installments, while Hearst's warehouse-loads of art objects are up for auction. What do you make of it, Watson? THEATRE . . . More and more shows have less and less scenery, resulting in grief among scenic artists and designers. DISTRACTION . . . Along with increase in sales and varieties of adult games, the jig saw puzzle is reviving. Back to midget golf in 1939?

ANSWER . . . Canadians are gabbiest, holding 210 phone conversations per year per capita; Americans 197, Danes 173, British 40. CLOTHES . . . Divide total U. S. stock of men's clothing equally, result would be half a suit per man, and only one-sixth of an overcoat. Prof. Huberman, Columbia, speaking: "Never in our country's history has enough clothing been manufactured to cover all our bodies." VOGUE . . . New craze developing for "Swedish Modern," in furniture, drapes, cloths, glassware. BIG BOSS . . . Least known of all autocrats is Marquis of Zetland who as Secretary of State for India lords it over Viceroy and government of India and one-sixth of world's population, 353,000,000 people. ANOTHER . . . Largest owner of theatres, newspapers, real estate and misc. industries in South Africa is an American, J. W. Schlesinger. COSMETIC NOTE . . . Queen Mother Mary of Britain makes up her cheeks in plum shade. PROPHECIC CROAK . . . 5,000 grade crossing accidents in U. S. 1938 will kill 2,000. More than half will happen at night. More than half the collisions will be car striking train. PLAYBOY . . . Vincent Astor plays with a mile-long toy railroad system on his N. Y. estate, since it outgrew the floor he had set aside for it in his apartment. NO. 1 FLIGHT . . . Longest passenger airline in world is Moscow-Vladivostok, 5,000 miles, 3 planes daily . . . Moscow is nearer to Cleveland than to Vladivostok. MEOW . . . Cat-calling will feature next session Wisconsin legislature when bird conservationists fight for law permitting anyone to shoot

stray cats. No worm conservationists organized yet against early birds. RETIRED . . . James J. Braddock will not stage comeback, doctors having warned him he would become punch-drunk if he took any more jabs.

SUPER QUIZ . . . Biggest Senate investigation is that into Utilities propaganda and financing, printed documents filling 129 inches shelf space, 95 volumes to date, the largest containing 2,753 pages; total pages about 79,464, total "exhibits," 4,489, and more stuff still coming out.

SCOTTISH TREND . . . Scotland is drifting toward Ireland at rate 8 ft. a yr., has drifted 600 ft. in last 70 yrs. GLUB . . . You will drink more iced tea this summer, like it or not. Under slogans TEA KEEPS YOU COOL & BEAT THE HEAT WITH TEA, April will start campaign to reach 84,000,000 readers-drinkers. Prepare sales resistance for grand climax of this propaganda week of July 10, "Midsummer Iced Tea Week." Tea entrepreneurs began ballyhoo last Oct. with Hot Tea campaign, slogans TEA FOR VITALITY & TURN TO TEA TODAY.

UPWARD TRENDS 1) Big boom in Diesel engines coming, Gen'l Motors & Caterpillar Tractor going into mass production. 2) Make mental note of new word MICROFILM, will hear it a lot in future when it tears up pub's biz by roots and raises hell with old reading habits. 3) One thing growing fast is year-end demand for statements, surveys, reviews, & statistics, & forecasts of year to come. The tougher the present going, the more interest in immediate future & past.

COCKEYED COFFEE . . . When Brazil, chief coffee country, clapped restrictions on coffee exports, El Salvador, Colombia, Africa, & others stepped up production; Brazil, frantic, called for conference to stop dumping, fix prices & quotas. Brazil went fascist, took restrictions off; now the turn of El Salvador, etc., to go frantic, and all hands are flying down to Rio to beg new bean agreement. ADS . . . Ballyhoo of drug and toilet articles makes deep impression on consumer, survey reveals; but funny thing, articles remembered best are those disliked for one reason or another. (Similarly, 10 movie stars who top popularity list also lead list of most disliked. Who can make anything of this?) All laxative ads are disliked.

PSYCHOLOGY . . . IQ doomed as mental indicator, will be supplanted by PQ = Personality Quotient which takes in more territory. TOMBSTONES . . . At convention cemetery men the big exhibit in hotel corridors was long line of tombstones on synthetic grass. Banquet dessert was ice cream in tombstone mold. Much touted expensive banquet orator Frank Lloyd Wright told cemetery men that graveyard of the future would be without tombstones, provoking near riot. Wright's remarks and all reference to him expunged from convention records.

BUSINESS . . . Women shoppers learning to boycott and picket have business men frightened of consumer revolution. Counter-revolution already under way: "Wise bus. men beginning to realize this great consumer movement under influence of fanatics (sic) or left wing insurgents (sic again) can fight business and advertising and do harm, or can, under enlightened leadership (our gang) co-operate with business."

STATIC . . . 28,000,000 radio sets now blaring in U. S. homes, making tremendous total sound-and-fury signifying profits to radio industry, inspiring same to conclusion there is no saturation point. Idea-men working on two lines: how to make sets more quickly obsolete, and how to sell the idea of the two and three set home.

ADD STATIC . . . Talk about what is holding up television will not down, industrial conspiracy rumor persists—sooner-later higher-ups will have to take notice. ANT-HEAP . . . Regional Plan Assn. estimates that at present growth N. Y. will have 9,384,000 inhabitants in 1960, barring bombings in one or more world wars between now and then. . . . Not one skyscraper in U. S. has been built to withstand recoil-shock of anti-aircraft guns for roof mounting, a lack of foresight that builders' trade papers are out to make up.

PRESS . . . Soviet Union (Russia) ties U. S. for first place in no. copies newspapers sold—about 40,000,000. Bolsheviks worked up from 1913 Czarist figure of 2,700,000.

BUGS . . . Right on heels of termites comes new insect peril—marine borers, "pile worms," which eat up wooden piers and wharves in New England, ruining small pier owners. They are increasing and new destructive varieties are joining first pioneers. Only cure so far is rebuilding with steel. Mysterious; if on Pacific side, Japan could be blamed.

SCHOOL NOTE . . . Nat'l Dry Goods Assn. backing campaign to revive interest in sewing so as to increase sale yard goods and notions, have introduced propaganda into San Francisco and other school systems with sewing classes, programs, fashion shows. Ask your school board. This Sewing, Inst., Inc. also boring within women's clubs. Report ready-to-wear clothiers stripping for battle.

QUESTION-BOX . . . What has happened to Single Tax, Proportional Representation, Technocracy, Townsend Plan?

DROOL OF THE FORTNIGHT . . . "The totality of the irreducible dimension of the experienceable variability of experience is the totality of the irreducible dimension of existence."—Charles Hartshorne, *Beyond Humanism*, 1937.

SOUR NOTE . . . Music publishers campaigning underground against swing, claiming bands shy away from popular tunes and sabotage sheet music sales. Sheet music market is ten times that for orchestrations.

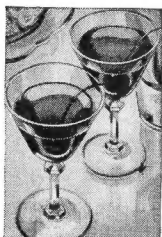




## answers

*How is Irish American used?  
How is it liked best? We give you  
here excerpts from a few "fan  
letters" chosen at random:*

### The Perfect Manhattan



"... only one thing I can complain about: I can't keep a bottle of Irish American very long, unless I keep it under lock and key. My friends are terribly spoiled—ever since I first served a round of Manhattans made with

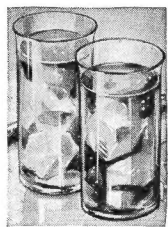
Irish American, they set up a terrible din if I bring out any other whiskey. True, it costs a dollar less than the Scotch I used to serve, but I wish I could keep some on hand for myself."

### A Great Old Fashioned

"I just took it for granted it would taste like Irish whiskey, but I find I was *all wrong*. It has a flavor that's individual, but reminds me a lot of a fine Canadian whiskey. We like it in Old Fashioneds, and with soda or straight I don't think it can be equalled anywhere. You fellows are causing a regular revolution in our drinking customs here."



### In Highballs

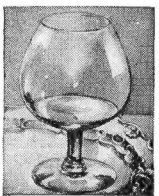


"... I kept after the steward until he began serving it in our Club bar, and I've come to be considered quite a whiskey expert, as a result. Our Scotch specialists like it because it has the lightness they insist upon, and the Canadian drinkers

say it tastes familiar, only *better!* I guess we're 'one big happy family' now, all cheering for Irish American."

### Straight

"It seems to me no two of my friends agree on how to drink whiskey. Some go for Manhattans, and some have a yen for Old Fashioneds, and some want it with fizz-water. I personally drink it straight, like a liqueur whiskey. But there's one thing we *all* agree on... since Irish American first came to this town, it has won and *held* its customers by its delightful flavor."



WILLIAM JAMESON & COMPANY, Inc.  
New York, N. Y.

# Its TASTE?

Arrestingly different, distinctly individual. Definitely not Irish. An original product possessing a lightness characteristic of Scotch, and a flavor much like fine Canadian whiskies.

*\*Irish American costs about one dollar per bottle  
less than standard Scotches in your community.*

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WILLIAM JAMESON

## IRISH AMERICAN WHISKEY *Brand*

*Contains 25% pot still Irish whiskey  
and 75% specially distilled American  
straight whiskey*

*"The  
Best of  
Two Worlds"*





# 30 Minutes After *Eating-Drinking* ALKALIZE



AFTER A HEAVY MEAL...

AFTER A LONG EVENING...



**Thus escape the penalties of acid indigestion  
then and later**

With "acid indigestion" it stands to reason that the longer it goes, the worse it gets — and the harder it is to alkalize. Therefore, act at the first sign of distress.

If you would relieve and "head off" nausea, "upset stomach," heartburn, gas, the thing to do is *alkalize* immediately.

Try this quick-acting way: take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets — or two teaspoons of the liquid which have the same alkalizing effect.

Almost at once you feel "acid indigestion" curbed. "Acid head-

aches," acid breath, pains from acid indigestion — all are given amazingly fast relief. You feel like a different person.

When you're going out carry your alkalizer with you — always — in tablets. They taste like peppermint. They cost 25¢ for 30. When you buy insist on Genuine Phillips'.

## ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



# PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

APRIL 21st  
Vol. 1 No. 2 1938

# Ken

THE INSIDER'S WORLD

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WANT something different? Want a car that stands out from the multitude like lightning against the sky?

Go look at LaSalle!

One glance at this beautiful, sleek-lined creation—and you'll see that you've found what you're looking for. It's a feast for the eyes, if ever there was one.

But wait till you slide in behind the wheel and take to the highway. Before you've traveled around the block, you'll know you've got something.

You go from *first* through *second* and into *high* as fast as you can read the words in this sentence.

While other drivers are still struggling with the levers, you find yourself a hundred yards out in the clear.

On the open road, you have only the legal speed limit to restrict your timetable. Ralph DePalma drove a LaSalle five hundred miles on the Indianapolis Speedway in 366 minutes—under A. A. A. supervision.

To be sure, we don't recommend this. The only *safe* speed is a *sane* speed. But LaSalle is loaded to the mudguards with power, if you need it.

And it's *velvet* power, too. You scarcely feel the power impulses. All the

reaction you get is a sense of movement as the car is propelled forward.

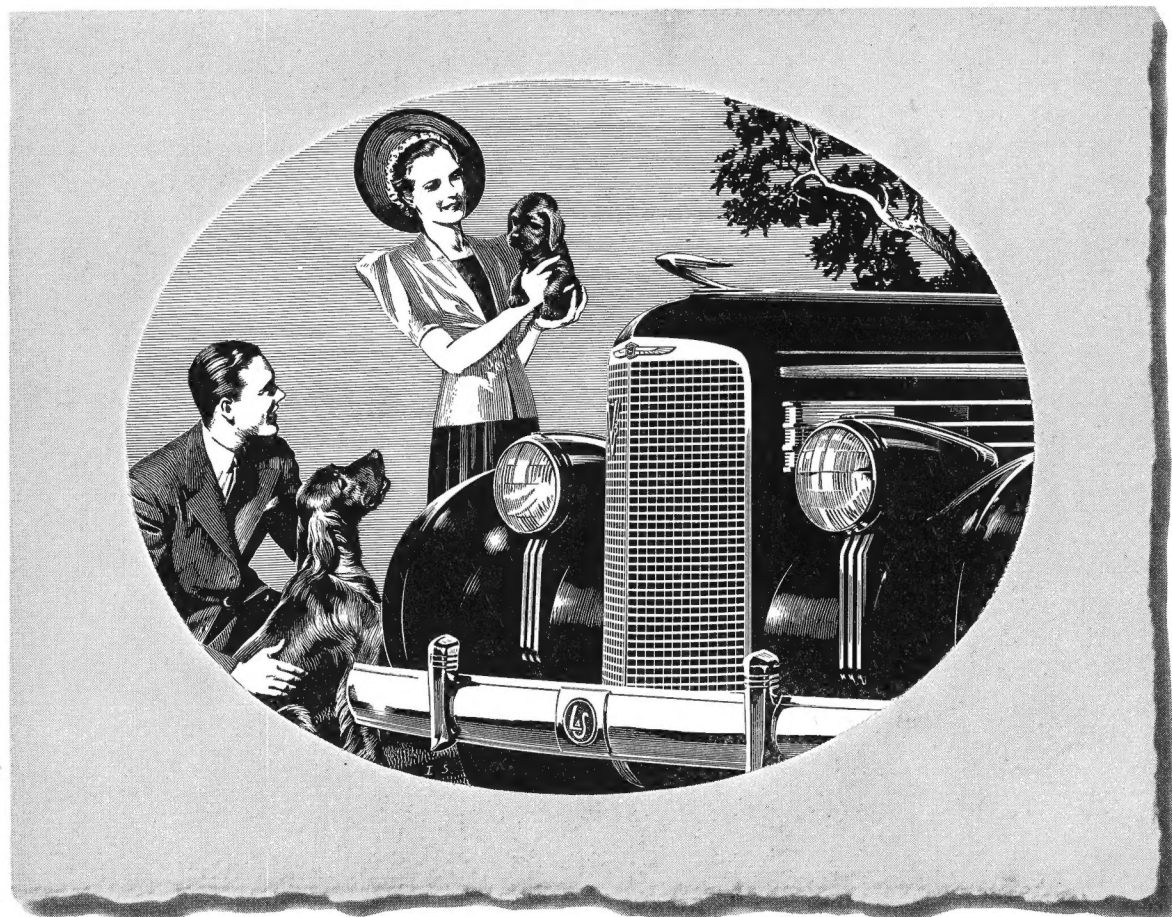
And this impression is helped by the serene manner in which the car rides the roads. Any highway department ought to be ashamed of a bump that would bobble a LaSalle!

And LaSalle does all this with amazing economy. Owners report up to

fourteen miles to the gallon of gasoline—even on long, hard trips.

Don't you think it's about time YOU looked at LaSalle? The finest motoring days are now at hand—and there's a beautiful LaSalle, in your favorite color, waiting to help you enjoy them.

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# LOOK AT LASALLE!

LASALLE is actually *lower* in price than certain models of eleven other motor cars. So—before you spend above \$1,000 for your next car, you owe it to yourself to—LOOK AT LASALLE!

V-8 • 125 HORSEPOWER CADILLAC ENGINE  
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



**CAN'T BREAK OFF**

The TALON slide fastener can't be damaged by pressing and cleaning...nor can it loosen or break off...nor can it catch your underwear. It works smoothly as long as you have the suit.

**IT SPEEDS DRESSING**

The TALON slide fastener is *one* fastening instead of *five*. One motion opens it...one closes it. It's quicker, easier...a more logical fastener.



# "It ought to be Compulsory on Pants!"

**NEVER A SLIP**

There's nothing to overlook or forget when you close your trousers with a TALON slide fastener. You're always *sure* of a neat and invisible closure.

**LOCKS**

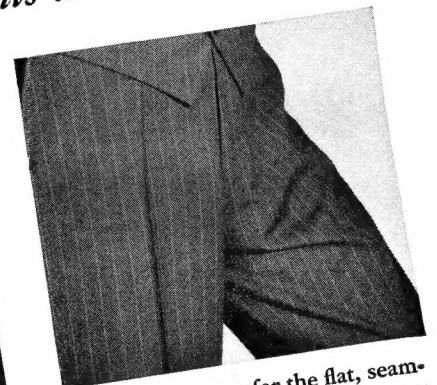
You never have to worry about the appearance of your trousers with the TALON fastener. It locks securely at the top—can't come open by accident.



Millions of men now demand the ease, security, neatness of the **TALON** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. trouser fastener on all their suits and slacks



**AS YOU WERE...** The old-style pants closures often gap and bulge.



**TODAY...** men prefer the flat, seam-like closing of the TALON fastener.

**"WHY** should a man struggle with five fastenings on his trousers?" writes a man from Washington, D.C. "Why risk untidy gaps...or take chances with fastenings that might break off?"

Millions of men who now wear Talon trouser fasteners

say the same thing. The Talon fastener is quicker, easier, always neat. It can't open by accident or break off. It's the logical fastener for trousers.

Introduced in expensive clothes, the Talon fastener now comes on better-made suits of all prices. Ask for it!

**TALON Slide Fastener**  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
**made by TALON, Inc.**

TRY THE **TALON** FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY



JOHN BROWN, an American friend of mine who lived in London, had suffered serious loss of business through the act of one James Smith, who had appropriated to his own use a manufacturing process that Brown had patented and used for some years successfully. And so Brown "consulted" his Solicitor.

Now, the threat to "consult my Solicitor" is often on the lips of the aggrieved Englishman. It is a menace not to be taken lightly! If the neighbor's dog destroys your rhododendrons; if the landlord neglects to repair the leak in your roof; if the grocer's errand boy twists your son Willie's ear: then, and in every such grave case, you say you are going to "consult my Solicitor." The recipient of the threat is awed.

So John Brown consulted his Solicitor, a Mr. Thomas, who was the hind-leg of the firm's name of Thomas, Lawson, Buckwinkle & Thomas. The first two names comprising the firm belonged to elderly gentlemen no longer visible, but serving, nevertheless, to add that weight and dignity to the firm's letter-head that custom requires.

The Solicitor, Mr. Thomas, listened sympathetically to Mr. Brown's explanation of the villainy of James Smith, finally declaring he would take the matter under consideration and make pronouncement in one week's time, if Mr. Brown would be good enough to call upon him then. Everything was very deliberate—no unseemly hurry. In fact, the entire surroundings of Mr. Thomas were devoid of the suggestion of haste: his office, in an ancient brick building, his furniture old and worn, with an obsolete safe in one corner and the walls hidden by cardboard cases containing documents, all conduced to an air of tranquillity, security, tradition.

At the end of the seven days, Mr. Thomas gravely told Mr. Brown: "I think 'we' have a case against Smith." Note that "we": it gives a feeling of comradeship, even of fraternity, somewhat like singing "the Gang's all here." "But," Mr. Thomas gravely added, "as the case has certain unusual aspects, I should like to take 'Counsel's' opinion before we commence action."

Now, John Brown knew his Solicitor had thorough legal training, enjoyed a large practice built up of many years' experience in the technicalities of the Law, and he naturally wondered why "Counsel" must be asked for his opinion. For "Counsel" is just another name for a barrister, who, in England, is a lawyer of quite different category from a solicitor. It is a solicitor to whom you go when you want to start an action, but a solicitor is not allowed to plead in court. That is the privilege of the barrister only. But, on the other hand, you are not allowed to bring your problem directly to the barrister, for he acts only for a solicitor.

"But with your long experience, do

## WHAT PRICE ENGLISH JUSTICE?

**Many's the American businessman who's been heard to exclaim: "Our whole legal system is cockeyed. It's slow, complicated, costly. The lawyers run it their own way, like a racket. Now take the English..." Well, take them. Take their Solicitors, their Barristers—Senior and Junior, with their fixed fees and "refreshers" in guineas, not to mention Associate Senior Counsel and, if you're lucky enough to get to him, the Taxing Master. British Justice is free to all, like their Ritz Hotel. On second thought you can't take the English, not even if you win. But they can take you.**

BY MAURICE E. FOX

you really need the advice of a barrister?"

Mr. Thomas gave Brown a look in which was infinite patience, and explained carefully. "If we went into Court and lost, you would feel sorry we had not taken an opinion before proceeding. 'Counsel' knows better than I how a *judge* is likely to look at a matter of this kind, for we shall not have a jury."

"And how much will it cost—this opinion?" Brown demanded, with that mercenary slant customary to one who has to foot the bill.

"Oh, a matter of from Eight to Ten Guineas."

(Here commenced Mr. John Brown's acquaintance with the prevalence of "guineas" in legal fees—a coin which has not existed in Great Britain since 1813. Lawyers, however, scorn the vulgar pound sterling, for whereas there are 20 shillings in the pound, the mythical "guinea" consists of 21 shillings.)

It finally developed that "Counsel,"

being formally consulted, likewise thought "we" have a case against John Smith; so Messrs. Thomas, Lawson, Buckwinkle & Thomas went into action by serving notice upon the Defendant, who promptly turned the matter over to *his* solicitor.

And Mr. Thomas started work on his brief by getting all pertinent particulars from Brown, so as to set down, on 'broad lines, what it was all about. Somewhere in this process, he said: "I think we should get a good man to conduct our case in Court. I'd like to recommend Sir Humphrey Wittington. He has experience in actions of this kind, has wide technical knowledge, and should be able to present a good case for us."

"He's a rather big man, isn't he? What is he likely to ask?"

"Yes, he is a big man; but an excellent K. C." (King's Counsel or Senior Barrister). "You can't entrust an important case like this to a second-rater—too much at stake. I'll

submit my brief to him and see if he'll take it."

Thereupon Brown was a prey to two separate anxieties: fear that Sir Humphrey Wittington, K. C., might not take his case—and fear that he might!

Before starting this litigation, he had not realized that matter was such an intricate one; it had appeared to be straightforward common-sense. But after several interviews with the Solicitor, it began to dawn upon him that the affair was taking on greater and greater importance, larger ramifications.

At any rate, the brief was sent around to the "chambers"—not the "office," for barristers do not work in mere offices—of the eminent K. C., and after a lapse of several days it came back to the Solicitor's office. Sir Humphrey had merely written in his own hand on the outside of the brief a figure: One Thousand Guineas. Mr. Thomas triumphantly showed the returned brief to Brown. "Look," he said. "He has accepted it!" and pointed to the significant figure.

Brown was aghast. "What! Does that mean the fellow wants over Five Thousand Dollars to fight my small case?"

It is sad that throughout all this, my friend Brown seems such a skinflint: always asking the price of things, or questioning the amount; but in excuse for him, we must realize his business had been going badly and he had to consider economy. He was getting nervous; very nervous. In refreshing contrast, however, to his parsimonious attitude was that of his legal advisors, who at this point and hereafter were able to mention sizable sums of money with a graceful nonchalance.

Mr. Thomas at once assumed that air of nonchalance and retorted: "That's his usual fee. We are lucky to have him take it; distinctly lucky."

Brown became philosophic; he must not become faint-hearted now. "Well, if that's what it will cost me, I suppose I must face it."

"But you understand, Mr. Brown, that there is Sir Humphrey's 'Junior' to be considered, too," Mr. Thomas informed him, impassively.

"'Junior'? What's that?"

"Why, don't you know that every Senior Counsel has his Junior Counsel to help him prepare his cases?"

"And do I have to pay the 'Junior' too?"

"Yes, of course. The Junior's fee is, in addition, automatically three-fourths of the Senior's."

"Let me get this clear: I have to pay Sir Humphrey over Five Thousand Dollars and also pay his Junior close to Four Thousand?"

"Precisely. That's the rule. Moreover, this money must be paid over before they go into Court."

Brown has begun to learn something about the English system, but his education is not yet complete.

"Well, if that's the rule! Anyway, as you think I'll win, the other side





Who's Next?

will finally have to pay for all this. Listen: I'll get my costs if I win, eh?"

"Yes. *The Court will allow you costs*, if you win. Now, while we are at it, there is also the question of a 'Refresher.' You know that, don't you?"

"Refresher? What's a 'Refresher?'"

"In addition to the fixed fee mentioned, you must also pay the Senior Counsel another fee of One Hundred Guineas a day for every day the case is in Court and—"

"Over Five Hundred Dollars a day!"

"—and in addition, Seventy-five Guineas a day to the Junior Counsel for every day the case is in Court."

"But this fellow has said he would take the case for Five Thousand Dollars. Why should I pay him something extra to drag it out? Doesn't seem sense to me. And this business about the 'Junior,' on top of that!"

"The accepted rule, Mr. Brown."

"A crazy rule, then! Why, the longer he makes the case last, the more he'll make—the more both of them will make."

"I don't know about American lawyers, but a reputable British K. C. does not prolong a case," Mr. Thomas remarked acidly.

"But while he's at it, why doesn't he make me pay the wages of his office boy, too? Seems he's forgotten that," said Brown, bitterly. But his sarcasm was treated with the indifference it deserved. Of course he could withdraw, or engage a cheaper team of barristers. But if he drops the case, his business will be ruined; and if he gets cheaper barristers, it is pointed out to him, the other side may get smarter ones, with long lists of victories to their credit, and he will probably lose his case and be saddled with enormous costs. So he could do nothing but proceed as suggested.

While the case was being prepared by the solicitors, there came up the question of expert witnesses. Whom did Mr. Brown want as expert witnesses?

"What do you want expert witnesses for? You are going to call me as a witness. What more can an expert do?"

"Now, Mr. Brown, this case is highly technical. We shall need experts to explain it to the judge. The other side will certainly have experts, so we can't do without them."

"But if a man is a so-called 'expert,' he will have fixed ideas about the matter. Since he must tell the truth, isn't his testimony as likely to be damaging as favorable to me?"

"Oh, no. We choose experts whose opinion will be in our favor. We interview them beforehand, to see how they feel about it."

"And if they have notions unfavorable to us, we look for someone else?"

"Precisely. And we should have at least two of them."

"Why two? Isn't one enough?"

"Well, a judge might think one expert individually biased. If we find at least *two* in our favor, he will lend

greater weight to their testimony."

"And I suppose the other side will find two 'experts' with ideas directly contrary? How does that help the judge?"

"Well, that's the way it's done. It is usual."

"And I suppose these 'experts' will want a fixed fee as well as a 'Refresher?'"

"No, Mr. Brown. An expert works for a fixed fee."

"Must have something wrong with his mind, then," Brown muttered, at which Mr. Thomas gave him a sickly smile, to show he realized his client was intending to be humorous.

Two experts were engaged; and one of them asked a fee of approximately One Thousand Dollars, while the other (evidently a lesser light), was content with Six Hundred.

Three months passed before John Brown was at last informed by his solicitors that the case was practically completed. Throughout all this time, he had neither met nor communicated with the two barristers who were to plead in Court for him, all information having been passed on to them by the Solicitor. In fact, it is unusual for a client to come into contact with his barristers until he sees them in the court-room; but in Brown's case, an exceptional departure was made; he was asked to accompany his Solicitor for an interview with the barristers in their chambers, to talk over a disputed point.

He found them lodged in a grey stone building, probably some 300 years old, with stone stairs worn hollow by the feet of generations. The building was a rabbit-warren of barristers' chambers, each with his name painted on a solid oak door. He noticed, too, an extra door of heavy black oak to each of their quarters, thrown back against the wall, outside the regular door. It was explained to him that, from an ancient custom, when the outer door was closed, it meant the barrister wanted strict privacy; and in that case no one disturbed him, as he was said to be "sporting his oak."

Inside he found his barristers' chambers even more antique-looking than those of his Solicitor. They were not only old-fashioned, but poor.

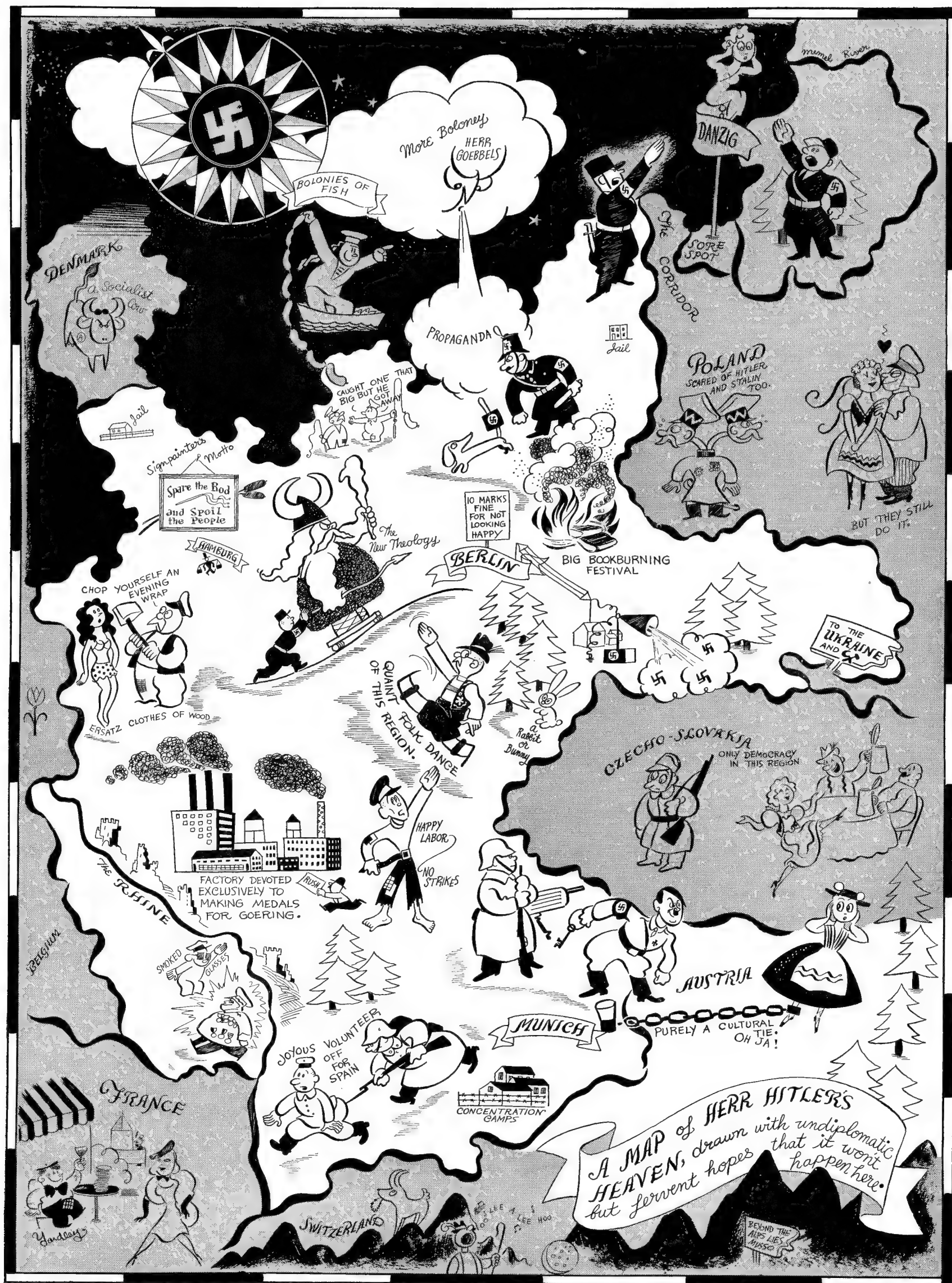
The handsome incomes of eminent counsel in England are seldom expended in office furniture: another ancient custom, apparently.

And when Brown had met and discussed his case with both his Senior and Junior Counsel, he was appalled. For although the Junior seemed well acquainted with the facts, the Senior knew nothing about the case yet—admitted in fact that he had not yet studied it—*although it was coming on in Court the next morning.*

When Brown was alone again outside the building with his Solicitor, he voiced his misgivings.

"Don't you worry about that," said Mr. Thomas, with assurance. "Sir Humphrey will study it today, possibly working at it all night. He will









The Man on the Mound

know that case from top to bottom in the morning before he enters Court."

When the suit was begun in court the next morning, there was Sir Humphrey Wittington, K. C., cool and competent-looking under his grey wig with its pig-tail, garbed in a silk gown of worn aspect, which had belonged to his father before him and was prized for its antiquity. He was flanked by his Junior, also in wig and gown (the latter *not* of silk, as he was not a K. C.). With opposing Counsel and the Judge himself similarly be-wigged, it was an imposing scene.

The Judge, towering over the room, pushed his wig back from time to time, to scratch his head reflectively, as if to help himself in the absorption of ideas. The solicitors only were in lounge suits and were seated in front of the barristers, to keep order among the vast pile of documents that would be used as the trial progressed.

Sir Humphrey, as Plaintiff, addressing the Judge as "M'Lard," or more shortly as "M'Lud," spoke all of the first day, building up his case point by point, bringing forth the correct substantiating document at the right time, piling on fact after fact without the slightest hesitation, until Brown was lost in admiration and amazement.

How was it possible that the man had, in 24 hours, obtained a grasp of John Brown's business, as if he had been acquainted with it for years? But there he was, full master of all details, all intricacies, fully confident in the knowledge of his subject.

And thus with the trial actually opened and all the details of expense decided and put behind him, Brown was prepared to extract such enjoyment as he could from the excellent show now before him. There would now be no disagreeable surprises; it would all be clear sailing.

But when Court was adjourned for the day, Mr. Thomas, the Solicitor, approached John Brown and said: "Sir Humphrey wants to see us before he leaves for his chambers."

Sir Humphrey was short and to the point. "Mr. Thomas," he said to the Solicitor, "I can see this case will be a great strain on me and I must have some help. I suggest we engage Mr. Withers, a K. C. with special technical training, to conduct part of it." It was not a suggestion, but a command.

When finally alone with his Solicitor, Brown asked:

"And how much is this *new* chap Withers going to cost?"

"His fee, I have learned, will be Two Hundred Guineas."

"And a 'Refresher'?"

"No. No 'Refresher' in his case. He will put in only one appearance probably."

"Well, there goes another Thousand Dollars," said Brown. "We seem to be getting plenty of help in this trial: Solicitor, Senior Counsel, Junior Counsel, two Expert Witnesses

—and now another Senior Counsel for part time. Boy!"

"Oh—and I forgot to mention the shorthand notes," exclaimed Mr. Thomas. "You see, being Plaintiff, we should supply copies of the shorthand notes for the Judge's guidance."

"Why, I saw that old fogey taking notes himself! Why does he need shorthand notes? And if he did, can't he get the stenographers to read out any part he wants to hear?"

And now Mr. Thomas became really vexed. He put Mr. Brown in his place. "It is customary for the Plaintiff to provide shorthand notes for his Lordship. We must do so."

"How much?"

"I can't say exactly now; but there is a scale. As this will be a fairly long case, it can't be far under One Hundred Guineas."

The shorthand notes were provided: about a dozen copies of them, nicely bound and beautiful to look at. Everybody was pleased except, of course, Brown, the Plaintiff, who had acquired an unhappy disposition anyway. And the case went on, day after day, for eleven days.

And then Brown won! By George, he won! He got judgment in his favor, *with costs*. Now, he thought, he could recoup his expenditure, for the Defendant was solvent. Brown pointed this out jubilantly to his Solicitor.

"The Solicitor's fees are your affair, you know, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Thomas.

"I know that. But the barristers, and the rest of the gang—the other side must pay us for them, eh?"

"Oh yes, but—we cannot be sure the Taxing Master will allow the whole amount. He may whittle it down."

"Who is this Taxing Master?"

"He's the official who has the duty of seeing that the other side is not over-charged. He may hold, for instance, that we could have won without so good a man as Sir Humphrey—etc."

"And that other K. C. fellow that Sir Humphrey insisted upon: that Mr. Withers, who spoke for 15 minutes and collected a Thousand Dollars for the job—is this 'Taxing Master' likely to say *he* wasn't necessary?"

"He might. You see, the Law insists the loser be treated with absolute fairness."

"Ah yes, I begin to grasp it," said John, sorrowfully. "Absolute fairness!"

And sure enough did John Brown, winner, find the Taxing Master inexorable in cutting down the allowances for costs. Actually, Brown got back finally about one-third of what he had spent.

But he had won, hadn't he? Suppose he had lost: look how much it would have cost him then! And so it goes, English justice; for, as one well-known English judge remarked bitterly not so long ago: "Yes. Justice is free in England. Like the Ritz Hotel!"

(Picture on Page 37)



## THE SECRET FUSE UNDER MEXICO

Attention of the Mexican government is here called to secret German airports in the jungle, the running of arms to Cedillo and Yocupicio, and the identity of Nazi secret agents under forged passports. Mexico is being battered by fascist propaganda, honeycombed by Nazi, Jap and Italian spies. Franco's influence with Hitler was sought to help overthrow the Cardenas government. But whether the government is cowed like Austria's or attacked like Spain's, the ground beneath its feet is so intricately mined that a flash from Berlin or Rome or Tokyo could touch off the inferno. What are they waiting for?

ON JUNE 30, 1937, the S. S. *Panuco* of the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Co. steamed into Tampico, Mexico, from New York with a mysterious cargo consigned to one Armeria Estrada. As soon as she docked the cargo was quickly transferred to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad freight car No. 45169, which was awaiting it. A gentleman known around the freight yards as A. M. Cabezut, arranged for the car to leave immediately for the state of San Luis Potosí in the heart of Mexico.

There was no record on the bill of lading to show that the shipper was the Winchester Repeating Arms Company of New Haven, Conn., and that the cargo, ordered on Jan. 23 and Feb. 23, 1937, by an Italian named Benito Estrada was a large quantity of rifles, pistols and 140 cases of cartridges for various caliber guns.

When the car arrived in San Luis Potosí, it was met by an elderly, mustached German named Baron Ernst von Merck, who took the shipment to Gen. Saturnino Cedillo, former governor of the state, and a known advocate of fascism. One week later

the elderly German met a carload shipment of "farm implements." When it was unloaded in San Luis Potosí, the farm implements turned out to be dynamite.

Von Merck, who is Cedillo's right-hand man, was a German spy during the World War, stationed in Brussels. Today, he is on Cedillo's staff, constantly traveling between San Luis Potosí, where the arms are cached, and the Nazi legation in Mexico City.

South of Mexico is Guatemala, the most thoroughly organized fascist country in Central or South America. Guatemala's chief industries are coffee and bananas, which are virtually controlled by Germans, whose enormous plantations overlap into the state of Chiapas, Mexico. President Jorge Ubico, who is not much of an Aryan, prefers Mussolini's brand of fascism because the Nazi theory of Nordic supremacy does not strike a sympathetic chord in the President's heart. As a result, the Italian minister to Guatemala is Ubico's adviser, the latter scarcely making a move without first discussing it with him. Recently (December 21, 1937), Baron

**WESTERN UNION**  
NEWCOMB CARLTON  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD  
J. C. WILFERT  
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT  
A. R. WHITE  
PRESIDENT  
Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to  
MARCH 15, 1938

NEW YORK & CUBA MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY  
PIER 13  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

PLEASE WIRE COLLECT TO AMBASSADOR HOTEL NATURE OF CARGO ON BOARD  
SS PANUCO DOCKING AT TAMPICO JUNE 30, 1937

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS ARE APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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AL CIUDADANO SECRETARIO DE GOBERNACION.

TO THE SECRETARY OF GOVERNACION.

P r e s e n t e .

El suscrito de nacionalidad alemana y con legal

**THE UNDERSIGNED, OF GERMAN NATIONALITY AND**

estancia en el Pais, ante usted comparece para hacer la

**WITH LEGAL RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY, APPEARS BEFORE YOU TO**

siguiente manifestacion:

**MAKE THE FOLLOWING DECLARATION:**

Que el senor HANS HEINRICH VON HOLLEUFFER con do-

**THAT MR. HANS HEINRICH VON HOLLEUFFER RESIDING IN**

micilio en las Calles de Danubio numero 36 de esta Capital,

**DANUBIE ST. NO 36 OF THIS CITY, CAME TO SEE ME TO PROPOSE A DEAL**

vino a proponerme un contrabando de armas y parques de pro-

**IN ARMS AND AMMUNITION OF GERMAN ORIGIN TO BE SMUGGLED INTO**

cedencia alemana, y destinadas para los rebeldes en distintas

**THE COUNTRY AND DESTINED FOR THE REBELS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE**

partes de la Republica, tratandose de una fuerte partida que

**REPUBLIC, THE ARMS IN QUESTION BEING A LARGE SHIPMENT WHICH**

debía entrar al Territorio Nacional por las costas de Campeche.

**WAS TO ENTER NATIONAL TERRITORY ALONG THE COAST OF CAMPECHE.**

Que dicho senor ademas se dedica al espionaje para

**THAT THE SAID INDIVIDUAL MOREOVER IS ENGAGED**

su pais natal, conste por las varias denuncias que hizo contra

**IN ESPIONAGE FOR HIS NATIVE COUNTRY, AS SHOWN BY THE DENUNCIA-**

el suscrito ante la Legacion de Alemania en Mexico, por el

**TIONS HE MADE AGAINST ME TO THE GERMAN LEGATION IN MEXICO**

simple hecho, de que no estoy de acuerdo con el regimen fascista

**SIMPLY BECAUSE I AM NOT IN ACCORD WITH THE FASCIST REGIME IN**

en Alemania y por haber leído libros, que el actual Gobierno

**GERMANY AND BECAUSE I HAVE READ BOOKS, THE READING OF WHICH**

del Reich prohíbe leer. Esas mismas denuncias hizo contra algu-

**THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF THE RIGHT PROHIBITS. HE HAS MADE**

nos conciudadanos míos.

**SIMILAR DENUNCIATIONS AGAINST SOME OF MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.**

Presto decir verdad, y se las penas en que se incurre

**I SWEAR THAT THE FOREGOING IS THE TRUTH AND WITH**

haciendo afirmaciones falsas.

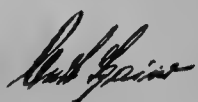
**FULL KNOWLEDGE OF THE PENALTIES FOR BEARING FALSE WITNESS.**

Firmado en la Capital de Mexico, el día veintitres de

**SIGNED IN THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO ON THE 23 DAY OF**

diciembre de mil novecientos treinta y siete.

**DECEMBER, 1937.**



Curt Kaiser  
Bolivar # 34. Ciudad

von Merck flew to Guatemala, the trip coinciding with the expected arrival of a cargo of arms from Germany, which was to be landed off the wild jungle coast of Campeche in Southern Mexico.

In Guatemala itself, Nazi ships do not even try to conceal their landing of arms and munitions in Puerto Barrios from where it is transported by car, river and horse into the dense chicle forests in the mountain regions, through which it is smuggled across the Guatemalan border into Chiapas and Campeche. Guiseppe Sotanis, the mysterious Italian officer who sits in the Gran Hotel in San José, Costa Rica, collecting stamps and studying his immaculate fingernails, arranges for shipments of Italian arms into Guatemala, and a few months ago he, the Italian minister to Guatemala, and Ubico met in Guatemala City, and shortly thereafter the Italian arms manufacturing company, Bredda, sent Ubico 280 portable machine guns, 60 anti-aircraft machine guns and 70 small caliber cannons.

Within the past month mysterious activities broke out in the heart of the chicle forests in Campeche. The region is a primeval jungle inhabited by Indians living in a very primitive state. There is little reason for anyone to build an airport in this territory, much of which has not even been explored. But if the Mexican government will instruct its air squadron, which is now watching the Guatemalan border with a great fanfare of secrecy, to go to Campeche and fly 40 miles north of the Rio Hondo and a little west of Quintano Roo border, they will find a completed airport in the heart of the chicle jungle; and if they will fly a little due west of the small villages of La Tuxpena and Esperanza in Campeche, they will find two more secret airports under construction.

The Mexican government knows that arms are being smuggled in through its own ports, the Guatemalan border, and across the wide, sparsely inhabited 2,000-mile stretch of American border. Both American and Mexican border patrols have been increased, but it is almost impossible to watch the entire region between Southern California and Brownsville, so few contraband runners are caught, chiefly because neither the American nor the Mexican governments seem to know the routes followed or who the leading smugglers are.

On February 12, 1938, Jose Rebey and his brother Pablo, who live in the Altar district in Sonora and know every foot of the desert, drove to Tucson, Arizona, where they met two unidentified Americans. On February 16, 1938, Jose Rebey and Francisco Cuen, old and close friends of Gov. Roman Yocupicio, drove a Buick to the sandy, deserted wastes near Sonoyta, just south of the American border where one of the two unidentified Americans delivered a carload of cases securely covered with sheet metal. As soon as the cases were transferred into Rebey's car, he turned back

on Sonora's flat dusty roads, passing Caborca, La Cienega, and turning on the sun-dried rutted road to Ures, which lies parched and dry in the semi-tropical sun.

Ures is the central caching place for arms smuggled into Sonora by Yocupicio, and the Rebey brothers and Cuen are among the chief contraband runners. The load they carried that day consisted of Thompson guns and cartridges, and the route followed is the one they use mostly. A secondary route used by one of Cuen's chief aids, a police delegate from the El Tiro mine, are the roads to Ures by way of Altar.

In time of war any troops deflected from an army, or ships from a navy is of advantage to the enemy. If a coming war found the United States lined up with democratic as against fascist powers and serious uprisings broke out in Mexico, it would require several American regiments to patrol the border and a number of American ships to watch the thousands of miles of coast lines to prevent arms running to fascist republics in the western hemisphere who are sympathetic to the Berlin-Tokyo-Rome axis.

These three fascist powers who have cast longing eyes upon Central and South America despite the Monroe Doctrine have apparently divided their activities in the Americas, with Japan concentrating on the coast lines and the Panama Canal, Germany on the large Central and South American countries and Italy upon the small ones. In Mexico, Nazi agents work directly with Mexican fascist groups, and have undertaken to carry the brunt of spreading anti-democratic propaganda, turn popular sentiment against the "Colossus of the North," and develop a receptive attitude toward the totalitarian form of government.

Italy concentrates on espionage, with particular attention to aid from Mexico to Loyalist Spain. It was the Italian espionage network in Mexico which learned the course of the ill-fated *Mar Cantabrico* which left New York and Vera Cruz with a cargo of arms for the Loyalists. The head of the Italian secret agents in Mexico is Fernando Ricci, who lives at 8 Eliseo St., Mexico City. It was he who learned the ship's course and cabled it to Italy, which in turn informed Franco, and thus enabled an insurgent cruiser to intercept and sink the vessel.

Germany, even more than Italy, is utilizing her propaganda machine in the Americas' markets, but the Japanese are not even troubling about that in this period. Their commercial missions seem to be much less interested in establishing business contacts than in taking photographs. The chief commercial activity all three countries are intensely interested in at present is getting concessions from Mexico for iron, manganese and oil, which are essential war products, and they are bitter because the mildly socialistic President Lazaro Cardenas of Mexico has stated on several oc-



casions that he does not intend to give these raw war materials to fascist powers.

Since Germany, Japan and Italy must have these products wherever they can get them, it would be to their advantage if the Cardenas government were overthrown and a government more friendly to fascism installed. But, should that be impossible, the existence of a strong fascist movement in time of war would be of tremendous help by its potentialities for sabotage. Hence, Mexico today is being battered by pro-fascist propaganda broadcast from Germany on special short-wave beams, secret Nazi agents and fascists meet surreptitiously with discontented generals, and espionage agents weave a network of agents throughout the country.

The propaganda is devoted chiefly to selling the wonders of the totalitarian government and to the dissemination of subtle, indirect comments calculated to turn popular feeling against the United States. In addition to regular broadcasts there is a flow of material printed in Spanish and in German by the Fichte Bund with headquarters in Hamburg, Germany, which is smuggled into Mexico in commercial shipments. A Nazi bund to direct this propaganda was organized secretly because of the government's unfriendliness to fascism. The bund operates as the *Deutsche Volksgemeinschaft*, and its propaganda center under the name of "The United German Charities." This organization on the top floor of the building at 80 Uruguay St. is actually the "Brown House" in direct contact with Nazi propaganda headquarters in Hamburg.

Some of the propaganda distributed in Mexico is smuggled off Nazi ships docking in Los Angeles, and transported across the American border by agents working under Hermann Schwinn, director of Nazi activities for the west coast of the United States. Schwinn's headquarters are in the Deutsches Haus in Los Angeles. The propaganda sent by Schwinn across the American border is chiefly for distribution around Guaymas, where a special effort is being made to win the sympathy of the people, while Cedillo caches arms in Ures and the bland Japanese continue charting the harbors and coast lines.

The Nazis began to build fascism in Mexico right after Hitler got into power. In 1933 Schwinn called a meeting in Mexicali, which was attended by several Nazi agents operating out of Los Angeles, Gen. Nicholas Rodriguez, and several members of a veteran's organization. It was at this meeting that the Mexican Gold Shirts were organized. One of Rodriguez's right-hand men was Antonio F. Escobar, and the fascist organization drilled and paraded, but little official attention was paid to them. Five years ago few people realized the intensity and possibilities of Nazi propaganda and organization. The only ones in Mexico who watched the growth of the fascist military body

were the trade unionists and communists, who remembered what happened in Italy and Germany when the Black and the Brown Shirts were permitted to grow strong.

On November 20, 1935, Rodriguez and his organization staged a military demonstration in Mexico City, and marched upon the president's palace. Trade unionists, liberals and communists barred their way, and when the pitched battle was over, five Gold Shirts were dead, some 60 persons wounded, and Rodriguez himself had a knife in his belly which a woman worker had put there with the furious cry, "Down with fascism!"

When the Gold Shirt leader was discharged from the hospital he found that his organization had been made illegal, and he himself exiled. Rodriguez went to El Paso, Texas, and immediately, working through Escobar, set about establishing the "Confederation of the Middle Class" to take over the now illegal Gold Shirt work and consolidate the various fascist groups in the country. Its headquarters was established at 40 Paseo de la Reforma.

Rodriguez kept in touch with Schwinn through Henry Allen, a native American of San Diego, who acts as the liaison man. It was Allen, on orders from Schwinn, who last year met Ramon F. Iturbe, a member of the Mexican Chamber of Deputies, in Guaymas for a secret conference. Iturbe is in constant touch with the fascist groups in Mexico City.

The Gold Shirts smuggled arms into Mexico along the border between Laredo and Brownsville, and cached them in Monterrey. On January 31, 1938, Gold Shirts attempted to attack Matamoras, near Brownsville, and a Mexican policeman was killed and another wounded during the fighting. Two days later Gold Shirts surrounded Reynosa, some distance west of Matamoras, but met peasants armed with rifles, pistols and knives. The fascists withdrew and Rodriguez vanished, only to appear in San Diego, Calif., on Feb. 19, 1938 for a secret meeting with Elias Plutarco Calles, the president of Mexico who preceded Cardenas. After a three-hour conference Rodriguez went to Los Angeles, met Schwinn, and proceeded to Mission, Texas, where he established new headquarters.

A few days after these conferences, he sent two men into Mexico under forged passports to discuss closer cooperation among the fascist leaders. The men who are in Mexico today are an American named Mario Baldwin, one of Rodriguez's chief assistants, and a Mexican named Sanchez Yanez.

If the Mexican government is interested in picking them up they are living at 31 Jose Joaquin Herrera, apartment 1-T. If they are not at home they can be found at the rendezvous for the secret conferences which are held in Jesus de Avila's tailor shop at 22 Isabel la Catolica.

In the latter part of June, 1935, an amiable bar fly arrived in Mexico City from Berlin as civilian attaché

## UNION NACIONALISTA MEXICANA

"PATRIA JUSTICIA Y LIBERTAD"

OFICINAS GENERALES:

REP. DE CUBA 23

APDO. POSTAL

ERICSON 2-95-04

MEXICO, D. F. Noviembre 12 de 1937.



A NUESTROS DISTINGUIDOS COMPAÑEROS.  
TO OUR DISTINGUISHED COMRADES IN  
PUEBLA, Pueb.  
PUEBLA:

Las señoras Dra. Carmen Calero y Maria Alfaro, van a esa Ciudad con el objeto de propagar ---  
THE LADIES DR. CARMEN CALERO AND MARIA ALFARO, ---  
ARE GOING TO YOUR CITY FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROPAGATING OUR IDEOL-  
nuestras ideologías y tendencias en defensa de la ---  
OBY AND TENDENCIES IN DEFENSE OF THE FATHERLAND.  
Patria.

Como la Agrupación Femenil que representan  
AS THE F. G. WHICH THEY REPRESENT IS UNITED WITH  
está unida a la "UNION NACIONALISTA MEXICANA", envia-  
THE MEXICAN NATIONALIST UNION WE EARNESTLY ENTREAT YOU TO GIVE  
mos a Uds. nuestra atenta replica para que se dignen  
THEM YOUR VALUABLE MORAL AID SO THAT THEIR DIFFICULT TASK MAY  
impartirles su valiosa ayuda moral a efecto de que -  
BE SUCCESSFUL  
tenga éxito su delicada labor.

PATRIA, JUSTICIA Y LIBERTAD.  
FATHERLAND, JUSTICE AND LIBERTY  
El Presidente

Antonio F. Escobar.

El Sr. Gral.

Ovidio Romero Valenzuela.



## Juventudes Nacionalistas de México

(ADHERIDAS A LA C. G. M.)

PASEO DE LA REFORMA No. 40

TEL. ERIC. 2-80-49

MEXICO, D. F.

Noviembre 30 de 1937.

Generalísimo del Ejército Libertador de España.  
D. Francisco Franco.  
Jefe Supremo del Estado Español.

Excoelentísimo señor:-

La presente tiene por objeto aco-  
THIS LETTER SERVES TO IDENTIFY  
ditar la personalidad del compañero Fernando Ostos Mora  
COMRADE FERNANDO OSTOS MORA WHOSE PHOTOGRAPH APPEARS IN THE MAR-  
ra, cuyo retrato obra al margen, como enviado especial  
GIN AS THE SPECIAL ENVOY OF THE NATIONALIST YOUTH OF MEXICO TO THE  
de "JUVENTUDES NACIONALISTAS DE MEXICO" ante el Gobier-  
GOVERNMENT OVER WHICH YOUR EXCELLENCY PRESIDES,  
no que Su Excoelencia preside.

Aprovechamos la oportunidad para  
WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF  
hacerle presentes nuestros respetos.  
PRESENTING YOU OUR RESPECTS.

"POR NUESTRA PATRIA"

"JUVENTUDES NACIONALISTAS DE MEXICO"

Por el Consejo Directivo.

Consejero.

Consejero.

Consejero.

David Marquez.

Ricardo Garcia M.

Humberto Tirado.



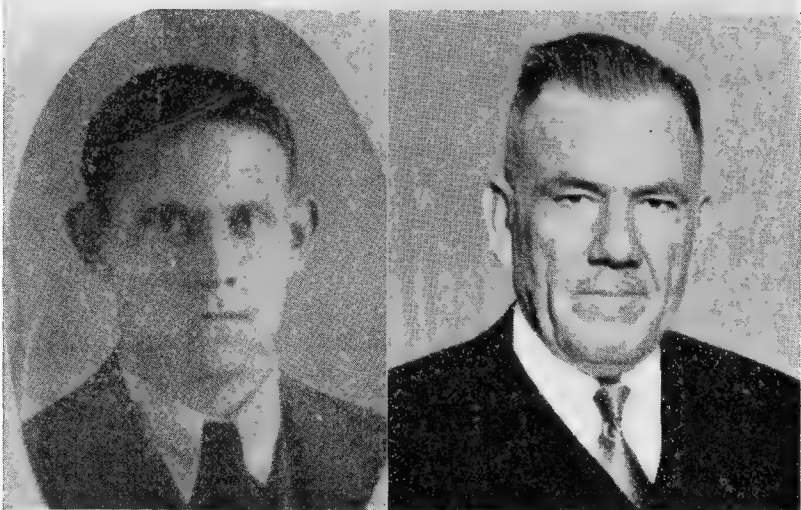


General Roman Yocupicio

Ramon F. Iturbe



Nicholas Rodriguez



Dr. Heinrich Northe

Elias Plutarco Calles



General Saturnino Cedillo

to the German legation. A civilian attaché is the lowest grade in the diplomatic ranks and the salary is just about enough to keep him going. Nevertheless, Dr. Heinrich Northe, at that time not quite 30, and not especially well-to-do, fixed up a somewhat luxurious place at 64 Tokio St. and bought himself a private airplane for "pleasure jaunts" about Mexico. Northe is seldom at the Nazi legation. He is more apt to be found in Sonora, where Yocupicio is storing arms, and where the Japanese fishing fleet is active, at San Luis Potosí, where Cedillo is doing a wholesale arms caching business, and Acapulco, whose harbor fascinates the Japanese. On March 4, 1938 Northe took off for the Panama Canal Zone "for a vacation."

The persistently vacationing commercial attaché, before coming to Mexico, was part of the Gestapo (Nazi secret service) network in Moscow and Bulgaria. He was sent to Mexico after Germany and Japan signed the "anti-communist pact" which is now generally recognized as a military agreement.

Immediately after the Nazis got control of Germany, Northe went into the German "diplomatic service," and was one of the first secret agents sent to the German embassy in Moscow. The Russian secret service apparently watched him a little too closely, for he was shifted to Sofia, Bulgaria, where he bought a private plane and flew wherever he wished. In 1935, when the signers of the Nazi-Japanese pact decided to concentrate upon Mexico, Northe was transferred to Mexico City.

One of his chief aids is a German adventurer who had been a spy during the World War. When the war ended Hans Heinrich von Holleuffer, who now lives at 36 Danubio St., Mexico City, worked hard at earning a dishonest penny in Republican Germany. After gypping solid business men in the Fatherland, the law got after him and he skipped to Mexico, where, without even pausing for breath, he went to work on his fellow countrymen in the New World. Berlin asked for his arrest and extradition, and von Holleuffer fled to Guatemala. That was in 1926. He came back to Mexico in 1931 under the name of Hans Helbing.

When Hitler got into power five years ago, von Holleuffer's brother-in-law became a high official in the Gestapo. Since there was no danger of the Nazis extraditing him on charges of fraud and forgery, Hans Helbing became Hans Heinrich von Holleuffer again and, without any visible means of support, established a swanky residence at the above address, got an expensive automobile, a chauffeur, and some very good-looking maids. Since he has not defrauded anyone lately, the German colony in Mexico still wonders how he does it.

He does it by being in charge of arms smuggling from Germany to Mexican fascists. He directed the unloading of one of the heaviest cargoes

of arms into the country during the latter part of December, 1937. Northe had informed von Holleuffer that a German vessel whose name even Northe had not yet been given, would be ready to land a cargo of guns, munition and mountain artillery somewhere along the wild and deserted coast of Campeche where there are miles of shore with not even an Indian around. Von Holleuffer was instructed to arrange for the unloading of the cargo and to have it removed into the interior.

On December 19, 1937, Von Holleuffer arranged a meeting at the home of Curt Kaiser of 34 Bolivar, with him and Julio Rosenberger, of 13 San Juan de Letran in Mexico City. He offered them 50,000 pesos (almost \$15,000) to take the contraband off the boat and transport it through the chicle jungles to the destination he would give them. I have Kaiser's memo on the negotiations for this particular shipment.

Shortly after the Japanese-Nazi pact was signed, the Japanese government arranged with the somewhat innocent Mexican government for Japanese fishing experts to conduct "scientific explorations" along Mexico's Pacific coast in return for teaching Mexicans how to catch fish scientifically. The agreement provided that two Japanese, J. Yamashita and Y. Matsui, be employed by the Mexican government for the exploratory work.

Matsui arrived in Mexico in 1936 and immediately became interested in the fish situation at Acapulco, which has the best harbor from a naval standpoint on the entire long stretch of Mexico's Pacific coast line. In February, 1938, he decided that it was important to the west coast shrimp fishing studies for him to do some exploratory work along the northeast part of the Mexican coast, near the American border, so he went.

Immediately after the agreement was signed, three magnificent fishing boats, the *Minatu Maru*, the *Minowa Maru* and the *Saro Maru*, which had been hovering out in the Pacific while the negotiations were going on, appeared in Guaymas and their captains reported to the Nippon Suisan Kaisha, a fishing company with headquarters in that port. Eighty per cent of this company's stock is owned by the Japanese government.

Each ship is equipped with large bins for fish which can easily be turned into munition carriers, each has powerful short-wave sending and receiving sets, and each extraordinarily long cruising powers ranging from three to six thousand miles. These boats do not even try to do much fishing. They confine themselves to "exploring," which includes the taking of soundings of harbors, especially around Magdalena Bay. Apparently the explorers want to know how deep the fish can swim and whether there are any rocks or ledges in their way.

That Germany, Japan and Italy are not working toward peaceful ends



so far as their own country is concerned is slowly dawning upon the Mexican government, and both the government and trade union leaders, who are powerful in the country, have repeatedly shown their dislike of Nazism and fascism and have encouraged propaganda against them.

On the morning of October 5, 1937, H. Freiherr Rud von Collenber, Nazi minister to Mexico, telephoned the Japanese and Italian ministers to suggest a joint meeting to discuss steps to counteract the attacks on fascism and their countries. The Japanese minister, Saechiro Koshda, much more suave and skilled in such matters, thought it would not be wise to meet in any of the legations. The Italian minister suggested the offices of the Italian Union on San Cosne Avenue.

At 1:30 in the afternoon of October 7, the ministers arrived, each in a taxi instead of the legation car which carries a conspicuous diplomatic license plate. At the secret meeting, which lasted until after four they concluded that it would be unwise to take any steps themselves to counteract the anti-fascist activities and that it would be best to work indirectly through fascist organizations like the Confederation of the Middle Class, and its associated bodies. Each minister had received a letter a few days earlier from several organizations tied up with the Confederation of the Middle Class, which offered to help the Berlin-Tokyo-Rome combination. A free translation of the passage which the ministers discussed (from the letter received by the Japanese minister which I now have) follows:

"We, exactly like the representatives of the three powers, love our Fatherland and are disposed to any sacrifice to prevent the intervention of these elements (Jews and communists) in our politics, in which, unfortunately, they have begun to have great influence. And we will employ, and are employing, all legal methods of struggle to make an end of them."

The phrase "legal methods" did not trouble them for it is frequently employed by those who suggest illegal activity. The German minister knew that the *Union Nacionalista Mexicana*, one of the signers of the letters, was run by Escobar, and that Carmen Calero, an elderly woman physician active in many fascist organizations, was a member of the *Partido Anti-reelectionista Accion*, another of the signers. The Nazi minister was particularly interested in Carmen Calero, who lives at 12 Place de la Concepcion, Mexico City, for she was known as a believer in direct action.

One month later the various fascist groups apparently got enough money to launch an intensive pro-fascist drive under the usual guise of fighting communism. Jose Luis Noriega, secretary of the Nationalist Youth of Mexico, which also signed the letters

to the ministers, left for the United States to organize an anti-Cardenas drive. At the same time, Carmen Calero left on a mysterious mission to Puebla on Nov. 12, 1937, with a letter from Escobar to J. Trinidad Mata, publisher of the local paper *Avance*. She carried still another letter, cautiously addressed to their "distinguished comrades," without mentioning names, and signed by both Escobar and Ovidio Pedrero Valenzuela, president of the *Accion Civica Nacionalista*. The "distinguished comrades" to whom she presented the letter were the Nazi honorary consul in Puebla, Carl Petersen, Avenida 2, Oriente 15, and a secret Japanese agent named L. Yuzinratsa with whom the consul has been in repeated conferences.

Six weeks after the secret meeting of the Japanese, German and Italian ministers and one week after she went to Puebla, Dr. Carmen Calero got 22 kilos of dynamite and stored it in a house at 39 Juan de la Mateos, in Mexico City. She, her sister, Col. Valenzuela, and four others, met at her home and laid plans to assassinate President Cardenas by blowing up his train when he left on a proposed trip to Sonora.

On November 18, 1937, the secret police made a series of simultaneous raids upon Dr. Calero's and Valenzuela's home, the house where the dynamite was cached, and placed all under arrest. But once the arrests had been made, the Mexican government found itself in a quandary. To bring the prisoners to trial would involve foreign governments and create an international scandal, so Cardenas personally ordered the secret police to release them.

The arrests, however, scared the wits out of the ministers, and their horror was not lessened when they discovered that the letters from the fascist organizations had vanished from their files. They wouldn't even answer the telephone when one of the released fascist leaders called; and it was at this stage that the Mexican fascists decided to send a special messenger to Francisco Franco in Spain (Nov. 30, 1937) with the request that Franco intercede to get money from Hitler to help overthrow Cardenas, since the Nazi minister was too scared to co-operate.

The special messenger was Fernando Ostos Mora. He never got there. The letter of introduction he was carrying is reproduced on page 17.

The aggressive and warlike fascist triumvirate have a firm foothold in Central and South America, and are today working feverishly in Mexico. The intensive propaganda flooding the western hemisphere, the innumerable secret agents, the co-operation among Japan, Germany and Italy, and the caching of German and Italian arms sent to Mexican fascists who are guided by Nazi agents, point to far-reaching, sinister plans. What are they preparing for?

(Pictures on Page 38)





## FASCISM'S NEW WORLD THRUST

**At last the South American stage is set for a road-show tour of the current spectacle in Spain. We have lost the lion's share of Latin-American trade to Germany, Italy and Japan who have moved in, under our complacent noses, with subsidies and propaganda to propagate the Fascist doctrine and undermine the traditional race-tolerance. Uncle Sam, preaching democrat, but practicing imperialist, has encouraged Latin America's dictatorships and discouraged its every attempt at democracy. Thus, the stupid guardian, he has unwittingly thrust his young sister republics into the eager arms of their foreign Fascist wooers, to breed a new batch of revolutions and wars.**

BY CARLETON BEALS

THE bolshevik regime in Russia, by its complete government monopoly of all imports and exports, has changed the whole game of world trade. World trade has become a monster armed to the teeth. The new Russian system turned trade into a terrible political and economic weapon. It could direct trade to those nations it chose to favor. With trade it bought diplomatic recognition, as in Uruguay. It could even sell a given product below cost and charge the loss up to all other industries in the country—a system of state-organized dumping. That this did not completely shatter the economies of the world was because of the paucity of soviet exports.

The reaction, however, was fascism and Naziism, which have sought to

accomplish, in different ways, similar results with regard to trade. There was a race of currency devaluation. Imports were strictly controlled. Barter arrangements were worked out, not by private concerns, but by the whole weight of the German, Italian and Japanese governments. Propaganda and exports were both subsidized. A whole series of maneuvers were resorted to which are quite beyond the facilities of nations clinging to laissez faire or free competitive trade.

At the same time the fascist nations have had the advantage increasingly of lower labor costs. Japan has steadfastly refused to adopt the Geneva labor codes; its factory workers receive coolie wages. The standard of living of German and Italian workers has been steadily sinking.

And so the trade of the fascist nations zoomed upward in Latin America. In the case of Japan the whole might of the imperial government was put behind the effort, not only to sell goods, but to intensify Latin America's traditional suspicions of the United States—a spectacular effort, reminiscent of those of Canning of England a century ago.

Besides low labor costs, Japan could sell cheap because of depreciated currency and pooled distribution. Shipping costs in Japanese bottoms were way under ours. The Japanese set out to open up the vast cheap market of Latin America, to make Indians and peasants greater users of civilized goods, a market the United States has never appreciably touched; but Japan also made great inroads on the preferential market.

This effort was correlated with new favorable trade treaties, along barter lines, something quite different from the treaties of Hull which have no means of enforcing arbitrary purchases. From 1929 to 1932, when South America's imports declined 65½% and the amount bought from the United States 82¼%, the exports of Japan to Latin America increased 200%.

The Japanese trade curve in Latin America has fluctuated widely. If the rapid increase that featured those depression years has not been maintained, in many instances substantial increase continues. In a few countries during the last two years, Japanese exports have actually fallen off; but by and large Japan has consolidated the gains already made, is developing credit facilities on a larger scale, is now a competitor of formidable proportions likely to increase her share in the market.

These treaty and trade efforts are coupled with active propaganda efforts by the Japanese government fervently assisted by the large Japanese settlements in the various Latin American countries, which in most places are among the most favored residents. Usually they engage in retail trade or the professions and come into more intimate contact with the population than do the Americans, mostly representatives of large corporations. The Japanese know how to talk the language of the local feudal regimes so similar to their own. They are a polite and formal race, and the Latin Americans appreciate that as much as any other quality in a foreigner. In Peru the Japanese were long exempt from having to register and pay the fee demanded of all other foreigners. In Brazil such a prominent figure as Julio de Rivedero urges that the Japanese should be encouraged above all other immigrants because of their high qualities, industriousness and assimilability. A Brazilian official recently declared that in California they were afraid the Japanese would intermarry; but in Brazil, they would feel badly if they didn't.

Today in Brazil, where there are close to 200,000 Japanese residents; a third of Brazil's 5,000,000 bales

of cotton are produced every year by Japanese growers; and much of the rest is picked by Japanese workers. Millions of acres have been granted to Japanese settlers, and a recent agreement gives the Japanese colonization corporation 2½ million more acres in Amazonas State for new settlers on a basis of almost complete political and economic autonomy.

Italian trade has been dizzily declining for about a decade; it is about a fifth of what it was nearly ten years ago. Hence her trade efforts in Latin America do not show such gratifying results as those of Germany and Japan. But the Italian government has been increasingly active in the field and seems to be turning the tide, particularly in the matter of armaments, airplanes and naval equipment. Italy has just sent Brazil a fleet of submarines; they have managed to substitute an Italian for the French military mission in Peru; their agents have been particularly active there and in Colombia. All these efforts have their political sidelights. Chile in celebrating a new trade agreement has been induced to recognize the conquest of Ethiopia.

Italy has poured out millions in propaganda in Latin America. Both Germany and Italy are generous with scholarships for South American cadets in their military, naval and airplane academies, and these young officers go back thoroughly indoctrinated, dreaming of becoming Francos, Mussolinis or Hitlers. When it is remembered how great an effect the Napoleonic myth had upon the militarists in Latin America a century ago, it can be realized that in countries where the army and army treachery are such powerful factors of government, the fascist tutors are handing out a very heady drink.

Naturally Italian propaganda was first spread among Italian colonists. In 70 years nearly 2,000,000 Italians have gone to Argentina. Not all remained, but Buenos Aires is a larger Italian city than New York; Italian has definitely modified the Argentine language; dailies are printed; powerful banking institutions are maintained. There are a million and a half Italians or people of Italian descent in Brazil. Large Italian colonies are to be found in Chile and Peru; and they are an influence in every Latin American country.

While fascism has not converted all the Italian immigrants in Latin America, many of whom cling to proletarian doctrines, it is overwhelmingly accepted by the Italian business elements, which control banks, trade and industry and make it tough on recalcitrants. Italian industrialists and financiers are also closely in touch with the leaders of the various governments and with the various local fascist groups everywhere growing stronger. Some Italian firms are virtually recruiting agencies for these organizations, forcing both native and Italian employes to affiliate.

To aid in this work of conversion, besides the regular diplomatic and



special trade emissaries, some of the highest chiefs of the fascist movement have been sent on tours, among them no less a person than Luigi Federazoni, president of the Italian Senate and long mentioned as the most important Black Shirt party man next to Mussolini. Federazoni recently announced on his return from his South American tour that it was no surprise to him that Brazil had joined the fascist column. The groundwork for this had long been laid by active propaganda and secret relations with Brazilian fascist groups, Italian and native. Balbo's squadron flight a few years ago had far more economic and political implications in the case of Brazil than it did with the United States, and young Mussolini's flight to Brazil was a "clincher."

The German drive on South America has had even more far-reaching results than Italian efforts and has brought a larger meed of trade. Soon after Hitler came in, the purge of German colonials began in all Latin American countries. And as the German immigrants belong largely to a much better-to-do class of professionals and business men than the Italians, they soon found it expedient to fall into line to avoid blacklists, boycotts and other economic pressure. Economic pressure was even put on third generation Germans and many native businesses in close contact with German enterprises. Today the German residents in Latin America, with the exception of the Jews, are 95% pro-Hitler. Even Catholics and others who have reason to dislike some of Hitler's policies, though they may not accept the Nazi ideas in entirety, are one with his Pan-German ideal; they hail gladly the manner in which he has so rapidly re-established the prestige of Germany in the eyes of official groups in Latin America, and their feeling is further strengthened by the fact that his policies have fattened their bank accounts. Many Germans, especially in Argentina, are Jews; they have three large German-Jewish banks there; but the system of aggressive trade blackmail causes them to be chary of openly countering Nazi activities.

From the German embassies and consulates, the German marching clubs, the German schools flying the swastika, and German business houses, the propaganda for Naziism and fascism has been projected out into the native populations. There are a half-million Germans in Brazil, and probably a million persons of German origin. Argentina has a very large colony; they are the predominant immigrants to Chile; they are heavily sprinkled through Central America; they are a powerful factor behind the political throne in Salvador. They control a railroad, light and power companies, big coffee plantations, banks and hardware and machinery establishments in Guatemala. In Mexico, though the Germans are not strong in the major raw-product industries, they form a large compact group, have one of the biggest schools

in the capital, own the machinery and hardware establishments, control many coffee plantations, and have been trying hard to get into the petroleum field. Strong nuclei of Germans, fervently imbued with Naziism, exist in all the Latin American countries.

Recently the barbarous dictator of the Dominican Republic, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo has been flirting with the Nazis. Arrangements have been made to set up a colony of 40,000 Germans, the first wave of a large migration, and the recent wholesale massacre of Haitians not only imitated Nazi blood-purge tactics but drove those poor alien peasants off lands promised to German settlers.

Large sums are spent on advertising to secure the corresponding publication of articles exalting Germany, Hitler and his system of government. Not long ago, I saw an Argentine rotogravure section devoted entirely to pictures of Hitler in characteristic poses before hordes of troops. German diplomats and leading members of the German colony get erudite articles on the philosophy and historical roots of Naziism into academic and literary publications—just the sort of pseudo-learning which so appeals to the hazy romanticism of many Latin American professors and students. The universities of Latin America have numerous visiting German professors giving courses, but no North American professors. Efforts are constantly made to entice native writers into the Nazi net. Their names are never neglected in invitations to diplomatic receptions; they are contacted socially, flattered and even subsidized—if important enough. One of Argentina's best-seller writers, Hugo Waste, has recently written *Oro (Gold)*, a nasty attack on the Jews, utilizing among other things the forged Zion protocols, and advocating the extermination of all Semites in Argentina. If Latin America's traditional trait has always been that of complete racial tolerance, the Germans and Italians are rapidly undermining it. About a week before Roosevelt reached Buenos Aires for the Pan-American conference, an immense fascist meeting was held. The speaker, imitating Hitler in dress and manners, roused the audience to thunderous shouts of "Death to Jews, Protestants, Masons!"

Some time ago I went with a leader of the Jewish colony in Mexico to interview the editor of a large daily newspaper which was baiting the Jews and supporting the local fascist groups. The editor brazenly asked: "How much will you pay to have us change our tune? We have nothing against the Jews, but we receive so much a week from the large German business firms. If you raise the ante, we'll gladly be pro-Jewish."

Germans seek everywhere to get a foothold in the schools. They open their own official colony schools, if necessary subsidized by the legations and embassies, to native pupils, and the attendance is large, despite the constant "Heil Hitler!" rigamarole



"Ach! It should be easy."





"You have no idea how tough he used to be."

and the saluting of the swastika every half-hour. Many private German schools also exist; these have been Nazified. In Chile German schools are numerous and inexpensive. The principal technical college, the Santa Maria Foundation, recruits all its teachers in Germany. About the time Roosevelt went South to talk democracy, a German liner was carrying twenty Brazilian students from Santos, guests of the German government. If German films cannot compete commercially with Hollywood films, nevertheless many free "educational" films are released for the native schools; and a powerful radio station in Berlin broadcasts programs in Spanish for South America.

Also the Nazis seek a military foothold. The Argentine army is largely German-trained; so is the Bolivian army; so is the Mexican cavalry. The Chilean army has been built up by German military experts; various German aviation missions have trained the Chilean flying force. The chief of Bolivian operations during much of the Chaco War was General Knudt of World War fame. The late Captain Röhm, former head of Hitler's S. A., also directed operations. The number of Latin American military students at Potsdam was never greater.

The proof of all these efforts is in the eating. Last year German sales to Brazil exceeded those of any other nation. The United States went into second place; England, from second place to fourth, being surpassed by Argentina. We tried to counter these efforts, not in any original way, but by imitating German tactics. We offered Brazil a \$60,000,000 revolving credit to keep its currency on a gold standard at a high enough level to continue to purchase American goods; we offered to set up a central bank and assist in continuing the coffee-control plan, which meant such a gouge for the American consumer; we sought to loan them outmoded battleships, in an effort to sell them more ships and munitions.

This great contribution to our peace efforts for the continent fell through. The Brazilian authorities had too many close commitments with Germany and Italy. Brazil also promised Mr. Hull that German subsidized goods would not be allowed to compete with American goods. The promise was empty. This year German trade has been increasing at a greater rate than ever. Germany has likewise stepped into first place in Chile. There it sells 12 times as many automobiles as does England and all the new rolling stock and rails for the Chilean government-owned lines. In a country so close at hand as Salvador, German trade now practically equals that of the United States. In Argentina and elsewhere the Germans have largely recovered and surpassed their former market for small steel and iron goods turned out by the Solingen industries. Sales of threshing machines, motor plows, grinding mills, electric motors, pumps, paper and hardware are everywhere increasing. In Mexico, Ger-

many has recovered second place in the market, surpassing England.

These political and international shifts in Latin America are the result of economic changes, both in the various domestic economies and trade relationships. Brazil has been traditionally the strongest friend we have ever had in Latin America. It was dependent upon us as a market for her coffee and rubber. Today Germany acts as a sort of distributing agent for Brazilian coffee in Europe. The diversification of production has brought Brazil closer to Europe and Japan in other ways. The spectacular expansion of cotton growing has made Brazil one of the greatest world rivals of the United States in that commodity. Naturally Brazil prefers to buy from those countries that consume her cotton. The growth in Brazil's iron and steel industry, much of it now controlled by German capital, has also altered relationships. Brazil has the richest iron deposits in the world and a fourth of the world's supply.

Changes in the productive activities of the other countries have also reinforced commercial relationships in new quarters. Far more than thirty years ago, Latin America is today in the commercial orbit of Europe, and of Japan also.

Openly probably none of the countries, not even Brazil, is at present likely to join the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo triangle; they are not deliberately anxious to flout the United States; they are aware that a new European war might once again cause a rupture of trade routes and almost complete dependence on us. They will, probably, as does Vargas of Brazil, even declare they are not fascist but still democratic. Such a claim is of course completely transparent and in sympathy, Brazil is now with Germany and Italy and not with us.

Vargas has denied that he intends joining any European alliance, but there are many indications of secret agreements between the fascist countries of the Old and New World regarding certain contingencies. And there is little doubt now, that if the Spanish episode is repeated in a New World country where German or Italian influence is strong, there will be a repetition of sub-rosa aid. The fascist countries will scarcely hesitate, while claiming complete neutrality, to send more military advisers, to send supplies, and to countenance volunteers who have temporarily changed uniforms. The same is true in the case of war between two South American countries. The intrigues of the fascist nations not only increase the danger of converting South America into a shambles but mean that Germany and Italy will be active participants.

They will be active participants while claiming their staunch respect for the Monroe Doctrine and for international law; their ardent desire for neutrality will be exemplified as it is today in Spain. In the case of Spain and Ethiopia, the Tory government in England showed that it would let the throat of the empire be cut



rather than countenance representative government that had the slightest savor of radicalism. England has done nothing effective to stop the fascist march across Europe, and least of all in Spain. English diplomacy has been content with an empty formula behind which the fascists and Nazis have marched into Spain with bombs of death, have drawn their lines across the Mediterranean and planted their grip on the very gateways of that inland sea.

There is some evidence that we may do likewise in the case of Latin America. Mr. Sumner Welles of the State Department, who has charge of Latin American relations, is in psychology, training and point of view, very similar to Mr. Eden. He has, in his past policies, shown his fear and dislike of popular or representative

governments in the Caribbean and elsewhere. He has hastened to assure Americans that the Brazilian government is not really fascist, an unnecessary and unrealistic pronouncement, which keeps the formula but plays the Italian and German game. So great is Mr. Welles' fear of democratic regimes to the south of us and the danger that they may turn radical, that thereby he is helping to pave the way for real revolutions that indeed may lean closer to bolshevism than to democracy.

Watch and see: when the revolutions and wars, which are apparently inevitable in Latin America, make their appearance, Germany and Italy will be allowed to do as they please there provided they reiterate their stern neutrality and laud the Monroe Doctrine!

(Pictures on Page 39)

## MUSSOLINI VS. HIS PAST

**There is a personal history behind the battle of Guadalajara that has not been told. Mussolini was not always the enemy of liberty that he is today. Once he went to jail as a fighter against an imperialistic war. There he taught his companions how to arouse a populace against tyranny. And in defeat of the Fascist legions at Briheuga there is more than a hint that he may have taught too well, that his companions have not forgotten, and may yet wreck him with the tricks that he taught them long ago.**

**BY GEORGE SELDES**

**Down with War in General!  
DOWN WITH THE WAR IN  
AFRICA IN PARTICULAR!!**

EPISODE No. 1

*Friends and Fighters for Peace*

"Every honest Socialist must disprove of this African adventure. It only means useless and stupid bloodshed."

The soap-box orator was a journal-

ist named Benito Mussolini. The time was September, 1911.

The situation: King Victor Emmanuel was waging war to add the Libyan desert to the Italian monarchy. He was creating an empire. (Nonsense to say, as Fascist Italy now does, that Mussolini, conquering Ethiopia, established the *Impero*. If seizing African land makes an Empire, it was

successfully done in 1911 when Mussolini was shouting against it.)

Soap-boxing journalist B. Mussolini was more than a talker: he was a doer. Not merely a pacifist; a fighting pacifist. Shoulder to shoulder with him in 1911 talked and fought his best friend: Pietro Nenni. (Nenni, born 1891, eight years younger than Mussolini, comes from the same province; likewise a socialist and journalist.)

In the province of Romagna the people fought the government. At Forli, the railroad junction nearest Mussolini's home, they seized the station, stopped the passage of troops bound for war in Africa.

King Victor Emmanuel sent a regiment of cavalry.

"Arm yourself with sticks and stones," Mussolini and Nenni advised.

The mob tore down a fence.

Three times the cavalry charged.

The women, braver than men on barricades, formed a shield. The cavalry cut them with sabers. The charge ended in confusion. Women wept. The wounded groaned. A few started to sing a revolutionary song. But the pacifist militants won the station; they tore up the track; they kept a troop train from proceeding.

The next day martial law.

Nenni and Mussolini were arrested.

EPISODE No. 2

*A Soldier of the Truth*

The court read out the indictment:

1. Armed opposition to the supreme power of the monarchy of authority.
2. Attempt to stop recruiting for the army.
3. Forcible stoppage of factories and war shops; incitement to strike.
4. Violent stoppage of street car communication and damage to tracks.
5. Cutting telegraph lines.
6. Destruction of a telegraph office.
7. Violent seizure of a railroad engine.
8. Laying a telegraph pole across the railroad track for the purpose of derailing a troop train.

The honorable court: How do you plead?

The accused, the journalist B. Mussolini: Guilty to the first seven charges. Not guilty to the last charge.

"When I declare myself in favor of sabotage," explained the journalist and mob leader, "I mean in accordance with my theories, economic sabotage, which is not to be confused with *vandalism*. . . . Sabotage according to me ought to have a moral purpose." It was all right to use violent means to stop war activities, he explained, but he would not place a log on a track because that would kill—and he was against killing—either in peace time or in war.

Defendant's plea to the court:

"Honorable Court: If you acquit me you make me rejoice; for then I can return to my work and the community of human society.

"If you sentence me you honor me

for then you will be condemning not a criminal, but a follower of the IDEAL!—an agitator according to his conscience, A SOLDIER OF THE TRUTH!"

The sentence of the court:

Benito Mussolini,  
Guilty of sabotage,  
Seven months in prison.  
Pietro Nenni,  
Guilty of sabotage,  
One year in prison.

EPISODE No. 3

Mussolini, Nenni, and ten others are in jail. Mussolini and Nenni occupy the same cell. They spend all day planning a revolution of the common people of Italy against the imperialists who wage war for conquest, who are trying to annex African colonies, and who are draining the pockets of the already impoverished Italian industrial working men and peasants.

"If I only had a newspaper," said Mussolini to Nenni, "I would expose the whole bloody set-up."

(At that moment in Milan the editorial staff of the official organ of the Socialist Party was considering making heroes and martyrs of both Mussolini and Nenni, and offering them editorial jobs.)

The food was wormy. The cell was full of bedbugs and other vermin. Mussolini and Nenni were bitten until they bled.

Nenni noted that a sour note had crept into Mussolini's talk. He was disgusted over the failure of his people to go on a general strike against the war in Africa.

"The cowards," he shouted in his cell, "they are not going on strike. And how many have we here? Twelve! Where are the others?"

Nenni, being so young, was freed first; Mussolini served five months.

He stepped out of jail into the limelight of martyrdom.

He walked out of prison and into the chief editorship of *Avanti*, the official organ of the Socialist Party.

The imprisonment was the great turning point in Mussolini's life.

It made him.

EPISODE No. 4

*August, 1914.*

Mussolini thundered against the War.

He denounced Britain as a hypocrite.

Belgium was an old gossip.

Russia was a bloody tyrannical dictatorship.

France was not worth fighting for.

"What the proletariat must do," he wrote in *Avanti*, is now, at once, start a revolution behind the lines in all countries; in Germany as well as in France, in Russia, in Belgium, in England, everywhere, overthrow the capitalist imperialist governments and establish the rule of the proletariat."

In Paris the Minister of the Interior, Jules Guesde, was making a budget: so much money to buy up neutral newspapers in certain countries.

(The Germans did the same thing;





"Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen!"

they bought up the *New York Evening Mail*.)

His Excellency sent his secretary, M. Charles Dumas, to intervene with the Italian journalist Naldi, concerning the possibility of making Mussolini change sides. M. Charles Dumas had a check for 50,000 (gold) francs in his pocket and he was authorized to pay 10,000 a month.

In September, 1914, scenes took place in the office of *Avanti*.

Within ten days there appeared two contradictory editorials: one favored neutrality, the other favored joining the war on the side of the French—on the side of His Excellency Jules Guesde and his secretary M. Charles Dumas.

The Socialist Party met, accused Mussolini of taking French money, expelled him first from the editorship of *Avanti* and later from the party itself.

Nenni became editor of *Avanti*.

#### EPISODE NO. 5

Scene: The Peace conference at Cannes.

Time: March, 1922.

(Circumstances: In Italy the Fascist party, subsidized by the League of Industrialists of the North and the Union of Metal Factory Operators, had made great headway: it had destroyed unions, killed about 2,000 persons, burned down co-operatives and terrorized labor. There was no Communist Party in Italy and the Socialists, the Co-operatives and the Labor Unions were being smashed by the Fascists.)

Discovered: Two noted Italian journalists.

**Mussolini:** Civil war has become a tragic menace. I do not fear the responsibility. The kindness of the State forces the formation of a party to smash the Bolshevik menace, re-establish authority, save the victory.

**Nenni:** To the class of which you have become the instrument, the right of workingmen to organize themselves for the defense of their social interests and for the conquest of power, that is now called bolshevism! The police personifies authority, and as for victory, it is conceived only as a form for the survival of the military spirit over the civilian spirit.

**Mussolini:** I know everything about the sentiments of the class about which you speak; I am not their instrument. At a given hour I have not hesitated to proclaim that one must escape from the bloody circle of violence.

**Nenni:** Your individualism always strays. I do not care what you have become. I am certain that lacking a sentiment of justice, everything that you will do will be marked with the red iron of arbitrariness. The peace which you offer from time to time to my friends is for them a renunciation of their ideal. At that price the bourgeoisie is always ready to act. Moreover, you forget many things.

**Mussolini:** What?

**Nenni:** You forget the dead. You forget that you were the chief of the

Socialist Party. You forget perhaps the workingmen fallen under the clubs and stilettos of the Black Shirts.

**Mussolini:** There must be no sentimentalism in life. I know that the dead hang heavily. I frequently think about my past with a profound melancholy, but it is more than a few dozen deaths in a civil war. There are hundreds of thousands dead in the World War. We must also defend them.

**Nenni:** The proletariat against whom you now direct your offensive defends the dead by fighting against war and against militarism. Frequently they are mistaken in details, but they never mistake their ideal.

**Mussolini:** Your friends must understand. I am ready for war as for peace.

**Nenni:** You have lost the possibility of choosing.

**Mussolini:** In that case, it will be war.

**Nenni:** For the past two years it has been war.

#### EPISODE NO. 6

The Glorious March on Rome

The telephone in Mussolini's office in the *Popolo d'Italia* building rang.

"The King offers you the premiership."

"I don't believe it," replied Mussolini; "send confirmation by telegram."

Telegrams were slow. While he awaited confirmation Mussolini sent a delegation into another section of Milan. This delegation explained to Pietro Nenni, editor of *Avanti*, that his boyhood friend, the editor of the *Popolo*, was offered a place in the government and therefore it would be advisable if Nenni not only ceased attacking fascism but ceased publication altogether.

Nenni indignantly refused.

(The delegation itself is interesting: it was headed by Finzi, who later was implicated in the Matteotti assassination; he was accompanied by Morgani, Mussolini's secretary, who in the sworn statement of Mme. Irene Desler, with whom Mussolini was living in 1914, was the go-between with Naldi—and Cesari Rossi, the head of the Fascist *Ceca* (pronounced Cheka and just that), who in 1924, in his famous memorandum gave the details of Mussolini's ordering the assassination of Matteotti. **AND DOWNSTAIRS, WAITING AT THE DOOR, WAS THE HOUSEHOLD FRIEND OF THE MUSSOLINI FAMILY, ONE DUMINI, AN AMERICAN, BORN IN ST. LOUIS, THE SON OF AUGUSTO DUMINI AND JESSE WILLIAMS DUMINI, AND THE ACTUAL KILLER OF MATTEOTTI.**

When the telegram came three hours later confirming the King's offer of the premiership, Mussolini turned over his personal organ, *Popolo d'Italia*, to his brother Arnaldo.

On his way to take the Pullman sleeper to Rome (the so-called glorious "march" on Rome), Mussolini took his first action as dictator of Italy:



"You may now burn down the *Avanti*," he said.

As the Pullman sleeper steamed out of Milan on its way to glory, the smoke of the *Avanti* building polluted the air of the city.

#### EPISODE No. 7

Unable to hear the criticism of his dearest friend and most bitter enemy, Mussolini orders the arrest and imprisonment of Pietro Nenni.

#### EPISODE No. 8

The Fascist budget is faked to make it appear balanced. Five (in some districts six) successive 5 to 18% wage cuts have reduced the standard of living of Italy until in 1935 it is the lowest of any nation of Europe. (See League of Nations reports for confirmation.) There is wide unrest in Italy. Mussolini provokes a war in Ethiopia. (General Badoglio in his memoirs published in Europe recently, admits bluntly that war was determined on in 1934 and that the provocation was planned.)

The Fascist troops by gassing innocent men, women and children and killing thousands of semi-savage people who were practically unarmed, won the war and Mussolini proclaimed the IMPERO!

In exile in France his old cell-mate Pietro Nenni wrote bitter articles in the emigre weekly, *Justicia e Liberta*.

#### EPISODE No. 9

Scene: Spain.

Time: March 1937.

The Fascist Legions are on the march to Madrid.

Here is the Division Black Flame!

Here is the Division Black Arrows!

Here is the Division "God Wills it!" (They still bring in God when they go killing men.)

The motorized forces shouting *Long Live Mussolini* are moving toward Madrid via Briheuga and Guadalajara.

Over their heads appear airplanes dropping leaflets. Propaganda. Propaganda asking questions. Plain questions, such as, "Why are you here?" and "Our side represents the common people, the working people, the poor farmers, the peasants, the sharecroppers and the factory workers—the same kind of people you are. The Fascist side represents the landowners and the officers. Come over to our side where you belong." Stuff like that. Propaganda but truth.

The Italians read the leaflets. But discipline is ironclad.

To the propaganda is added airplane bombs.

And the Fascists run away.

All run away except the 1,200 or more who actually come over to the Spanish Republic's side.

IT IS THE GREATEST VICTORY FOR PROPAGANDA SINCE THE WORLD WAR.

Who wrote this propaganda? Who suggested it? Who put it over?

The answer is: Pietro Nenni.

Pietro Nenni today is the head of the propaganda department of the

International Brigade in Madrid.

Mussolini lost Guadalajara, the battle that might have ended in the fall of Madrid.

Nenni won Guadalajara, the battle that may well have been the turning point against Mussolini's man Franco in the whole Spanish venture.

Conclusion and Question:

Of the two Socialist cell-mates of 1911 who swore eternal friendship and eternal devotion to the struggle to free mankind from dictatorship, oppression and exploitation, who is really ahead today: Mussolini or Nenni?

(Pictures on Pages 40-43)

## SMUTTING UP THE CIRCULATION

**Sex crime waves are phenomena of periods when the news is dull and circulation ebbing. Public hysteria, editorially induced, increases the number of reports and public applause increases the convictions, neither diminishing the annual total of such crimes. Legal, medical and psychiatric experts, convene in solemn conference, ponderously pass the buck, vaguely indict 15% of the population as potential offenders, without actually exempting anybody else. Sex crimes remain, as an annual threat to the health and life of womanhood, considerably below that of preventable accidents in the home. But BREAKS NECK ON STAIRS is not a headline which sells papers. SEX FIEND AT LARGE always will.**

BY GRETTA PALMER

SITTING at a mussy desk, a green eye-shade cocked over one ear, every big town city editor picks up the telephone once a month or more to hear his Police Court reporter's voice:

"Boss, they've got an assault case

on a little girl down here. Want anything on it?"

What happens then depends on the city editor's mood, and the amount of other news coming in over the wires. If Mr. Roosevelt has announced a new policy, or someone has fired on

an American gun-boat, or the Wind-sors are coming to America, he will say:

"Give it a stick," and the news item will be buried, a small sinister paragraph, among the obituaries and patent-medicine ads.

But if circulation has been dropping off, and it is a dull Monday after an unexciting week end, he will shout quick questions into the telephone, ending up, "Give it the works!"

A few hours later the public will find a sex atrocity smeared blackly over the front page. The first crime in a series of similar offenses will have been announced.

Thus, say penologists and physicians, are sex crime waves born.

Last spring New York City and Chicago both passed through all the stages of the sex crime cycle, as it has appeared in places as far apart as Missouri, and New Zealand. The wave begins with a well-publicized sex offense, passes through the frenzied stage of suggestions from various "experts", lingers while commissions are appointed and ends, usually, with the appointment of one more paid psychologist to the city jail. Meanwhile, the number of sex crimes committed remains no more and no less than it was before the ballyhoo began.

Thousands of sex crimes are committed in a big city every year. When no "wave" is on, most of these are not reported, because of the victims' reluctance to testify. Thousands more of the criminals are released, since the only evidence offered is the vague and unreliable testimony of small children. Thousands more are reported in unobtrusive type at the back of the newspaper.

But while the excitement of a crime wave is at its peak, a number of unpleasant but harmless old men are given severe sentences for the routine offenses of exhibitionism, selling obscene magazines and making suggestive remarks to little girls. The number of sex offenders sent to Riker's Island, New York, last August was twice as many as the number received there on the same charge the year before: but Commissioner of Correction Austin MacCormick points out that the public in 1937 was more alert in reporting such cases; that the police were more active in arresting them; that judges, in the fierce but pleasant floodlight of publicity, were stricter in sentencing them.

"For a while," said the Commissioner, "it was unsafe to speak to a child on the street unless one was well-dressed and well-known in the neighborhood. To try to help a lost child, with tears streaming down its face, would in some neighborhoods cause a mob to form and violence to be threatened."

Occasionally, one sex murder, ably and fully reported in the press, leads a suggestible borderline criminal to commit another and lends support to the theory of "crime waves". Lawrence Marks, indicted for the murder and assault of a small girl in Brooklyn last year, said he got his "in-



spiration" from reading about the similar attack made by Salvatore Ossido. But Marks had a long record of previous assaults.

The public demands complete protection from sex crimes. But the public is asking something which its officials cannot possibly provide, unless all of us will raise our taxes high enough to buy immunity from the sex criminal.

The Social Register of the professions touching on this subject met on January 14th of this year to consider whether such immunity can be bought.

The conference was called by the Committee on Protection and Correctional Care of the Welfare Council, acting with the New York City Committee on Mental Hygiene of the State Charities Aid Association. Many of those present were veterans of the similar conference on the same problem called last November by the National Committee on Mental Hygiene.

Out of the conference, an eavesdropper would have carried away this composite statement, made by the experts in their fields:

Judges: The problem is predominantly medical.

Physicians: Only the psychiatrists can cope with the sex criminals.

Psychiatrists: The prevention of sex crimes is impossible by psychiatric means.

Out of the conference came the usual decision to appoint a sub-committee for further investigation. Also out of it came figures backing up the old belief that most sex crimes are committed by:

- (1) the feeble-minded;
- (2) the neurotic;
- (3) those suffering from "senile dementia."

Our chances of winning protection from these three groups is worth considering, in view of editorial writers' demands that "Sex Crime Must Go".

About 1% of the population of the country is feeble-minded. About 14% is on the borderline between feeble-minded and dull-normal. To house all of these citizens would mean building institutions for at least 18,000,000 persons.

At the usual cost of \$5,000 per bed, this would run into 91 billion dollars. The little man in the barrel, who pays the taxes, would then have to provide further funds for the upkeep of his nice new institutions.

Such wholesale institutionalization of the dull is the only way the potential sex criminal among the feeble-minded can be controlled. Committing the dullest million or two will not do it, for among women, especially, it is often the borderline cases who have the most vicious outbreaks of a sexual type.

(2) The neurotic cannot be put behind bars, for practically everybody

is neurotic. Only by a frequent and successful analysis of the entire population could doctors distinguish those of us who are on the verge of committing sexual crimes.

(3) Senile dementia may attack any aging person at any time, without warning.

So much for the contributions of medicine to the sex crime wave. . . .

The law has been called an ass. The law, at least, is no scientist. It prevents our doctors from committing those persons known to be a danger to the community unless they are "insane" according to the definition adopted by the state legislature. Insanity is differently defined in every state.

In New York, for instance, no man is insane if he "knows the difference between right and wrong." Many maniacs know the difference perfectly; it is a symptom of their malady that they prefer to do the wrong. Epileptics and some kinds of alcoholics are subject to violent and murderous furors: they cannot be legally held in institutions in most states, because they are sane in the periods between attacks. . . .

The laws can be changed. Science can become wiser and may even approach a situation in which psychiatrists of different schools agree as to the diagnosis and treatment of neurotics. But there is no cure for feeble-mindedness, and it is doubtful whether there ever will be.

There is no technique for detecting those neurotics or old men who are getting ready for some form of sexual assault.

But need we go in fear and trembling, because we are surrounded by potential sexual criminals at all times? In 1936 in the whole United States there were only 5,132 arrests for rape—and "rape" included intercourse with some quite co-operative girls who happened to be a few months younger than the age of consent. There were 6,713 arrests for other sexual offenses, including such unpleasant, but harmless, acts as exhibitionism.

In the same period there were 6,019 arrests for carrying concealed weapons. There were 19,128 arrests for driving a car while intoxicated. Few commissions are appointed to stamp out drunken driving. Editorials rarely flail the man who totes a gun.

Any one of us is actually in less danger of suffering an attack by a sex criminal than of being hit by lightning or by a joy-riding gallopy. Sex crimes cannot be stamped out—but neither can earthquakes or simoons, and in the present state of knowledge, the appearance of the sex criminal must be regarded as an unfortunate act of God. . . .

It was Frank A. Munsey's practice, when the circulation of one of his newspapers was falling off, to come storming into the city room crying, "Smut it up, boys! Smut it up!" The tradition has persisted in some editorial offices today.

(Picture on Page 44)

## YESTERDAY'S WRONG TURNING

**The world of today, in an upheaval of antagonisms heading toward destructive war, was not inevitable. Russia need not have fallen to the Bolsheviks, Germany to the Nazis, Italy to the Fascists. The United States need not have entered the World War. Two millions of men slain in battle need not have died. These consequences resulted from a decision of a few men during the World War.**

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

ONE GROUP sat around a small table in a vessel anchored in a Mediterranean cove. Another sat in a government office in London. Both weighed the decision gravely, though unaware that they were deciding the destiny of a century. They did not consider bolshevism and fascism, words which meant nothing at that time. Nor did they discuss the lives of two million men whose fate they were sealing.

They talked about an experience of a certain day, a naval engagement, one with gains and losses, which they had to measure. They measured them. They marshaled the factors they knew about. They spoke still more of the factors they didn't know about.

The small, low-ceilinged cabin on an admiral's flagship was lighted behind its drawn blinds. These men were not physically in the dark. But they were in the dark in every other way. So were the officials of government in London. The eyes of a navy, an army, any war machine, are its intelligence service as well as its air force and lookouts. And these men were blind; they sat, conferring, groping for knowledge they did not possess. By the end of their sober discussion they had to guess.

It was forthright, honest guessing, the kind that passes for being wise because it is reasonable. But it was wrong. It turned out to be a guess which would determine the kind of world that now exists, an embittered world of warring ideologies, hurtling headlong toward disaster.

This is the story of a wrong guess that changed history. I tell it because I happen to have had the precise

knowledge which would have made the right guess possible. Not that I could have helped the men in the admiral's cabin or in the London office. I wouldn't and couldn't have. Geographically I was near enough at hand, less than twenty-five miles away from the conference on the admiral's flagship. But I might as well have been a hundred thousand miles away, for I was on one side of a war and the conference was on the other side. And I was not a spy. I was a neutral observer, an American newspaper man.

The guess that was wrong was the decision not to force the Dardanelles in March, 1915, by naval action. It was reached following the greatest and most spectacular action of warships against land fortifications in history. The wrong guess was that the attempt, which was begun, should not be continued. That it had to be resumed in collaboration with a landing force, prepared for stern resistance.

The attempt with naval forces alone could have succeeded. I make that statement with as much certainty as one can muster about a hypothetical proposition.

\* \* \* \*

If it had been made, Turkey would have been crushed in a few weeks. The flank of the Central Powers, reaching from the North Sea to the Bosphorus, would have been turned. Germany and Austria-Hungary would have been exposed to fresh forces on the Eastern Front. Russia, munitioned through the Dardanelles, would not have collapsed. It would not have succumbed to the bolsheviks in 1918. The war would have



ended by the end of 1916. Probably it would have ended in "a peace without victory," for the poison of the last two years of fighting had not yet corroded men's souls.

It is completely reasonable to assume the war would have ended two years sooner. And all the speculation as to what then might have happened rests on what those final two years cost. America's entry was one. Russia's collapse was another. The sacrifice of two million lives. The blockade of Germany, which made sixty millions go hungry. The terrible lust for vengeance, which resulted in the peace that humiliated Germany. Economic exhaustion, which rotted the social fabric of Europe.

Admirals, generals and war councils cannot debate their decisions with such considerations in view. They must talk only of the immediate chances of victory. But they did know that this magnificent lunge into the Straits of the Dardanelles was playing for big stakes.

One man in particular knew it, for he had conceived it. He was Winston Churchill, British First Lord of the Admiralty. It was his plan. Thanks to him, the British and French fleets had gathered in the Eastern Mediterranean, and troops were ready to land on Turkish soil for the march on Constantinople. Churchill was sure he was going to win the war. But even Churchill did not know what would happen to the twentieth century if the plan was not carried through.

\* \* \* \*

On the morning of March 18, 1915, sunshine gleamed from the white minarets of Chanak Kalé and sparkled on the waters of the Dardanelles Narrows.

I had been a resident of Chanak Kalé for nearly a month. The British and French fleets were still at anchor around Tenedos, and I could see their smoke twenty miles away. Now and again during the month a warship had crept into the Straits and done a gingerly job of peppering at the howitzer batteries in the hills.

But there had been little to cable about, and for a month I had wasted my time and the money of my newspaper. My only profit had been to polish up my German with the German officers and gunners in the forts. These Germans were restless, too. They had volunteered "for hazardous service, place unspecified," and had made the unexpected trip to far-away Constantinople. But all they had experienced of hazard had been at a card table.

They were a breezy lot. They manned the five long-range guns of the Dardanelles defenses, fourteen-inch cannon which fired from behind earthworks, clumsy old weapons, and fourteen nine-inch, equally old guns with shorter range. The Turks had, in all, ten forts, but only three of any pretensions, and only these nineteen guns were worth the concern of a modern fleet. All nineteen were in charge of these pleasant, impatient Germans.

While these gunners were sure their

biggest guns could sink a battleship at 14,000 yards, they did not believe they could hold the Narrows against a determined attack. On that score there was no pussyfooting. The job, as they saw it, was to make the attack as costly as they could.

It was no secret that the forts were short of ammunition. The fact wasn't advertised, but we newspapermen knew it. We knew that shells had been ordered, but in good Turkish fashion were slow in coming. We knew that the supply on hand was hardly large enough for one day's good fighting.

But all of us, Germans and Turks and neutrals, had begun to doubt that the Allies were coming. Their activities were certainly not being pushed. Mine-sweepers worked at night, often drawing fire from the batteries in the hills, which would thunder distantly in the night. But the Germans were elated because it wasn't aggressive work. They had come to think that they had frightened the British naval leadership.

On this morning of March 18 my only American colleague (George Schreiner of the Associated Press) and I had breakfasted together and then walked to the water front, to pay our daily visit to the Germans in Fort Cheminlik. This lay beyond the old stone fort which commanded Chanak.

With its heavy walls and round tower, the stone fort was an antique symbolizing the warfare of two hundred years before. In the fortress-yard still stood piles of stone shot, big as pumpkins, which had been fired from wide-mouthed mortars. In those days the Straits could be held by dropping these crashing stone balls upon sailing ships if they tried to steal past.

Now iron, chemicals, armor-plate, sixteen-inch shells were needed to force an entry. And though here was the cradle of history, where man, the great warrior, received his first fame, the price of conquest had steadily risen. Fifteen miles away lay the abandoned acre which holds all that is left outside the lines of Homer of the city of Troy. Today's *Agamemnon*, a British battle-cruiser, lay smoking at anchor beside the blue mound of Tenedos low on the horizon, waiting as one of sixteen great warships to seize the gateway to Asia and the traditional key to world power.

But as far as the Germans knew, the *Agamemnon* and its fellow ships that morning would remain at anchor. In their long barrack behind Fort Cheminlik the officers so told us, as we sat with them sipping coffee.

And then a shell burst far down the Straits. We rose. Another shell. An orderly ran up, stiffened to salute, reported the first arrival of enemy warships within the Straits. Commands were shouted. I rushed out to the adjoining wall of the old stone fort and looked toward the sea.

The Allied Fleet was steaming in in single file, firing at objectives far



**A Round Peg in a Square Hole**





below. Through my binoculars I watched them come, still not believing the awaited attack had begun. The fleet steamed closer, it began maneuvering in a vast circle, small specks playing follow-your-leader. I could see puffs of smoke as the ships fired, then puffs as the shells exploded on distant hillsides, and then many seconds later could hear the booms of explosions.

Here at last was action, even if it did not reach the Narrows. Then a shell burst at Dardanos, a few miles below, another at Fort Hamidieh, still closer. In another moment a shell burst in the water directly in front of me. A geyser fountained up, and shell-fragments screeched over my head.

The naval gunners were getting their range. Next shell fell just in front of Cheminlik, and instead of a geyser of water sent up an upheaval of earth and smoke. Shell followed shell. I ran to the round stone tower, clambered to its top, and there watched the magnificent spectacle.

The ships were in closer, still in that one-line circle, firing broadside after broadside. On both sides of the Straits the hills blossomed with explosions. The din became terrific. And now the shells fell all about Cheminlik and went beyond, into the village. Houses spouted up, filling the air with timbers, tile and stone.

The *Queen Elizabeth*, firing sixteen-inch guns, caused the worst havoc. Its shells, distinct from those of the *Agamemnon*, *Lord Nelson*, *Inflexible*, *Triumph* and *Prince George* were like a thunderclap that strikes the house.

I watched from my round tower only a little while. It was no place for a noncombatant. I decided to make a run for it through the village, so as to gain the hills behind the town, where the view would be both good and safe. Houses came down ahead of me as I loped along the cobblestones.

By the time I reached the hills, the forts were returning the fire, and for the rest of the afternoon I witnessed the most remarkable engagement, for an onlooker, of the war. Winston Churchill has written that spectators found it "a scene of inconceivable majesty and crisis."

I had my glasses on the French ship *Bouvet* when her magazine exploded, and I saw her sink in the incredible time of two and a half minutes. I was too far away to see the sixty of her six hundred men who were saved, run over the hull as it overturned in the water, like squirrels on a revolving cage. I saw the *Inflexible* list, then the *Irresistible*, finally the *Ocean*. The *Gaulois* steamed away to beach itself outside the Straits. By five in the afternoon, after six hours of continuous thunder, the ships retired. After dark the *Irresistible* and *Inflexible* sank. The day had cost three vessels sunk, one beached, the rest damaged, though not seriously.

I went back to the ruined village with fears for the comrades in

Cheminlik and Hamidieh, for their fire had ceased before the fleet had withdrawn.

But I found them unscathed, save for minor injuries. In all the twenty forts, 150 casualties were reported. But the Germans were downcast. Only two of the long-range guns remained in action, and ten or eleven of the shorter guns might be remounted before morning. But *not enough shells remained for another full day's defense*.

Orders were issued to the correspondents by the German commandant. At dawn we were to be ready, packed, for retreat into Anatolia. The fleet would return, the last guns and shells would be fired. That would be the end of the story.

So the next morning we waited. The day was overcast but dry, and the sea was calm. But the fleet did not return. Early in the afternoon Constantinople passed on the London official bulletin. Due to inclement weather, it said, operations could not be resumed that day. The weather was not inclement. The operations were never resumed. The next Allied attack was months later at Gallipoli, a tragically different story.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not coming back—that was the guess that was wrong. And it was based on meticulous calculation of what was known: four ships lost; and of what was not known: how they had been sunk.

It now is officially on record that on March 8, a small Turkish ship, the *Nousret*, had laid a new mine-field in Eren Keui Bay, far down from the Narrows. It had operated at early dawn, when it might have been seen. We knew it had laid the mines. But mine-sweepers had not found the field. Nor had airplanes detected it, at a time when the Allied commanders believed that a plane could be relied on to spot a mine field. (Now it is known that a plane can only see a mine field that is close to the surface.) This mine field accounted for two of the warships, perhaps also the *Bouvet*, though she may have been sunk by a shell, as was believed on the *Queen Elizabeth*, and by the gunner in Cheminlik who told me he fired the shell.

It now is officially on record that the forts had less than enough ammunition to fight for two days more, and even this is an overstatement. I was told they had about twenty rounds per gun, without any secret being made about it.

But the Allied officers, who weighed what they did not know, suspected that the Turks had been floating free mines down the Straits, that they had secret land torpedo tubes (they had one in plain view and out of service on March 18) and perhaps other mysterious means of counter-attack. Hence they considered the danger too great.

It is officially on record that the Turks had two regiments, between 6,000 and 7,000 men, on the Peninsula. The Allies had a landing force



three to four times that number. Once the Straits were forced, landing parties could have captured the howitzer batteries in the hills, while the fleet cut off the Turkish regiments from the rear. Constantinople then was defenseless.

In London, Churchill expected the attack to be resumed. He so suggested in a tactful cable. He was willing to wait while the damage of March 18 was repaired. But his instructions had been, in effect, to go ahead, lose ships and men, that London would accept the responsibility.

On March 22, Admiral DeRobeck, British commander in chief of operations, after consulting with his officers, called a conference with Sir Ian Hamilton, General Birdwood, General Braithwaite and Captain Pollen. The army men naturally were concerned about the prospects of co-oper-

ation. But they had agreed before the conference to let the sailors decide.

To their amazement, DeRobeck told them as soon as they sat down "that it was quite clear that he could not get through without the help of all my troops," as Sir Ian wrote in his diary. The troops' transports had to turn back to Egypt, and everything be rearranged for landing against bitter resistance.

Churchill was dumbfounded, but in London Lord Kitchener, and even Lord Fisher, deserted him. London, too, was afraid of what it did not know.

Meanwhile, General Liman Van Sanders was given command of preparing the defense of Gallipoli. Before the Allied troops returned, he had an army of 50,000 men on the Peninsula. The rest, as they say, is history.

But it is not inevitable history. It is what can follow a wrong guess.

struck and went bouncing up what I then realized was land. We were high and dry on some goddam island! I have been on the lookout many times in my life but never experienced a thing like that before. It had all happened so suddenly that I could hardly believe it was true.

I stayed right where I was, for I knew if I left the lookout some inspector would later want to know why I had done so without orders. At investigations of shipwrecks they can think up all sorts of questions.

A junior officer and a quartermaster came forward to take soundings. "Never a dull moment on the *Hoover*," said the quartermaster.

Last trip we had been through one of the worst typhoons in the history of the China coast. The trip before that the *Hoover* had been bombed by airplanes in Shanghai. And now we had piled up on some rock off the coast of Formosa. Before the business was over we had an earthquake.

I went to my station and turned out with the rest of the sailors. We swung all the lifeboats, put the plugs in, and ran out the painters—the lines by which the boats are made fast. Pretty soon everything was ready for the order to abandon ship, but by that time it had been decided to wait until daylight, for there seemed to be no immediate danger, and the bos'n told us to go and get a cup of coffee. I was glad to hear that, for I had wanted a chance to go below and get my papers.

I carry no less than six documents, issued by various departments of the government, to show where I was born, that I am a citizen, a seaman, a lifeboat man and so forth. If you don't have those papers you are not a seaman according to law, so I did not want to lose them. It is the first thing you think of. I tore off a piece from my oilskin and wrapped up the papers so they would not be ruined if I had to swim.

In the meantime the stewards had roused out all the passengers, who had gathered in the social hall and on the promenade deck, all rigged out in life belts, and some were having sandwiches and coffee, but some did not feel like eating.

About two o'clock we turned to again and rigged up the jumbo gear—a boom used for heavy lifts—with the purpose of running out an anchor sternwards, for until assistance arrived every attempt would be made to get the ship off by her own power. We were busy on that jumbo almost all night. A little lady asked, "Do you think we are quite safe?"

"Well, ma'am," I said, "we can't sink, we're on the bottom now."

To tell the truth, the ship was pounding as if the very guts were being torn out of her. She did not move like a vessel laboring in heavy seas, which is a movement with some system to it, but she was buffeted about like a thing with no mind of its own. She staggered like a drunk. A jerky, sickening thud, and then

quiet for a while, and then another sock. It was that way all night, but in spite of it everybody was astonishingly calm and collected. A few were pale under the gills, no doubt, but there were no hysterics and not the slightest sign of any panic. Cameras were clicking all around.

In the morning it was decided that the safest thing to do was to put the passengers on the beach. I would have made the same decision if I had been in charge. We were up at daybreak, and that day we landed all the passengers and most of the crew. About 800 people. And fortunately no lives were lost, and no one was even hurt badly. Miracles are all in the day's work.

The worst part was the fuel oil. Some of it may have been pumped overboard in order to lighten the ship while trying to get her off—I don't know for sure about that—but most of it, thousands of barrels, leaked out and spread over the sea and the beach for miles, yes, *miles*. The beach was a sharp coral reef on lava foundation, pitted by the sea so it was full of holes, five, six feet deep. And over it all was a blanket of oil, ankle deep and looking deceptively smooth and inviting to walk on. When you came along, packing a baby or a woman or a suitcase or some food, you might step in one of those holes and down you went. And the fuel oil got on the lines and on the oars and in the boats so it was almost impossible to stand up.

The natives on the island were a great help. They came down by the hundreds, and we formed lines and passed things by hand from the boats in the surf up to dry land.

We had no difficulty with getting the passengers into the boats and the boats lowered and to the beach—that was relatively easy—but there *was* a problem in getting the boats off the reef again. The seas were sweeping around the stern and the bow of the ship, causing a cross surf on the inside, so no matter how you headed your boat it was almost bound to get swamped. The first two, three boats were washed way up on the beach. We were using only the starboard boats, for it would have been foolish to try to get the port boats around the ship. It was too rough on the outside. So we had to bring the boats back for more people. Now, a steel boat that is built to carry ninety persons is too heavy to be pushed out against the surf by man power alone.

Later, when it was all over, we tried to get some of the boats off, and it took 200 natives on the beach and 50 of us on the ship with block and tackle and a couple of hours' work to get one boat off. That was after the electric winches were dead.

So we handled it this way. We rigged a line from the ship to the spot on the beach most favorable for landing and pulled the boats ashore by that line. Then we had another line from the stern of the boat to the ship, and the men on the ship

## INSIDE THE QUEEREST SHIPWRECK

**After the SS President Hoover rammed a coral reef off Formosa the newspapers shrilled against the mutinous radicals and rapacious lechers of whom the crew sounded composed in equal parts. Yet the lookout on duty tells how those men worked day and night, through every hell from typhoon to earthquake, getting passengers, food and even luggage ashore. Far too exhausted for mischief, their only trouble came from conflicting orders of the naval and insurance authorities and the officiousness of ungrateful passengers for whose rescue they had worked like beavers.**

BY ERHARD ROSTLUND

AT MIDNIGHT on Friday, December 10, 1937, I relieved the lookout on the fo'c'sle head. It was a black, rainy night with the wind blowing the smoke forward. Visibility poor.

Sometime between twelve and twelve-thirty I suddenly saw what looked like breakers ahead, and I reported it by striking the bell. A few seconds later—perhaps 15 or 20—the ship





Austrian Plebiscite (April 10)

checked the boat by this line so we would not broach to and be washed ashore. And then, when the people were landed, we *heaved* the boat off with the electric winch on the sun deck. Later we rigged a line from the bow of the boat, too, so the gang on the beach could help pull the boat shorewards.

This business of the line we rigged up has been misunderstood by some of the passengers who later wrote pieces in the papers. They thought we didn't know how to row the boats ashore. Anybody could have brought the boats *ashore*—but the point was that rowing the boats was *not* the speediest and most efficient way of doing it, and furthermore, the crux of the problem was getting the boats *off* again. And that is why we rigged those lines. Incidentally, no matter how many laws or regulations or drills you have, when you come up against an emergency, you have to figure out by yourself the best way of handling that emergency.

That Saturday was quite a day. It was practically impossible to get through the surf without getting soaked in oil and water, but I was lucky the first time, and when I came ashore with my second boat load I was still fairly clean. But later I, too, managed to fall in a hole. When the day was over all our working clothes were ruined. I had made six trips and some fellows made more.

The people had to be fed until some ship would come and take them off the island, so it was necessary to bring food ashore, and the stewards were kept busy carrying up provisions from the storerooms.

I had no dinner and no supper that day, but now and then between boat trips I got sandwiches and coffee. Grandma, a character among the stewards, was everywhere with his pot of coffee and box of sandwiches. He used to be the butt of many jokes, but he certainly came through in grand style when it really counted.

Toward evening we had all the passengers ashore and then we started on the crew. The *Hoover* had a crew of over 300. Each man was allowed one piece of baggage, just as the passengers had been allowed one piece, and about nine or ten o'clock everybody was ashore except a stand-by crew of a few men. In one way the actual shipwreck was over. The people had been saved, and the rest would be a matter of salvaging the ship, the mail, the baggage, and the cargo, in other words, a question of property.

When the people were on the beach they walked up to the village, about two miles away, and shacked up for the night in the schoolhouse or wherever a roof could be found. It was after midnight when the gang I was in trudged up to the village. I found a corner and fell asleep immediately. Later I heard, and read in the papers, that there had been a lot of drunkenness and abuse of passengers and attacking of women. If any-

body got drunk after a day like that, with dry land under foot instead of a shaking ship, I'd say it was an excellent idea. I can't think of a better occasion for celebrating. But the attacking of women sounds phony to me. How can you attack a woman when hundreds of people are bunched together like sardines in one small village? That is, unless she agreed to walk off in the hills with you, and I didn't hear anything about that. Anyway, we had just come from Japan, where the boys all have sweethearts, so nobody was woman hungry. What everybody was hungry for was food and sleep and water.

Next morning I was detailed with another burly sailor to guard the improvised kitchen—an open fire in a pit behind one of the shacks—for people wanted to come in all the time and help themselves to coffee and other groceries, and you couldn't have that, for the cooks wouldn't get any cooking done if everybody was running over them all the time. Most people, crew and passengers, were very decent, I thought, but there are a few rotten eggs in every basket.

One passenger approached me and in a rather lordly manner said he had some baggage on the ship—as if he were the only one in that fix—and hinted that if I could get it for him he'd see that I didn't lose on the deal. He showed me \$100 in American money. Well, I said I'd get it for him if I could, but that I couldn't promise anything. All the baggage would come ashore eventually, I said, and I had no right to go and pick out any special stuff, but if I had a chance I'd get it for him. I told him that, for I wasn't going to get in any trouble over a lousy hundred dollars. Then, a little later, I saw this same passenger washing his hands and feet in the bucket at the well, and I told him he oughtn't to use that bucket. The natives used it for drinking water, I said, and he flew right up in the air and wondered who in hell I was to give him orders. Didn't I know he was a first-class passenger! That burned me up, so I told him he could take his hundred dollars and—well, I blew my top. There was a basin right there on a bench he could have used for washing his feet.

On Monday the *President McKinley* came and took all the passengers off, and on Tuesday the *President Pierce* picked up the majority of the crew. About 40 or 50 men remained on the *President Hoover*, for there were good hopes of getting her off and taking her to a drydock.

We settled down to the life of a stand-by crew, and for a while it was not so bad. Everybody moved up in staterooms on A-deck in order to be handy in the event of an emergency.

The weather had moderated somewhat, so the ship did not pound so much any more, and in the evenings we were right snug and cozy. Somebody found a phonograph and a bunch of Red Seal records and every evening the music-minded among us



gathered in one room for a concert. Then somebody got the notion to have movies, and the skipper thought that was a good idea and o.k.'d it. The *Hoover* had first class talkies, of course, and the funniest Donald Duck comedy I have ever seen was on the beach of Hoisho To.

During daytime we worked with sending mail and baggage ashore and straightening out the gear on the ship, for she was in a mess. We brought all the first-class baggage, big trunks and so forth, down to the C-deck side port, and all the steerage baggage we stowed in the baggage room aft.

And then we had the earthquake. About three o'clock one morning we were awakened by the ship jumping and shaking in a way I have never before felt a ship shake. We all tumbled out in a hurry, but of course you can't do anything about an earthquake, so we turned in again. Never a dull moment on the *Hoover*.

That happened while the *Pierce* was still standing by and some of the crew was on the beach. Toby told me about it later. "We were all in a shack," he said, "and everybody rushed for the door and there was a jam. One fellow, who was struggling to get out, said, 'Don't run out, fellows, don't run outside, because in an earthquake the walls fall out!'" "In that case," said Toby, "Which way does the roof fall?"

On Thursday some Japanese divers came and examined the bottom of the ship, and the expert opinion seemed to be that there was a good chance of getting the ship off. We were betting six to four in favor.

On Friday the navy came aboard. They were to guard the U. S. mail, but some of the gobs told us privately that they had also been primed to come aboard and quell possible insubordination. We found out that we had been in the papers as a bunch of mutinous radicals, that we had rifled mail and refused orders. There had been speeches in the Senate. Well, we are used to having speeches made about us—I wish to hell somebody would make a speech about that fuel oil we had to wade through—and as far as mutiny goes; our skipper, and the navy commander, too, knew what sort of a job we had done, and they said it was all right; but even so, when the navy came it got sort of complicated. You didn't know who was who. We were under our own officers, of course, and we might be making a cable fast, and the navy would say, "I don't think that will hold, Mister Mate. You'd better take another turn this way and that way." And, of course, the Mate couldn't tell the navy to go to hell. You just don't tell the navy to go to hell no matter what you feel. The navy is all right in its place, and they are good fellows, and the merchant seaman is all right in his place, but I don't think the two mix very well.

And the insurance people came, and the company's agent came from

Hongkong and added his say, and pretty soon you wouldn't know who was in charge. Everybody was trying to do his best, I guess, but my feeling was that we did a hell of a lot better when we were by ourselves. I know the spirit and the morale of the gang changed quite a bit when all that comic opera stuff started. When it was a question of pitching in and getting people ashore we worked 16 hours a day and thought nothing of it, but what are you going to do when you get two, three conflicting orders from as many high officials?

Then came Saturday night, a week after we first struck the island. I had the eight-to-twelve watch that night. Some men were on watch all the time to take soundings and keep a lookout on things in general. It started to blow up about eleven, and before the night was over we were having a small typhoon. The pounding the ship had done before was as nothing compared to what she did that night.

The C-deck ports on the offshore side were smashed, and the deadlights—the emergency metal covers over the glass ports—folded up like pie plates. We stripped all the deadlights from the starboard side and put them on the port side, but when we had them on they would buckle up as if made of lead as soon as the next sea hit. That was one of the most dangerous jobs I have ever done. You would be trying to get a deadlight on, and the port next to you, inches from your head, would smash with a resounding crack and splinters from the inch-thick glass would shoot clear across the ship. If people are bound to have investigations, I'd suggest that those deadlights be investigated. Why were they not made strong enough to stand the sea?

The dining room was flooded, the engine room was flooded, the galley was flooded, the baggage room was flooded. We shored up this and we shored up that, but it was of no use. You couldn't keep the sea out. When daybreak came it was evident that the ship was finished. She had been driven farther up the beach, and midships she had buckled like an accordion. She was drenched from truck to water line with a thick layer of oil. The seas had gone clear over her. Some of the port boats and the davits had disappeared, cut clean off from the deck, and other boats were wrapped around their davits like tinfoil. Jesus, what a night! We were betting six to one against ever getting the ship off.

We had had eight lifeboats in the water, secured on the lee side, and all but one were strewn on the beach. Their moorings had parted while we were trying to batten down port holes and save the ship. There is always something you have to do *first* in an emergency. As a matter of fact, there are always three or four things you have to do first.

We stood by for three more days, and then we were sent home on the *President Grant*. It was no use to keep us any longer.

## NOTES ON LIFE OR DEATH

**"What," asked the First Lady, "is the use of saving babies, if they can't earn a decent living when they grow up?" Or, in other words, why keep them alive?**

BY PAUL DE KRUIF

**T**wo years ago your reporter had the honor of an argument with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The First Lady was in Grand Rapids, inspecting a whooping cough research project supported by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration or maybe the letters had been changed to WPA by that time. Your reporter was trying to explain to her the life-saving possibilities of this citywide test of a hoped-for preventive vaccine against this ill that is now the major killer of young children. With the government hard put to it for money to keep people from starving, there was danger that the project would be abandoned before the final facts were found . . .

"But if you want to get hard-boiled about it," objected the First Lady, her eyes blazing, "what's the use of science saving all those babies, if they're not to have the chance for a job that will give them a decent living when they grow up?"

In other words, "why keep them alive?"

To your reporter who believes naïvely both in science and in life, that choice put before him sounded too silly. It seemed too ghastly that we should have to put the brakes on science because it might increase the sum total of available human energy. What wealth is there, except human energy?

At that time your reporter was indignant at what seemed to him to be Mrs. Roosevelt's defeatism, but two years have passed, with us deeper than ever in our economic tailspin. It may be that the First Lady was right to doubt the power and value of science, but for a grimmer reason than the one she gave.

In a nearby large Michigan city, thousands of workers have recently been thrown out of their jobs. The County Welfare Relief Commission does what it can, with miserable state and county funds, to keep them from starving.

Classifications for these jobless were drawn up by the authorities. They are a scream, in this alleged land of plenty. If a woman is found to be "moderately active" she is allowed a grocery order of so many dollars a month. If she is "very ac-

tive" she is allowed calories to the amount of 95 cents more. Ditto her man, and a few cents extra.

It is possible that the thousands of jobless saw the chance here to chisel the relief workers, and that they began buzzing round their dirty hovels like so many hypocritical bees when the agents of mercy arrived to investigate whether or not they should be allowed to live. Whatever the reason, the category "very active" was dropped. And now there are only "moderately active" men, women, and children allowed on relief in that city . . . Not to get ahead of their calories, when they move their arms and legs, they should move *andante* . . .

For existing, for doing nothing moderately, a man and woman are allowed food, for the two of them, to the value of \$4.91 for two weeks. . . . And milk to the value of \$1.12 for the same time. . . . A little over 40 cents a day for food for two people, who had better not try to be very active, or else.

And workless ones who have been lucky enough to have come from certain southern states to this Michigan county say that this dole—compared to what they were getting in Dixie—means living on the fat of the land.

All over America there are millions, most of whom can and want to work, but whose working would mean horrible, terrible government spending, who are half-alive, much less than moderately alive on this shameful pittance or less. Their malnourishment is sickening them, yes killing them, not mercifully the way we put dogs out of their misery, but delicately, slowly with a finesse that old Torquemada would have envied.

Yes, our First Lady was right, only more so. Board up the laboratories! Smash the test-tubes! Kill the guinea pigs! Leave the monkeys in India! Put the researchers, doctors, nurses, lab-attendants on the dole and tell them to be sure not to be more than moderately active! Plug your ears against the screams of babies dying with tuberculous meningitis, and other quick deaths. Don't let them grow up to live useless moderately active half lives.

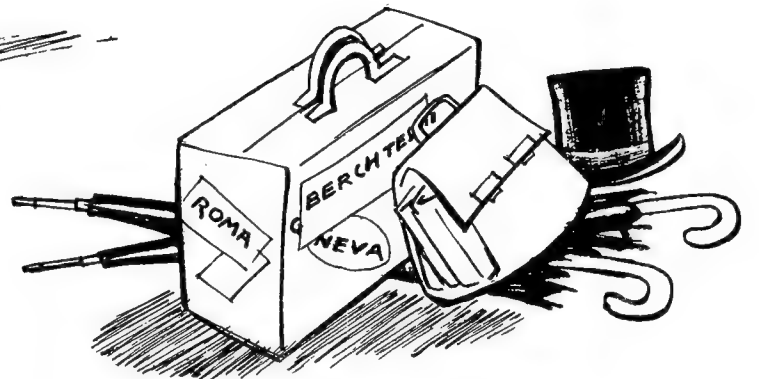




Derso and Kelen

1938 MARCH

DRAWN FOR KEN IN GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, BY DERSO AND KELEN, MARCH 1938







BENES  
CZECHOSLOVAKIA



# NORWAY, THE NEXT BELGIUM

**Peace-prizing Norway has always felt bulwarked by Sweden and Finland, insured by Britain's need for sea-security. Suddenly mysterious planes scout Norway's ports, trial flying fields are found in the barren far North. Now strategists realize that in the coming war Russia will need one of Norway's ports as her fleet outlet. And German officers, vacationing amongst the fjords, calmly plot the counter-attack. Meanwhile Norwegians stick to the smallest, proportionally, of war budgets, knowing that even if they gave their all to war preparations, they'd still be a puny force. So they must sit and wait, while the big fellows spy out battlefronts in their land.**

BY ROBERT SELLMER

WHEN the fishermen's first reports of the great lights in the North reached the rest of Norway, they were dismissed with no little laughter as the superstitious ravings of men driven half mad by monotony and the endless night. The reports doggedly continued until finally the government dispatched a commission to settle the question. The commission hastily decided that it was all a case of an unusually spectacular Aurora Borealis. Then, in scattered parts of Nordland, Troms, and Finnmark, the three northernmost districts in Norway, fragments of bombs were found; flare bombs, of the type dropped from airplanes for night reconnaissance. Immediately trained observers were sent to the sources of the reports, the faint roar of a few unknown planes reached them through the arctic stillness, and Norway, that

ardently neutral nation, was faced with its first war scare in many years. Russia, said the excitable element was studying the Norwegian terrain in the event of a possible strategic invasion.

In the Finnish tundra, a huge, uninhabitable waste not far from the Norwegian border, a group of Finnish trappers stumbled across an immense level field, the snow stamped and smoothed to rocklike hardness and covered with faint tracks which showed that the field had been used as a flying base. The outlines of a hut foundation and two deep holes in the snow were interpreted as the remains of a wireless station, and the Finns—who were quite sure they hadn't built a flying field there—concluded that it was all the magnificently insolent work of Russian flyers. As far as direct proof went, it might just as well have been Siamese planes as

Russian, so the Finnish government could take no action.

To add to the worries, the Norwegian army began intercepting code messages from the Russian trawlers which, together with British and German colleagues, fish off the Norwegian coast outside the three-mile limit. While the contents of these messages have never been made public, it was clear from the little scraps that leaked out that they had nothing whatever to do with reports on the sudden demise of the herring and the cod; it appeared, rather, that they were instructions being issued to planes engaged in flying over Norwegian territory. And only last year one Edoard Belgonen, a youth of mixed Finnish, Russian, and Norwegian extraction, was arrested in Finnmark on a charge of espionage. He had been operating a small short wave transmitter which was in constant communication with Leningrad, and it is significant to note that he was required to report, not the actions of the Norwegian government and army, but the movements of all Germans and British seen in Finnmark. This was one of the reasons why he was let off with a 90-day sentence, for in as honest a nation as Norway it is not considered ethical to shoot a man for espionage when he is spying not on you but on your neighbors, even though he is inconsiderate enough to use your country as the scene of his activities. Still, the case was one more bit of evidence that Scandinavia was not the strife-free corner of Paradise it seemed to the outside world.

Then came the completion of Russia's White Sea Canal, running from Leningrad to the White Sea, and connecting for the first time the Baltic and the Arctic Seas. It is large enough for destroyers and submarines and, shortly after its completion, was used in the shifting of the Russian fleet from the Baltic to Alexandrovsk on the Arctic Sea, only 80 miles from the Norwegian border, where the Russians are building a large new naval base. This alarming maneuver, added to the reports that the Soviet Government had removed some 200,000 Russians with traces of Finnish blood from the Finnish border to the interior, replacing them with more pure-blooded, thoroughly loyal citizens from other districts, persuaded many Norwegians that something big was in the air.

From the voluminous evidence on hand they deduced that Norway stood an excellent chance of becoming another Belgium in the next war—or, more properly, if you remember your Russo-Japanese War, another Port Arthur, as it appears that Czechoslovakia is to have the pleasure of becoming Belgium's successor.

Russia, since the days of Peter the Great, has always felt the need of an Atlantic outlet. In the event of a war with any European power her navy is to all extents and purposes impotent; the harbor at Leningrad, her sole Baltic outlet, is frozen in winter, and in summer it would be compar-

atively easy for any sizable foreign power to cork up the narrow bottleneck between Denmark and Sweden, and with only a few ships hold all of Russia's large craft in the Baltic. Her Black Sea fleet could be just as readily stopped in the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, or at Gibraltar; the only solution to her difficulties lies in the possession of an ice-free port within striking distance of Europe.

Part of this demand has been filled by the construction of the new naval base at Alexandrovsk, for this port is usually ice-free, but it does not fulfill the second condition. Starting from Alexandrovsk, the navy would have to make a long, dangerous, and exhausting trip through the Arctic Sea over the top of Norway, plagued with violent storms and drifting ice—the insurance rates on commercial vessels making this voyage are among the highest in the world—and by the time the ships turned into the Atlantic neither they nor their personnel would be in any shape to continue the additional 1200 miles to the Continent. Alexandrovsk's location, moreover, is precarious, for if Russia's enemy were to invade North Norway, she could easily bombard the naval base from Norwegian soil with long range guns. In view of these facts, say the Norwegian military heads, the logical strategic move will be for Russia to invade North Norway and establish a base at either Tromsø or Narvik, both of which have large, ice-free harbors on the Atlantic.

Narvik seems the choice. A good many of the strange planes were detected in that vicinity. Tromsø lies on an island, painfully open to attack, while Narvik is tucked away deep within a long and narrow fjord, easily defended when once captured by a large power. And, what is equally important, Narvik is one of the largest iron ore ports in the world. Only ten miles from Sweden, it handles not only Norwegian ore but that from the famous Swedish mines as well; Russia would like, even if she were unable to get this ore for herself, to prevent its shipment to Europe.

And midway beneath North Norway and the Pole lie the islands of Spitzbergen, bleak, barren, and cold, but charged to the bursting point with rich and endless seams of coal. Norway has leased a good many of the coal concessions to Russia. According to the latest figures there are some 3000 Russians living there against only 1500 Norwegians, and Norway does not have a single soldier on the islands, or so much as a small torpedo boat in the surrounding waters. If Russia finds the invasion of North Norway necessary, she has but to seize Spitzbergen at the same time—no difficult task—in order to have a steady supply of coal for her fleet in Narvik.

Thus, Norwegian army heads are convinced that their country is in anything but a secure position, and while the army men are not willing to publicly predict such action by a theoretically friendly nation, they ad-



mit that they consider it much more than a bare possibility.

The rank and file of Norway, however, have calmed down a good bit since the visits of the planes. Norway has basked in peace for so many years that it will take more than the possibility of an invasion to rouse her to anything like a united fever pitch. Well-nigh unique in Europe for having no forts on her borders, she spends but \$9,000,000 a year on her army and navy combined out of a total budget of \$145,000,000, preferring, through some strange perversity, to devote her national income to education, agriculture, hydroelectric development, and similar totally unheroic pursuits. While her European neighbors were spending as much as 45% of their budgets on war, Norway remained content with her meager 6% (the proportion actually dropped between 1932 and 1936, of all years), and waxed pleasantly prosperous. Military service is compulsory for all males, but the term of service is only from ten to twelve weeks.

This peaceful country has, moreover, rested for many years behind the comfortable double barrier of Sweden and Finland, to the intense and continued annoyance of those two nations; they bitterly resent having to spend twice the proportion of their budgets for their armies and forts that Norway does, while protecting their grinning neighbor free of charge. The Swedish-Finnish bulwark has made the Norwegians slow to act on any hint of invasion, and they are barely beginning to see that the 40-mile strip of Finland which separates North Norway and Russia is not much of an obstacle to a modern army.

A certain sense of safety has been derived also from long faith in British protection. The British, reason the Norwegians, learned a thousand years ago during the Norse sea raids that Norway was a splendid place from which to launch attacks on the English coast. But it is by no means beyond the realms of possibility that Great Britain might be allied with Russia in any forthcoming struggle, and therefore not at all averse to Russia's establishing a temporary strategic base in the North.

Can Norway turn to Germany, Russia's hypothetical opponent? Last summer Von Blomberg, the German Minister of War, visited North Norway. Traveling on board *Grille*, the much-discussed 3000-ton experimental yacht that has been credited with doing 52 knots, he paid highly ceremonious visits to Vardö, Tromsø, and Narvik, the three most important northern towns, and while in Narvik he took a railway trip to the Swedish border. Accompanying him were 100 picked men from various battalions—the air force, chiefly—the clicking of whose cameras made North Norway sound like an old-fashioned clock shop. In theory they were being rewarded for outstanding work with a month's pleasure cruise, but even the grade school children knew that they were coolly reconnoitering the ground

where some day they might fight a major battle.

German warships, too, pay frequent courtesy visits to the various Norwegian ports, with their automatic depth-sounding machines running full blast to provide the German navy with a complete record of the tortuous channels that lead to the important towns. There is considerable belief that some of the unknown planes were of German origin, while the tourists and journalists who act as Germany's volunteer amateur spies have brought to the fatherland voluminous reports on temperatures, winter visibility, road conditions, and the like.

There are rumors, so far unconfirmed, which insist that Finland is giving Germany and Italy the right to establish a base for fishing trawlers on a Finnish island in the Arctic Sea, right in the path from the Russian naval base to Europe. The island can be rapidly fortified. If there was any lingering doubt about Germany's interest in this possible battleground, it was dispelled late in 1937. Tryggve Gran, a journalist, a soldier of fortune who seems to have fought for half the nations of the world, and a major in the Norwegian army, was paying a visit to Germany, and a member of the General Staff, knowing Herr Gran's value as a disseminator of publicity in Norway, took him aside and showed him what he maintained were the complete plans for the Russian invasion of Norway, stolen by German secret agents in a manner unspecified. He did not bother to show Herr Gran Germany's plans for repelling the invasion, but that they exist no one doubts for a minute.

German-Norwegian relations, however, have not been of the best for the last 20 years. Norway was not quick to forget that at the hands of German submarines and mines she lost over half her shipping and 1500 of her citizens. America, Lord knows, entered the war with a good deal less provocation than that. Just as this wound was healing, Hitler came into power, and Norway, a strongly democratic country, showed many signs of the anti-fascist feeling which was imbuing her sister democracies. This culminated, in 1936, when the Norwegian Nobel Award Committee was tactless enough to award the Peace Prize to Carl Ossietzky, who happened to be in a German concentration camp. Norwegian business men maintain that they still feel that incident's repercussions in their decreased trade with Germany.

Last summer, Foreign Minister Koht was loping unhappily through Europe from capital to capital, striving gallantly but in vain to find out exactly where his country stood in the present international witches' brew, and shortly after leaving Berlin he sent a secret and highly important letter to his government. Its contents may be fairly well imagined when you know that not long after receiving the letter, the government suddenly sent extra troops and a year's



The Final Purge



supply of food and ammunition to the northern army posts, tacking, at the same time, an unallotted appropriation of \$5,000,000 to the budget, which money eventually found its way to the army and navy. General Goering, it appeared, had convinced the harassed Mr. Koht that the Russian threat was a real one, for unspecified budget items rank slightly above child murder in the Norwegian catalog of sins.

So it is that Norway, which much prefers the role of wallflower, finds herself dancing a reluctant fandango on the hot stove of world hatreds. The fiery element in the army claims that Norway can, if necessary, raise a force of over 300,000 men, but the fiery element in the Russian army estimates that *she* can raise a force of 16,000,000 men, enough against Norway, even if she were engaged on other fronts at the same time. Norway must, of course, base her primary calculations on the premise that she is fighting alone, for German interest by no means proves that German help would arrive in time.

The Norwegian soldiery, moreover, takes Russia's threat of landing troops by parachute very seriously; many a Norwegian officer has his sleep ruined by nightmares in which Soviet soldiers and mountain artillery float down from the sky onto those parts of Norway where the army isn't. Communications in the North are practically non-existent. There is no railroad from the industrial, populous South, there is not even so much as an automobile road, and the one that is being built at present will not be completed until 1945. The only way these northern troops can be supplied is by boat, and this means of transport, besides being aggravatingly slow, is entirely too vulnerable to the depredations of planes, warships, submarines, and mines. North Norway was not by any stretch of the imagination designed for easy warfare.

Nor does Norway fare one bit better in the matter of supplies. Of petroleum, that all-important aid to modern warfare, she produces not a drop, and she is painfully remote from the world sources of that commodity. She is fairly well fixed for iron, copper, and nickel, and can manufacture her own ammunition, small arms, and planes, but she has very little money to put into such production, and she must import all large arms, tanks, and anti-aircraft equipment; she is, moreover, anything but self-sufficient when it comes to foodstuffs.

Norway's sea forces, if we may call them that, are even worse off than her army. The navy consists of a few scattered torpedo boats, mine-sweepers, and submarines. Only a fatuously heroic admiral would send these few craft against even as unknown a quantity as the Russian fleet. Any naval battles which are to form a part of the war for Norway will have to be fought by somebody else's navy.

The only bright spot in the entire outlook is that Norway will have those advantages that always accrue

to an invaded country. The lack of communications, for one thing, will hinder the Russian army just as much as it will the Norwegian, if not a good deal more. And Finland, which the Russians must cross to get to Norway, is a ragged, fish net sort of country laid over uncounted thousands of lakes and swamps; the Russians, as a result, must wait until these freeze over before they can begin to think of sending across an army, for only a small portion of their forces could go by the parachute route.

This means a winter war, and a winter war would be the best possible break for Norway. The only way soldiers can travel in the North is on skis, and, as any Norwegian child who cannot ski at the age of five is looked upon as a case of arrested development, Norway is equipped with excellent ski battalions. The Russians, too, have ski battalions, but they are composed of men who have not learned to ski until they were in the army, and are for the most part still clumsy neophytes. Norway's sole hope, then, lies in the use of a small number of skilled skiers who know every bush and bump over which they fight, against a larger force which is battling over unknown terrain under strange and adverse conditions. Only the most ardent of patriots would call it more than a hope.

Whether fought in winter or in summer, a war in this rough and freakish corner of the world will be of a nature to make General Sherman's excursions and alarms seem like tea at the vicar's in a Jane Austen novel. In summer it will be just like any other war, with one frightful difference; it will be fought in perpetual daylight. For this, don't forget, is the Land of the Midnight Sun, a lovely spot for tourists, but an unholy place to stage a major conflict. Here will be no working-day war, with only occasional surprise attacks at night, but a three-shift, twenty-four-hours-a-day sort of inferno, without the comforting cover of darkness under which to rest and hide. New tactics, new horrors, new demands on the flesh and minds of men will be called into being; the sole mercy is that if Norway fights alone, a summer war will be a brief one.

A winter war will have its own unique tragedy. Waged in almost continual darkness, with maddening cold and bottomless snowdrifts to plague the armies and undermine their morale, it will be a primitive and blundering struggle; mechanical appurtenances of war will only flounder in the snow. Men will know what they are doing only when the shells shiver the dark stillness with flaring amalgams of snow and steel, and whole battalions will wander off and find the slower death that comes with the cold. Winter war will be less intense than summer war, but longer; there is little to choose between the two.

The attitude of most Norwegians toward these possibilities is largely one of fatalistic pessimism. The mili-

tarists, of course, want action and increased appropriations, but the average man is inclined to say, "We're a not very rich country with only 3,000,000 people; even if we raise our war funds to 50% of the budget we couldn't put up much of a fight. What's the use; maybe nobody will bother us after all, please God." Their feeling is rather like that of a householder who tells his friends with nervous laughter that no burglar would want to break into *his* shabby little house and steal the poor stuff with which it is furnished, but who nevertheless looks under the bed and gets up twice in the night to see if all the doors and windows are locked. To carry the analogy further—the Norwegian is in the position of a householder in the midst of a gang battle, when the East Side Mob suddenly decided that his home would be a good place from which to fire on the Third Ward Social and Athletic Club. He knows that the public-spirited thing for him to do is to slam

the door in their faces and brace his best overstuffed sofa and three unpaid-for chairs against it, but not very deep down he would much rather run into the coal cellar and hide until the whole thing blows over.

Norway, a country whose name has stood for peace, that has worked for peace, that has awarded prizes for the promotion of peace, is faced with the prospect of war.

The best thing her diplomats can do is to keep a close watch on the fluctuations of international friendships, and try to jump in the right direction when the critical time comes. This method has proved anything but successful for many a nation, but as it comes increasingly apparent that Norway will be a stormy point in the war to come whether she wants to or not, there is no other course left open. Meanwhile Norway must, being small, submit politely to the humiliation of being reconnoitered by two nations who think they may fight a battle on her soil.

## FORD'S MOST EXPENSIVE FAVOR

**The purchase of a million and a quarter acres of Florida farm land was a little favor Henry Ford could do for Thomas Edison; the tract of land, a small item to be left undeveloped and forgotten, while mysteries sprang up about its significance.**

ONE day, in Fort Myers, Florida, Thomas Edison came over to Henry Ford quite uneasy and plainly concerned over something. "Henry," he said, "I never asked you for a favor in my life, did I?"

"No," said Ford, "you didn't."

"Well, I guess I'm going to ask you for one now, and it will be the first and last."

"Why, Tom, go ahead and ask. What is it?"

"Well," said Edison, "there's an old time friend of mine who has gotten in too deep in Florida land. He's as fine a man as ever lived, and he has been shrewd and cautious all of his life. But this Florida boom has got under his skin and poisoned him."

"What's he done?" asked Ford.

"He's loaded himself up with about a million and a quarter acres of land in behind Punta Gorda and Fort Myers. He hopes to turn it into a gigantic farm colony. Most of it's pretty good land for just that thing. But the times are wrong. He came in to see me the other day and said that he was wiped out. He couldn't carry

the land any longer. He put all of his money into it and he borrowed up to his neck besides."

"What do you want me to do?" said Ford.

"I wish you would buy that land from him for about what it cost and then forget it."

Ford didn't hesitate a minute.

"All right, Tom. I'll call up my real estate manager."

Ford stepped to the long distance phone, got his manager in Dearborn, and told him to buy the land at the price Edison mentioned. A few days later the real estate manager called up Ford in Fort Myers and asked what to do with the land.

"Write it all off as loss and forget it," came the prompt reply.

This is the inside dope as to why this enormous tract has never yet been developed. People have invented all kinds of wild tales about it: Ford was going to start a rubber plantation; Ford was going to build a factory.

What he really has done is to forget it all—his first and last favor to Thomas A. Edison.

(Picture on Page 45)





**LORD CHIEF JUSTICE**

What Price English Justice? Page 11





**WHEN THE GOLD SHIRTS MARCHED**  
The Secret Fuse Under Mexico Page 15





(top) **INTEGRALISTS, BRAZIL**  
Fascism's New World Thrust Page 20

**POLICEMEN, BUENOS AIRES**  
Fascism's New World Thrust Page 20





IL DUCE-TO-BE, WOUNDED  
Mussolini vs. His Past Page 23





**IL DUCE-TO-BE, CONVALESCENT**

Mussolini vs. His Past Page 22





**BEFORE DONNING CAESAR'S MASK**

**Mussolini vs. His Past Page 23**





SI MEANS YES—OR ELSE

Musical vs. His Post Page 23





## SEX-CRIMINAL MARKS

Smutting Up the Revolution Page 23





## FORD AND EDISON

Ford's Most Expensive Favor Page 36





NEW ORLEANS WATERFRONT  
A Measure of Recovery Page 73





LONGSHOREMEN, NEW ORLEANS  
A Measure of Recovery Page 73



**LATIFA**





## KEMAL IN SOCIETY

Atatürk, Hacılar'da Hürriyet Pazarı'nda





## KEMAL THE DIPLOMAT

Ataturk, Hoodlum as Hero Page 76





T. C.		Atatürk	
		Adı (sırtı, yarı lakap ve şöhreti)	
NÜFUS HÜVİYET CÜZDANI		Ad	
No. 993.814 - B. No. 51		Babasının adı Anasının adı Doğum yeri Doğum tarihi	
 		Ali Rıza Umüş Lüleydi Selanik 1881	
No. 993.814 - B.		No. 993.814 - B.	

(top)

## KEMAL'S RESIDENCE

Atatürk, Hoodlum as Hero Page 76

## KEMAL INTO ATATURK

Atatürk, Hoodlum as Hero Page 76





## ITALY IN SPAIN

Exit the Gentleman Officer Page 80





CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

### THROWBACK TO THE ANTHROPOID

Mussolini the Muscle Man, an ex-intellectual, originator of the ape-man act of reducing international law to that of the jungle, began in a small way (starting with the murder of Matteotti) the present nearly worldwide devaluation of individual life and liberty. He early dissuaded his lieutenants from the sport of tearing his detractors' tongues out, preferring the more amusing expedient of dosing them to death with castor oil. Still struts to the music of "Springtime of Youth" (Giovanezza) vainly trying to conceal the daily more evident fact that he is now the gorilla grown old, long since surpassed by his one time disciple, then partner, and today all-but-acknowledged master, Hitler.









## THE HEIL WITH THE MONROE DOCTRINE

in this issue. From the Pampas to Panama the South American continent has become their stamping grounds as the fascist mobsters have muscled in, parcelling out in true gangster fashion the "protection" of their big shots, Adolf the Enforcer, Benito the Black Bomber and "Gentleman"

Hirota, the Yellow Kid. Thus is the way prepared for a New Spain in the New World. And when it happens, their "non-intervention" will be no less bloody than that in Old Spain, and they will as loudly praise the Monroe Doctrine over here as they now denounce "piracy" over there.

WATER COLOR BY JOHN GROTH





CARICATURE BY WESLEY NEFF

### DOIHARA THE INCIDENT MAKER

General Kenji Doihara, the moving spirit of the Japanese Intelligence Service and Japan's real war maker. For years his presence in a Chinese province has been the infallible forewarning of an "incident" to cloak a new act of Japanese aggression. His arrival in North China was the tip-off on the current grab and was so interpreted in March, 1937, by *Esquire* which said at the time that he was about to start another war against China. The Japs banned *Esquire* for that, but the war followed in July, 1937. Doihara's Chinese incident-making career was characterized by his professed liking for all things Chinese. Ominous sign: he has developed a great fondness for American cocktails and pumpkin pie.





## CAUSE AND EFFECT

Exit the Gentleman Officer Page 80





**BARON VON RICHTHOFEN**

Exit the Gentleman Officer Page 80





TODAY AND YESTERDAY

Exit the Gentlemen Officer Page 110





(top)

## LUNT AND FONTANNE

Bidding the Guild Good-bye Page 83

## DIRECTORS OF THE GUILD

Bidding the Guild Good-bye Page 83





THE GUILD'S MAINSTAYS  
Bedding the Guild Good-bye. Page 53





SGT. YORK, TWENTY YEARS AFTER  
The Man Who Helped A Hero Page 57





**GEN. ABNER DOUBLEDAY**

**Wrong Man, Time and Place Page 92**





**ALEXANDER CARTWRIGHT**  
Wrong Man, Time and Place Page 92





**REACH, BASEBALL'S FIRST PRO**  
Wrong Man, Time and Place Page 92





(top) HOBOKEN, 1840  
Wrong Man, Time and Place Page 92

THE N. Y. KNICKERBOCKERS, 1845  
Wrong Man, Time and Place Page 92



## THE NEW LEAGUE

Rome's tri-partite agreement shows  
a white hot coalescence  
its whole dynamic message glows  
with fascist incandescence.  
Far, far beyond Geneva's reach,  
pedantically legal,  
this soaring and exultant screech  
proclaims the fascist eagle.

They hail the coming fascist age  
from Reich and Roman rostrum,  
as now for Colonies they rage  
and now for Mare Nostrum!  
And when they've purged from every land  
bolshhevik desperados,  
the earth will be the Duce's (and  
the Reich's and the Mikado's).

Above Geneva's stark remains  
the fascists turn the tables  
and hurl totalitarian Cains  
on democratic Abels,  
while peace pledged nations view with dread  
their logical successor—  
the new League of the anti-red  
against the non-aggressor.

—Sagittarius







## DYING, WELL OR BADLY

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

IT HAS been going on now, in Spain, all day and all night long for over a year and a half. So you are all tired of it. Even the word doesn't mean anything anymore. War is not a word that frightens people any longer. They are getting used to it now. You even hear that we have been promised one if business does not pick up. Though nobody believes that of course.

So now, before you read any further in this, look across the page and you will see two pictures: of Italian soldiers who died well in battle. They look pretty good, don't they?

The boy at the bottom of the page was shot through the head. The man at the top was hit in the hand, had bandaged that wound, and then was killed by a bullet in the chest. The man at the top of the next page was shot through the legs and the chest. There was nothing very odd nor very extraordinary about any of those wounds; and in this last year one has seen many people that one knew die in the same way.

But at the bottom of the next page, and on the page opposite you see three photographs of three Italian soldiers who came to Spain to die but did not have quite such good luck at it.

The man at the bottom of the left-hand page was hit by high explosive. There are no feet to his legs.

The man at the bottom of the other page was hit by a tank shell which exploded in the little pile of rocks where he was working an automatic rifle. The other man, who was helping serve the gun, is dead on the left from the same shell. He does not show in the picture; but he looks all right. There's nothing very startling about him; but he is quite dead.

The man at the top of the right-hand page was hit by a light bomb dropped from a pursuit plane which was ground-strafting. He is rather impressive to those who are not accustomed to a battle-field. But in your time you've seen good friends look as bad or worse.

You remember this man quite well because you turned him over to look at his papers and among them was a letter from his wife that you kept until you lost it. She wrote how badly things were going in the village, how pleased she was to get his pay allotment; but that she cried every night because he was not there. She also told how many times she prayed each day to keep him safe and that she had never ceased to thank St. Joseph for sending her such a good husband.

These are photographs of what happens to the men sent to die in a fascist invasion of a democratic country; a country with a republican form of government.

The men who are defending that country against the Moors, the Italians and the Germans, die in the same way. They die in as strange ways, in as ugly ways, as do the invaders. But they die knowing why they die; they die fighting for *you* now; knowing that unless they beat the fascists now *you* will have to fight them later. Many of them came a long way to die in Spain and none of them, who fought on the ground got more than 50c a day. They, the men of the International Brigades, were not soldiers of fortune or adventurers. They were just very clear thinkers. No one sent them. They came to Spain to fight fascism because they saw, long before the diplomats, how dangerous it was.

Before this is published, the Italians will have attacked again. In the last three months while discussing the withdrawal of volunteers, Italy has sent 50,000 more troops to Spain. She has also sent three full brigades of artillery, and Germany, hiding behind the Italians, has sent between three and four hundred new planes and much new artillery and tanks. The fascist nations act while the democratic nations talk, vacillate, connive and betray.

If the democratic nations allow Spain to be over-run by the fascists through their refusal to allow the legal Spanish government to buy and import arms to combat a military insurrection and fascist invasion, they will deserve whatever fate that brings them. The majority of the career diplomats of England, France, and the United States, are fascist, and it is they who supply the erroneous information on which their foreign offices and state departments act. But no matter what excuse the democratic countries may have for their ignorance of the necessity for beating the fascists in Spain, history will label their actions in 1936 and 1937, when they refused to allow Spain to arm herself to fight *their* enemies, as criminal stupidity.

Meantime all day, and all night, it goes on. The resistance of the republican government in Spain against the first combined fascist invasion is the great holding attack to save what we call civilization. If Italy could be beaten in Spain, as Napoleon was beaten there, the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis would be broken before it ever had a chance to make the war it threatens. But because it has gone on so long the people who do not have to go hungry, fight and die in it, get quite tired of the whole thing. They do not even want to hear about it. Perhaps these pictures will make it seem a little more real. Because those pictures are what you will look like if we let the next war come.





ITALIANS IN SPAIN  
Dyano, Wall Of Soria. Page 60





## ITALIANS IN SPAIN

Dying, Wall Dr. Redly Page 68





ITALIANS IN SPAIN  
Dying, Well Or Badly Page 66





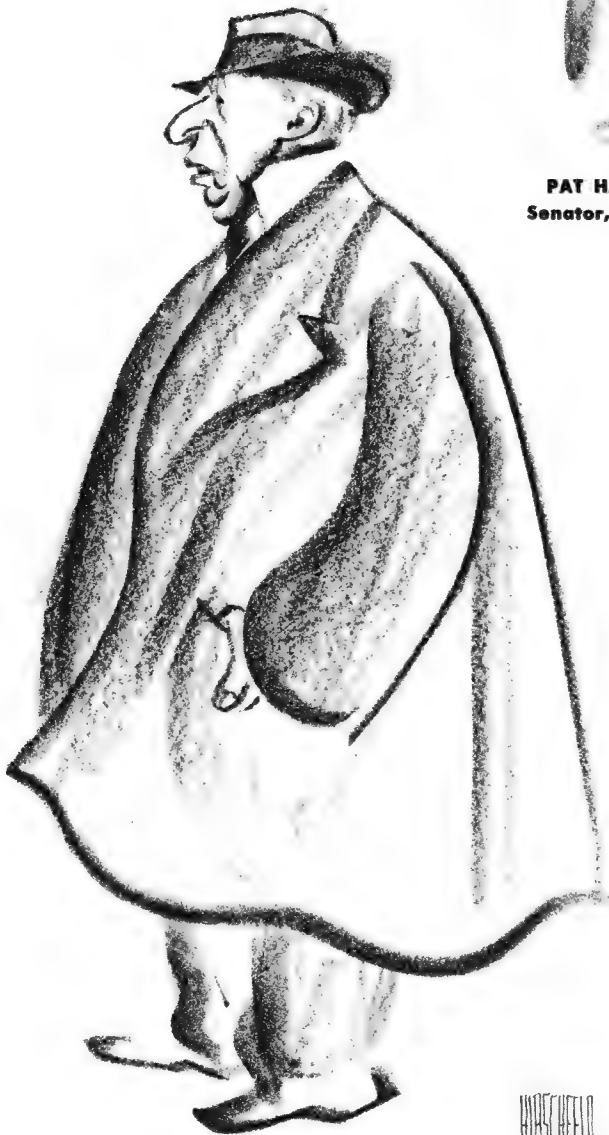
**JOSEPH F. GUFFEY**  
Senator, Pennsylvania



**PAT HARRISON**  
Senator, Mississippi



**ROBERT F. WAGNER**  
Senator, New York



**WILLIAM H. KING**  
Senator, Utah

WASHINGTON GALLERY



# A MEASURE OF RECOVERY

**In New Orleans, tying up the waterfront would paralyze the town. The slim margin of improvement in the city's affairs since the depth of the depression represents merely the net effect of relief, which still sustains a fourth of the total population and more than a third of the Negroes. The Chamber of Commerce and the Legislature are wooing new businesses with tax-exemption and promises of freedom from labor trouble. But the C. I. O., having won the sailors, serenades the longshoremen. Between them, they would have the city by the throat.**

BY JOHN L. SPIVAK

CHART  
(New Orleans)

Recovery .....30 Per Cent.  
Unemployment .....Slight Decrease  
Relief .....Slight Decrease  
Prospects .....Stable  
People's Attitude....Hopeful

THE *Dorothy Luckenbach* was sailing for San Francisco and more than half the crew were having a last drink at Patsy Flanagan's and it was there that I met the ship's carpenter who announced to an unlistening world of boisterous seamen that he had the stubby fingers of his powerful hands around the throat of New Orleans.

The carpenter was a paunchy fellow with the top of his faded dungarees unbuttoned to give a bit more room to a belly which seemed bent on escaping from the confines of a loose belt. He was obviously aging for the close-cropped hair under the oil-smeared cap was grey but his lungs were in excellent condition, for all through the two hours before the ship sailed, he shouted or bellowed or sang in a voice that made the cords

stand out on his red neck and the sweat collect in the many deep creases on his face.

Patsy Flanagan's is directly across the Luckenbach pier on the Industrial Canal, a battered shack painted a dirty pea green, a roof of corrugated iron and broken boards and beer signs in red and yellow all over its walls. It might be mistaken for an ordinary waterfront beer-joint frequented by longshoremen but to the crews of Luckenbach freighters it is an oasis to rush to for a first beer when the vessel is moored and to stagger away from with a last one in time to let go the lines so the ship can be towed to the Gulf 110 miles away.

Some 15 men were lined up at the bar ruled by Daisy Flanagan herself, a queen in a faded blue dress and a scarlet belt, when I walked in. Half a dozen other waterfront workers sat at rickety little iron tables painted a sentimental baby blue. An automatic nickel machine blared *Moon Over Miami* while two unshaved seamen tried to dance to its tune while several of their shipmates encouraged them with hilarious shouts. Every-

one was talking, singing or swearing lustily, indifferent to the din. The *Dorothy* was scheduled to sail at six-thirty and the boys were tanking up before taking the products of the fertile states on either side of the Mississippi to the west coast where some of it would be reshipped to the far corners of the world.

The carpenter was at the bar with one of the few white longshoremen on the New Orleans waterfront, having a beer or two with his friend before the ship sailed. The longshoreman was almost as broad as he was tall and had hands like legs of veal. He puffed at an old pipe and nodded tolerantly to his friends' noisy singing and the hoarse complaints of a red-faced member of the deck crew who pounded steadily on the bar, shouting: "Let me speak! Everyone talks and nobody says a word!"

No one paid any attention to him except Daisy who wiped the bar in front of him with a soggy rag and smiled sympathetically.

"I want to sing you a song," he said, quieting down at her smile.

"Go ahead," she said, "but remember, I'm a lady."

The sailor, in a cracked baritone, sang happily:

I carry three parts of a cross  
And a circle complete;  
A perpendicular line  
For two semi-circles to meet;  
An equilateral triangle  
On its own two feet;  
Two semi-circles and  
A circle complete.

"Now, what's the cargo?" he asked, looking at her with the bright eyes of a child who had proposed a difficult conundrum.

"Oh, nuts!" said Daisy. "Tobacco," and went on tending to the other customers.

The sailor looked hurt and took his beer bottle to a group near the nickel machine who were arguing at the top of their lungs about the relative merits of the girls at Boots or the Spot Light, two honky-tonks in the city favored by seamen. It was at this point, apparently in answer to something his friend said, that the carpenter pounded the bar with a fist and shouted:

"I got this port right between my hands! Right between these two hands!"

He held them up for all to see.

"And what the hell are they going to do about it? I'm C.I.O.! That's me!"

I was leaning against the bar beside him when he turned upon me and seized my shoulder, swinging me around to face him.

"So to hell with 'em!" he roared. "I was a nice guy when they put me in a stinkin' fo'c'sle, eh? I was a nice guy when they fed me slops! I was a nice guy when they paid me \$35 a month and kicked me all around but now that I joined the C.I.O. and got brains enough to ask for good food and decent treatment and wages, I'm a red, eh? So—all right, I'm a red and to hell with 'em!"

But I'm gettin' twice as much money as I used to get and that's because I'm C.I.O. So to hell with 'em!"

The longshoreman winked to me in a friendly fashion and explained, "He's just a little gassed up, brother. Don't mean nothin'. Le' me buy you a beer. Daisy! A bottle o' Jax for my friend here, please, m'am."

"They don't want me in a union, eh?" the carpenter continued angrily. "Sure, they don't. You're a hell of a nice guy if you don't want nothin'! That's what they want; don't ask for nothin'!"

Suddenly he assumed a cringing position and holding his hands out like a beggar pleading for alms, said in a whining voice: "If you got to join a union, why don't you join the A. F. of L. They're nice people. They never bother nobody—haw! Not even the shipping companies! Don't ask for nothin' and you won't be a red! So I'm a red, eh!" he bellowed in a new and furious burst of indignation. "And they don't like it, eh? Well, I didn't like it when they kicked me around. Now they don't like it, eh? So to hell with 'em!"

"C.I.O.'s gone to his head," the longshoreman explained tolerantly as we tipped our bottles to our mouths. "Lots of 'em like him. Just beginning to find out he can get something if he's got a strong union. They never had a union before to amount to nothin'."

The longshoreman, as I learned, was right. For years there were maritime organizations, chiefly fathered by the A. F. of L. which as far as these tough babies could see, functioned solely to pay salaries to union officials. It was not until the National Maritime Union of America, affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization came along and actually increased wages and improved working and living conditions for the seamen, that the maritime worker found something akin to himself in the union's aggressiveness. He learned that a ship cannot sail without a crew and he began to feel new strength and breathe the heady air of power.

The gains of the maritime union influenced, in this port at least, the longshoremen who are members of the International Longshoremen's Association, affiliated with the A. F. of L. In New Orleans a ship cannot sail without a full union crew, because of the union's strength; but only a little over a third of the dock workers, 80% of whom are Negroes, are organized and the longshoremen know that with so many unorganized, a test of strength with the shipping companies might easily be disastrous to the workers. Consequently, most of the longshoremen with whom I talked resented the comparative inactivity of the A. F. of L. even after the gates were thrown wide open to unionization by the Wagner Act and this dissatisfaction has resulted in a perceptible shifting of sentiment among them for C.I.O. affiliation, and should that occur this largest of the Gulf ports and that vast



commerce which is the city's life would be, as the carpenter put it, right between the powerful hands of those on the waterfront.

The port is New Orleans' greatest industry and though the number of waterfront workers here, as in any port, is trifling in comparison with the total population, they are in a strategic position. To this port with its ten miles of modern concrete docks come the products of the Mississippi Valley, cotton and corn and wheat from midwest and southern states, tobacco from Kentucky, iron from as far north as the Great Lakes, oil from Oklahoma and Texas and Louisiana. One of the largest and most productive areas in the country ships by freight and truck but most often by slow river barges to the ships moored at New Orleans' piers.

The city itself has an enormous white-collar population, office help whose work depends upon the port's activities, storekeepers and clerks and professional men who depend upon the buying power of those attending to the port's business; and cessation of work on the waterfront would disrupt and demoralize the city's entire trade and life and leave a profound effect upon the entire midwest.

New Orleans could be in the hands of these boisterous, roistering, tough yet good-natured men of the waterfront and for the first time in their lives they are beginning to realize it. This is the most outstanding development of what happened to the city since I was here at the depth of the depression. As Robert Meers, business agent for the National Maritime Union and one of its ablest officials, told me frankly, "The waterfront is the hub around which the economic life of the city turns. When the waterfront is organized, the rest of the city can be organized. But local businessmen, who are crying for increased buying power to sell their goods, do not seem to realize that if the city were organized and a higher wage scale secured for the workers, business itself would benefit from it by the resultant increased buying power."

When you have talked with many of these nomadic maritime workers you realize that it is not only in New Orleans that they are raising their heads but in all the Gulf ports from Tampa to Corpus Christi, the Great Lakes and on the Atlantic and Pacific, for news of their strategic strength has spread among the 100,000 maritime men in the country as they wander from ship to ship and port to port comparing union gains in wages, hours and working conditions.

The Maritime Commission, however, which is supposed to function to adjust differences between the shipping companies and their men, is universally disliked and distrusted by the seamen. As one sailor expressed it vigorously to me at the union's hall in New Orleans where I talked with a number of them:

"They're just a bunch of God-damned fascists! They want to pass

a law forbidding us to strike—and that's exactly what Mussolini and Hitler did! You write this in your magazine, mister: the day they pass that law we'll tie up every ship in every port in the United States!"

He looked to the group of seamen around us for approval and most of them nodded.

"Why the hell didn't they pass laws to stop the shipping companies from paying us low wages or feeding us rotten food?" he added indignantly.

"Or givin' us stinkin' fo'c'sles right alongside the can for us to sleep in," said another.

"Who the hell does Congress think it is anyway?" demanded a third. "The minute we start getting something through our union they want to pass a law to stop it. Jesus! Anybody'd think they were A. F. of L. business agents!"

"What would you do if Congress did pass a law prohibiting strikes on vessels in port?" I asked.

"I told you what I'd do," said the first sailor.

"I don't think that would be smart," said another, and taking the lapel of my coat in his hand, he said soberly, "Brother, we're a pretty tough lot—had to become tough to stand what the shipping companies used to give us—but we're law abidin'. If Congress passes the law the Maritime Commission wants, I wouldn't be in favor of breaking it. No, sir. I'd just go on the beach and raise chickens."

"Sure, we could do that," said another sailor while everybody laughed.

"But if you all went on the beach to raise chickens, wouldn't that be a strike?"

"Strike?" said the first sailor. "No, sir. We just want to raise chickens, that's all."

"I'd like to raise corn," said another sailor, ribbing the man next to him with an elbow.

"Then how will they sail the ships?" I asked.

"They won't," he smiled sweetly.

"Ships have been known to sail with strikebreakers," I said.

"That's true, but they won't now," the first sailor laughed. "And that's what's so comical. The ship owners tried to set up a government blacklist by putting over the Copeland Act providing that all seamen have certificates of efficiency. The idea was to refuse to issue them to known union men, organizers and people like that, and so break up the union. But we were too strong. Now the same law can be used to keep the companies from getting scabs from the farms. Right now sailors with certificates of efficiency are members of our union, see?"

But, while one labor union in a strategic position has made gains, the average worker throughout the city is little better off than at the depth of the depression and business recovery is suffering not only from a lack of buying power on the part of the people but also from a political ma-

chine which milked the city dry and is still pulling away at the teats.

Until a year or so ago, the city's affairs more clearly showed the effects of Huey Long's regime and the bitter political fight between him, the city and the Roosevelt administration.

The city's credit was exhausted. There was no money and it couldn't borrow any; salaries of public officials couldn't be paid; unrepaired streets looked like Madrid after a Nazi bombardment. Wages and living standards kept falling, unemployment increased; the people cried for food and Huey kept telling them that by following him every one of them could have an income of \$5000 a year.

With Huey's death, the state and city made peace with one another and with Washington. Federal money for relief projects flowed in and the city which had been prostrate rose slowly to its knees. Today, almost everyone will tell you that things are much better and business men and bankers estimate that business has recovered about 30% from the low at the depth of the depression. The number of new and reopened "establishments," as the New Orleans Association for Commerce calls them, is approximately the same as those which closed their doors between 1929 and 1935. Recovery for the number of "establishments" is complete.

But, private industry has re-employed only one-fourth of the workers who lost their jobs during the depression; and the general increase in wages since the recent measure of recovery, is only half of the low to which wages dropped during the depression; and the recent increase is wiped out by the rise in living costs so that actually the worker is little better off than he was at the depth of the depression. The increased number of "establishments" and the increase in retail sales are due simply to more people being employed privately and on government relief projects and not to their ability to buy more.

Everyone with whom I talked admits this and they usually add that should relief projects end, as seems to be the government's plan, the city would return to approximately the condition it was in at the depth of the depression. When I was in New Orleans at that time, every fourth person of the entire population was officially recorded as totally destitute.

Today, the appeal for 1938 Community Chest funds estimates every fifth person as being totally destitute, and this does not even touch the large number of seasonal or part-time workers.

The amount of money spent by federal, state and city governments for relief is four times what it was before the depression and most of this comes from the federal government. So far as the state itself is concerned, that portion of the city's

population which depends upon relief can dig for itself and if they can't dig up a meal from relatives or friends they can go out in the marshes and bayous where there are plenty of roots. The state, still controlled by a political machine, seems calloused to the needs of its hungry. About the only thing it did was to slap a tax on everything people buy and turn the proceeds over to relief. Since New Orleans is a "poor John town" with low purchasing power, the amount collected is a pittance to what is needed. The sum total is that the overwhelming majority of the population, whose wages have already been pounded down, are made to feed those who have nothing while the political machine grinds merrily on, still playing politics with its hungry in this widely advertised "Joyland of America."

The best available relief jobs are turned over to the white unemployed in preference to the colored as if the white man gets hungrier than the colored one, with the result that the Negro, who comprises only one-third of the city's population comprises more than half of those on relief.

"The white man is bound to get the preference," one relief official explained to me frankly. "He has the vote and when jobs are passed around politicians expect a little appreciation for them when it's needed." He made a gesture which said more than words could that there was nothing to be done about it. "When you take a person's franchise away in a democracy," he added, "that person loses not only a political right but a power which has economic pressure. The Negro has had his franchise taken away and he is paying for it economically."

As near as I could gather, after talking with relief and unemployment officials and tabulating the figures I collected with Julius Goldman, director of the Community Chest, we concluded that out of the city's population of less than 500,000 approximately 124,000 are today totally dependent upon relief for their bread and that a conservative estimate would place at least one out of every three and one-half employable persons in the unemployed class.

"And these figures do not cover all who need relief," said Mr. Goldman. "Thousands of families have applied for it and we simply haven't the money to take care of them."

"Then how do they live?"

"I don't know," he said. "Off relatives, friends, from an occasional job. I really don't know."

Most business men with whom I talked were not aware of the enormous percentage on relief and when they do hear the figures they dislike even to think about them. Their attitude is like that of the business man and city official who dined me one night in The Roosevelt's swanky Blue Room "which has the fanciest bar and the swellest show in the south." Lovely ladies in evening gowns and splendid specimens of southern gentlemen in dinner jackets swung



rhythmically to soft music while my hosts told me that the way to get more recovery is to attract more "establishments" to the city from other parts of the country and thus absorb the unemployed. The State Legislature, they pointed out proudly, passed a law providing for ten years exemption from taxes to any new industry which comes to New Orleans and asked that I be sure to point out in my article that there'd be no labor troubles. "We've had scarcely any labor troubles here," they assured me repeatedly. "There are very few unions and those are in the A. F. of L. and the officials are very reasonable."

Whenever I went among business men I heard this assurance of no labor trouble and it was justified. The few A. F. of L. locals, never strong, were almost wrecked during the depression. Today, even, with the Wagner Act, labor under its present leadership has made scarcely any progress, and it is because of that that labor now looks to these hard, tough, worldly-wise men shouting, swearing and singing in Patsy Flanagan's to show them the way.

Organized and unorganized workers with whom I talked see in the growing strength of these waterfront workers the chief hope of raising wage scales and living standards for themselves.

The actual and potential strength of the seamen and the dock workers is contagious and I noticed a perceptible trend even among them to depend more upon their own strength than upon government generosity and aid in labor matters. I had asked the longshoreman with whom I had been drinking for almost two hours, about the wages and hours bill and he said, with the quietness of a man fully aware of his own power:

"Brother, that would be nice if they passed it but the N.R.A. set working hours and wages, too, and we know what happened. The maximum wage became the minimum and where hours were reduced they just speeded up the work to get as much out of the workers as they produced on the old schedule. No, brother, there's only one way to get the right kind of wages and hours and that's by being so strongly organized that you got them by the throat with your two hands—like this, see? Make them give it to you and not depend upon favors from nobody—Roosevelt or anybody else!"

"Roosevelt—" I began.

"He's trying to do what he can," the longshoreman interrupted mildly, "but he's all alone. No master of a vessel can sail his ship if the engine crew won't give him steam and the deck crew sits down. And the employers and the bankers have gone on a sit-down strike," he added with a grin, his pale blue eyes twinkling.

"Do you think the Roosevelt policies helped the maritime workers at all?"

"Of course," he began, only to be interrupted by the carpenter who, by

this time was pretty well under the weather. Apparently only the word "Roosevelt" had penetrated for he turned toward me and started beating his clenched fists against his chest. He was drunk and noisy but his attitude was that of almost all the waterfront workers, drunk or sober, with whom I talked.

"Roosevelt!" the carpenter roared. "Got a bum pin! Got a bum pin but a good heart!"

The thought of a man with so good a heart having an affliction was apparently too much for him for his eyes filled with honest tears that rolled down his cheeks. He wiped them with one hand while the other clutched a fresh bottle of beer. "Got a bum pin," he wept, "but I like that feller!"

He placed the beer bottle on the bar and turned to the others who watched his crying jag sympathetically, and then struck the bar a smashing blow which made his own bottle pop up and fall crashing to the floor.

"I like that feller!" he repeated, the cords in his red neck standing out in the vehemence of his announcement. "He's for C.I.O. and I'll fight for him any time! Do you hear? Any time!"

"You're all gassed up," said the longshoreman in a pacifying tone. "Nobody'll fight with you over him. Why don't you quiet down?"

"And you keep yelling for a fight, even if it's over Roosevelt, somebody'll oblige you," cautioned Daisy.

"I'll fight for him—" the carpenter began again.

"Oh, c'mon, quit tom-cattin' around," said Daisy like a lady.

The mournful wail of the *Dorothy Luckenbach's* whistle sounded over the shouts and songs and blaring nickel machine. It acted like a magnet, drawing everybody to the bar for a last drink. The whistle sounded again, long and drawn out but with a sharper note. The carpenter seized two bottles and tried to drink from both simultaneously, some of the beer dripping down his chin to his soiled shirt.

I watched them walk or stagger across the wooden approach over the ditch between the road and Patsy Flanagan's. The longshoreman had his arm around the carpenter who was waving both bottles and singing:

Call your hands and man your capstan!

See that the cables are all a-clear!

For today I weigh my anchor  
And for 'Frisco I will sail.  
For there's lots of gold, so I was told,

In those banks at Sacramento!

I asked Daisy for another bottle of beer. The place was strangely quiet and deserted. She set the bottle in front of me and stared through the open door.

"Jesus," she said with a shake of her head, "if those longshoremen ever line up with 'em—"

(Pictures on Pages 46-47)



The Duck: "By George, there's the bird who was plunking lead at me last week."



# ATATURK, HOODLUM AS HERO

**He has revolutionized a backward nation, destroying the superstitions of five centuries, and singlehanded has accomplished more than any one man of our time. On the battlefield he fought other countries to a standstill, conquering one that had an overwhelming advantage in men and guns. But if Kemal Ataturk were not one of the greatest men of this age he would still be known as one of the biggest bums in the world. Of all heroes, his record with women is indubitably the worst. Achilles had a heel. Kemal is a heel.**

**I**F KEMAL, the man who defeated the British in the Dardanelles and the Greeks at Smyrna, had been a European and not an Oriental Turk he would today be classified with Napoleon because he is probably the greatest soldier of this century.

If Kemal Ataturk were not dictator of Turkey he would be in jail as one of the worst hoodlums in his country.

If what Kemal has done—good or bad—had happened in Europe or America he would today be ranked as more important than Mussolini, Lenin, Hitler, Stalin, Generals Foch, Haig and Pershing, Colonel Lawrence, T. and F. D. Roosevelt.

In his personal history, however, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the Ghazi or "conqueror of the infidel Christians" now Kemal Ataturk or First Turk, has left a record so depraved, so vicious, so besotted, drunken, cruel, and altogether terrible that the wonder increases that such a contradiction could exist in the mind and body of one man.

In particular Kemal Ataturk has left a vile record of his relationship with women.

There were four important women in Kemal's life and he fought with them all; they made life miserable for him and he made life miserable for them; he loved all four very

dearly and one of them he drove to suicide. He has never been faithful to a woman. He is without a doubt the most promiscuous among the noted men of the century.

Although hundreds of women have passed through his life and his unofficial harem, Kemal's history so far as important women in it are concerned can be divided under four headings:

Zubeida	Fikriye
Halideh	Latifa

**T**HE first woman who influenced his life was of course his mother, but she was also the cause of much of his unhappiness. Zubeida differed from old-fashioned Turkish women who veiled their faces at seven and lived in degradation the rest of their lives. She wore the veil but she also wore the figurative pants in the family. She was boss. Like so many Irishmen who come into public life in England are the Albanians who in the days of the Ottoman Empire came into public life in Turkey. Zubeida was an Albanian, the daughter of a small south Albanian farmer and a Macedonian woman.

Zubeida was tall, muscular, blue-eyed, and had yellow hair. She was a healthy peasant girl with primitive instincts and feelings about religion, patriotism and success. She was a

fighting woman, sometimes violent in her quarrels in behalf of her son's progress. Mustapha was the light of her life. Her first child, also a son, had died in infancy, and like all Oriental people, there was not much use for the daughter Makboula.

Mustapha was blue-eyed and sandy-haired, skinny, taciturn, bellicose, and thoroughly spoiled by his mother.

Like Stalin, Mustapha was in childhood trained for the priesthood—and like Stalin he was in later life to become the enemy of organized and corrupt religious sects.

The father, Ali Riza, was a clerk and a nobody who died penniless. Mustapha's first job was cleaning stables, feeding the cows, herding the sheep, and he would have remained all his life an illiterate peasant if his mother had not continued her fight to make a man of him. After two years of peasant slavery, he being now 11, he was sent to school at Salonika, thanks to Zubeida's years of nagging of relatives. Mustapha always loved his mother, despised his father, hated his stepfather later.

The Albanians are like the Irish, and Kemal is a fine example. The Irish, known for their defiance of authority, go in for being soldiers, and in America policemen. The Albanians made good Turkish soldiers although their instinct is resistance to all constituted authority. Kemal was a rebel. In his youth he dreamed of overthrowing. He became a cadet in a military school and was given the name Kemal because the captain himself was named Mustapha.

At 14 Kemal began running after loose and unclean women in the port of Salonika.

At 20 he was sent to the general staff college in Constantinople and plunged into the night life of the capital. He frequented the Greek and Armenian harlots of old Galata.

Like most promiscuous and careless men he paid for his so-called "gay" life by acquiring what is euphemistically known as a "social disease."

In 1913 Kemal was appointed military attaché to Bulgaria. He took to Sofia the same careless manners, arrogance toward the female sex, and casualness which marked his military college life in Constantinople. To drinking, gambling and lechery he added ballroom dancing. His flirtations were the crudest. He simply believed he could overwhelm any woman and make her submit after a few drinks, a whirl on the diplomatic ballroom floor and a few passionate words. He received frequent rebuffs but did not mind them, except in the case of the daughter of the Bulgarian general Kovatchev for whom he felt more than a momentary passion, but this pretty and very proper young lady turned him down cold and sent him on his biggest debauch. He lost huge sums at dice, learned poker and won his money back; stayed out all night and every night for weeks; drank more than he could hold and in desperation tried out all the other less pretty vices.

The result was that he ruined his health.

Because he blamed women for his social disease he became, as an admirer gently puts it, "enamored of his own sex." This abnormality lasted for about ten years.

It was at the time of this display of desperation in adjusting himself to the world that the world went to war. And Kemal became the great Turkish hero. No one in America of course heard of his name. The British censorship controlled the cables and the press of the world from 1914 to 1918, and the British were completely defeated in the Dardanelles although on two occasions all they needed was a little more intelligence to win the whole war. In both these instances it was Kemal who beat them. In one instance the situation was so bad that Kemal and 20 men he rallied held up the whole British advance and made the enemy think a big push was coming from the Turkish side.

In Constantinople Kemal went to his mother's house. But he fought with her. He loved her but he would not stand for her trying to order his life for him. He was glad when he was sent as an attaché to Berlin.

He got drunk at a dinner the Kaiser gave to Prince Vaheddin whom he accompanied, and made insulting remarks to Hindenburg about the campaign in Asia Minor. He, Kemal, knew all about it. He was in fact preparing to fight there when suddenly he was stricken. He was punished by his sins, not for them. He had done what millions of humbler men have done and are doing today; he went to a so-called men's specialist, the advertising kind, the quack doctor. This quack had succeeded only in hiding the symptoms of the disease and Kemal thought he had been cured. But he wasn't. In fact he was more deeply infected than ever.

For months Kemal lay in bed twisted with terrible pains while real doctors in Vienna and Carlsbad worked to save his infected kidneys. The medical treatment was slow and painful and for weeks seemed to have no effect. But there was a moral if not a medical effect. Kemal began to suffer fits of melancholia. He was down in the hell of despair. In later years and even today he suffers these same fits and drinks himself into a stupor in the effort to get out of them.

On his way home he became a victim of the Spanish flu then raging in Europe and his weakened condition almost cost him his life. In fact he was out of the army for the first half of 1918, and got back only in time to halt the retreat through Palestine, Syria and Anatolia.

The disgruntled, unhappy, morose, haggard Mustapha Kemal went to live in Shishli outside Constantinople after the armistice. He had found he could not live with his mother and sister. He couldn't stand having women around. He gave up most of his friends but retained only one, Colonel Arif, with whom he had waged several campaigns against the



British and against the night clubs of Salonika and Constantinople. And because the two walked hand in hand and Kemal called Arif endearing terms, gossip was not slow in saying they were more than friends.

HERE now entered into Kemal's life the woman who was to affect it most profoundly.

Halideh Edib Hanum, the most famous woman writer, feminist and progressive leader in Turkey was well known in the United States for these things long before she became the "Joan of Arc" of Turkey and the "Woman behind the conqueror of Smyrna." She herself refuses either title and never sought journalistic honors. Yet it is true that she was the leader of the emancipation movement and that she did win Kemal over to all her progressive ideas which he later carried out, and it is likewise a fact that in order to help him, especially in those hours of depression when he was a defeatist, Halideh put on the uniform of a corporal and marched with the Ghazi's victorious armies through Asia Minor.

They became friends in the exile of 1920. At this time the British occupied Constantinople and began giving the Sultan orders. The nationalist leaders Ismet and Fevzi fled to Anatolia, and with them Halideh and her husband Adnan, who made their way to Angora—now known as Ankara. The Sultan sententiously outlawed Mustapha Kemal, excommunicated them from the church, sentenced him to death and, moreover, posted the announcement that the Turk who killed Kemal would not only perform a patriotic and sacred act but would be doubly rewarded, financially in this world, and with dancing girls in the next.

Halideh and her husband came directly to the agricultural school where Mustapha was making farm experiments and where he lived. For weeks they met every day, discussing the bad news from everywhere, from Constantinople where the Sultan had agreed to the British suggestion that a reward for the death of Halideh and others should also be offered; and from Smyrna, where the Greeks were advancing in all directions in Asia Minor.

Things looked so black that all the leaders of the future Turkey made preparations to die. Kemal would shoot himself. So would Halideh. She asked for a revolver and Kemal taught her how to shoot. Her husband, Adnan, prepared a deadly poison for himself. The reports on how the Sultan's men treated prisoners and how the Greeks were treating theirs made this preparation logical. Suicide was preferable to the most horrible torture known to western man.

To add to his troubles the National Assembly proved unmanageable. Up to now Kemal had been a democrat. Now he was changing his mind. Up to now he had been completely under the influence of Halideh and her ideals of pure democracy, equal

rights for all, the French and American republican ideas, but now he felt that in war time at least there was no place for a democratic body of congressmen interfering with his plans. Naturally this meant a break with the woman who had had him under her political wing.

He stormed into the room occupied by Halideh and Adnan and began raving against politicians, mob rule, the stupidity of the common people, the fallacy of democracy—and after about 15 minutes of yelling, he turned on Halideh and said:

"What do you think about this?"

"I do not understand you, prince," Halideh replied.

"I mean," replied Kemal beginning to shout again, "that I myself shall rule. I will give the orders and the rest will carry them out. I will command. No one will dare criticize. I want no more advice. My word is law. And you too (turning to Halideh) shall do absolutely as I command—without question."

HAVING thus severed relations completely with the woman who had shaped his political and social thinking and influenced his life more than any other person, Kemal sought out his male companion, Arif, and got drunk, staying drunk for night after night.

Moreover, as if to emphasize a break with the past, Kemal also severed relationship with all the friends and organizations and principles of his youth. He insulted every general he knew, he gossiped about the other leaders, and he would talk for hours about the stupidity of having ideals and especially about the hypocrisy of 20th century morality. He, who throughout his life was incapable of having any loyalty for man or woman, denounced the principle of loyalty.

Knowing that his life was constantly in danger he hired a special bodyguard of wild mountain tribesmen called Lazzes who were commanded by the brigand Osman Agha. Since he did not believe human beings capable of loyalty and his life depended upon these cutthroats he could think only of money as the way to ensure their guarding him against his thousands of enemies.

But, like all persons who defy the world and set themselves up as dictators, Kemal suffered from doubt and confusion, and having no one to advise him, not even Colonel Arif whom he suddenly dismissed, he sought the easiest way out: drink and debauchery.

The result was a complete breakdown.

In addition to his old kidney trouble, brought on by sex excesses, he had an aggravated case of malaria, and a mental and physical collapse which would have killed many another man. His old healthy peasant blood however kept him alive.

But what actually saved his life was the appearance of the woman who figures in it most tragically. She was Fikriye Hanum, a distant







Intelligentsia

cousin. The year was 1921. The civil war had become a guerilla war. The Allies and the Sultan bossed Constantinople while Kemal bossed Angora. Fikriye, who lived in Constantinople, decided to help the rebels and had come to Angora to volunteer as a nurse. She arrived just in time to save Kemal from death.

Fikriye was the most beautiful and unsophisticated girl Kemal had ever seen. She was the pure innocent, the type sought by artists who paint pictures of sweet virgins, and she was just that. She was sweet and wholesome, she rarely spoke above a whisper, she was shy and humble, and delicate and beautiful. She was the very antithesis of all the painted, wild, brawling gay women who had made up so large a part of Kemal's wild life.

Very naturally in the physical revulsion which came upon him on his sick-bed, he turned to Fikriye as to an angel from heaven. Fikriye became his abject slave—and mistress. His whole life changed.

Sweetness and light entered. He drove out the past. He swore the entire pattern of his life and vowed to become a decent man. He began to recover rapidly. He took an interest in cleanliness, in the garden which Fikriye had planted, in the terraces she had built, in the trees, in nature, in the songs of the nightingale,—and in his work as the re-builder of Turkey. It was one of the most marvelous transformations which had ever come over a man, and it was the work of a woman, and of the platitudinous god, Eros.

But Fikriye was purely the Oriental. She was of the harem type. She prostrated herself before her master. She loved to have the man figuratively wipe his feet on her. She lived on abuse and immolation. When Kemal got well he sneered at that sort of devotion. Unlike his other women, however, Fikriye was permitted to stay in the house. Kemal ordered her into the kitchen. He filled his home with painted ladies again.

Fikriye ate her heart out. Mental illness brought on physical illness. She faded, grew sickly, suffered continual colds and was eventually sent to a tuberculosis sanitarium.

Two years later, hearing that her lover was about to marry, Fikriye left the hospital in Munich and came to Chan Kaya, where Kemal was living. She begged him to take her back. He drove her out of the house. She walked down the alley and shot herself. Her body was not identified until the next day.

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THE great romance of his life now came to Mustapha Kemal to whose name not only Pasha or prince but Ghazi, "the victor over infidel Christians," was added.

The time had come when he was chosen to save Turkey from the Greek invasion.

Although an infidel himself, Mustapha was terribly superstitious. He

had to have certain fetishes against fate and chance, and one living fetish. That was Halideh Edib. He had always won military victories when she was present. He asked her to come, and although she now hated everything Kemal stood for she thought it her patriotic duty to respond. When she came in her corporal's uniform, Kemal addressed his troops whom he was about to lead against the Greeks.

"Forward," he cried, "Forward to the Mediterranean."

Kemal met and defeated the entire Greek armies and captured the munitions the British had supplied. The capture of Smyrna has become one of the great days in Turkish history.

On the second or third day after the occupation of Smyrna, Latifa, returned from France where she had left her parents, entered Kemal's headquarters and asked the victor to move into her house. Latifa was 20, very pretty, unveiled, a modern woman with a most determined character. Kemal argued against changing headquarters. Latifa took a brooch from her bosom, opened it, showed the Ghazi his picture, said "You don't object, do you?" The next day Kemal moved.

But once in Latifa's home he found she was invisible. He was impressed with the discipline of the household, the efficiency and the silence. He commanded the owner to appear. He found a woman of intelligence, culture, a brilliant conversationalist.

"Where were you educated?" he asked.

"In the American College in Constantinople," Latifa replied.

She became his secretary.

She was plainly in love with Kemal; soon Kemal was in love with her. The rough soldier of the mountains and plains, accustomed to seizing his women, he was somewhat awed by Latifa, nevertheless he tried military strategy.

There was a great scene in the house. Kemal shouted he was a soldier, he was used to giving commands and having them obeyed, he was always on the move, and marriage was impossible. Latifa replied she had her principles also. On top of her Turkish morality she had a thick coating of Protestant Puritanism laid on at the American College in Constantinople. "I cannot become your mistress" she said flatly. Kemal left the house secretly that night.

Exactly six weeks later a dusty, passionate dictator stormed into Latifa's house and at a distance from her shouted: "I agree. We shall marry. At once."

But Latifa, with her American education, would not submit to him, and after winning the night's delay, accompanied Kemal into the street the next morning. He grabbed the first Iman by the hand, and said, "Priest, marry us now, at once, here in the street. I am Kemal." The frightened priest married them walking in the street.

And here romance ends and a clue



to the dictator's relationship with women emerges.

Halideh Edib wanted woman suffrage. A great many of her friends were American and British women who had participated in the suffrage movements in both countries. Latifa was in this respect practically American. These two women dictated the emancipation of women to Kemal Pasha, and Kemal, becoming dictator, established the Swiss code, giving women almost equal rights with men. Not only was the veil abandoned, but the harem was abolished, and of course polygamy, and the women of Turkey were raised from serfdom to the status of human beings.

And then what happened?

Kemal, successful, grew more dictatorial; he "purged" the party, executing opponents, suppressing the newspaper of the opposition, driving opponents into exile. Halideh Edib and Latifa protested such actions. One day Kemal drew up a list of "the hundred and fifty undesirables" but Halideh fled to England before Kemal's so-called "desperadoes" had a chance to imprison or assassinate her.

Latifa also over-rated her power. There were daily quarrels. Latifa hated dictatorship. She opposed imprisonments and executions. She refused to stay in the kitchen. So one day Kemal wrote out a simple note saying he divorced her—an old Mohammedan custom,—and Latifa went home just as millions of other unemancipated Mohammedan women had done before her.

This was the end of feminine influence in Turkey. The two women, brought up with American ideals of equality, were defeated although the Swiss code was never repealed.

The final blow was struck in the Spring of 1931. Women, who had been given the municipal franchise, and who had expected parliamentary franchise would follow, were astounded to hear that the government had decided against them. Kemal and his group were angry over the municipal elections. "Votes for women" failed in Turkey. Again "the American plan," sponsored by a woman with an American education, was discarded.

After the divorce from Latifa and the flight of Halideh, Kemal said:

"I am glad I am free. I want to remain alone—forever."

In the great purge of the opposition political leaders in which Kemal signed the death warrants for 18 old friends, he included the name of Colonel Arif. Arif had been closer to Kemal than any woman. He was the only person outside his mother who really knew Kemal, and the only living person. But Kemal held the sheaf of death warrants in his hand, signed one after the other. His staff officers who were present said that when Arif's death warrant came to the top Kemal put his cigaret into the ash tray, hesitated for only a fraction of a second, and signed.

Since then Kemal's only relationship with women has been one of debauchery.

(Pictures on pages 48-51)

## SANTA ON ROUTE 17

**Maybe just another California crank, maybe a potential Townsend-Divine is "Father" Riker, running for governor, who advertises his two hundred yard Holy City with a chain of sign-bearing plaster Santa Clauses stationed along the roadside. He is against women, Negroes, and Orientals; for Gentiles and Jews. He gives room and board to the seventy-five souls who work in his dictatorship, but, believing money has a ruinous effect on character, keeps the net income to himself. Will pay \$25,000 to anyone who proves his system can't work. Willing to apply the same system to the entire United States.**

BY THOMAS NEWMAN

**B**ETWEEN Santa Cruz and San José a forest of redwoods marches by the side of the road and a mountain dips into distance. Around a bend, Santa Claus stands on the edge of the highway! In fact, a row of Santa Clauses made of plaster, all of them 10 feet high. They are the sentries of Holy City, an introduction to the weirdest town in the United States—a town that extends for only 200 yards but manages to be a combination sideshow, Utopia, and miniature fascist state. It is also the headquarters of W. E. Riker, candidate for governor on the California State Party ticket.

Across the chests of the Santas are painted inscriptions:

"If you are contemplating marriage, suicide, or crime, see us first."

"Dispel the idea that you are different than God or the other fellow when sifted down."

"It is woman's hidden opposition with man that does the trick."

Father Riker explains these monsters with their slogans. "Santa Claus is generous with gifts," he will tell you. "We are generous with ideas. That's all there is to it."

The town is merely a clump of buildings occupying one side of the road. There is a booth, lettered: Holy Principle City—Information Booth—All Mysteries Answered. Inside is a peepshow world. A penny in the slot produces *The Fall of Man* or *The Temptations of Flesh* or *The Legs of Queen Elizabeth of Egypt*. (The legs of this non-existent queen are represented by a pair of stocking models.) Father Riker used to be a showman and he knows the appeal of penny machines. Not only in this booth but everywhere in Holy City sprout the peepshows.

The publicity truck of Holy City stands in front of the gas station. On the back is an enormous female figure, a plaster monstrosity in a blue dress. It looks like the product of a

doll factory that tried to turn out a classic statue. Across her feet is painted: *The Bible Was not Written for Saints or Women*.

One building bears the heraldic inscription: Music—Education—Philosophy. Inside are only pool tables and the music of billiard balls. Alongside are the post office, the grocery store, drug store. There used to be a zoo and a radio station but they have been discontinued. (The animals died of disease and the government decided that KFQU was also diseased.) A fountain is labeled, *This Water for Sick People Only*. A placard asks itself, *Is Father Riker the Wisest Man on Earth?*

The town is littered with pamphlets: *A White Woman's Soul Turns Black*, *White Man Supremacy* and *It's True and Final Achievement That Pleases and Satisfies Everyone*, and other such titles. The *pièce de résistance* is *The Perfect Government* which announces on its cover—\$25,000 if You Can Find a Flaw in This Government or Prove It Will Not Work.

Seventy-five people live in Holy City. Only four of them are women. The men sleep in dormitories, two low-lying white frame buildings, and the women have a small cottage to themselves. No one is married (Father Riker does not approve of marriage) except Father Riker who lives with his wife in a big house on the hill, overlooking the town. Everyone works in the service of Holy City, receiving only board and clothing in exchange. Father Riker believes that money has a ruinous effect on people and therefore keeps the profits of Holy City for himself, being willing to tempt his own ruination rather than expose others. He owns a plane and two cars. He is anxious to expand the town; anyone is welcome to stay and earn his keep in one of the stores. Hoboes seem to like the arrangement; they put up for a few days and then leave.

Father Riker's wife, Mother Lucille, is the perfect mate for him. She speaks the same loose, ambiguous language and has the same fondness for capital letters. She even has the same clear business head. Mrs. Riker writes books of verse, Questions and Answers, which you will find among the other leaflets in this pamphlet-paved town. They are supposed to be "questions publicly asked by the extreme thinking class of people and answered by Mother Lucille according to a Final Wisdom Understanding of Principle, Law, Order, and System." A sample question is: "What will be the outcome if people keep on degrading their bodies at the present rate?" Another intriguing one—"If the Devil is bad and hated by everybody, why not love him and make him good?" The answers are rendered in very bad verse, more boring than ridiculous and therefore unsuitable for quotation.

The high priest, master showman, and dictator, Father Riker, is 63 and a native of the state whose guber-



natorial walls he is trying to scale. A few years ago he was lamed by an automobile accident; he now walks with a cane. He's not bitter about it, says he learned from it and gained in the end. (I believe he means insurance.) Riker is a man of big plans and bad grammar. He boasts that he has read only three books in his life. He doesn't mention their names—possibly he can't remember them.

Father Riker has financially much in common with Father Divine, but Holy City is not like the Harlem Heavens. It is more a version of Shangri-la, James Hilton's Utopia. Father Riker's Perfect Government incidentally is intended for the United States.

Father Riker does not really approve of the feminine sex. However, since God has unfortunately created women, we must find a niche for them. Father Riker suggests that they exist to worship men. But he is not pleased that men tend to requite their love nor does he think much of marriage and babies. In one of his pamphlets you find:

Q. How does Holy City regard woman?

A. Holy City says she is more successful than God in attracting man's attention, but cannot continue to attract man because he is destined, sooner or later, to be charmed by God Almighty and his final duty. (Read "Woman Uncovered," 25c.)

Q. Are any of your people married?

A. They are all married to wisdom. (Spend 25c for "There Is No Future.")

In the perfect society women will not smoke or ride in automobiles. They will also dress "in a way that harmonizes with the true meaning of sacred womanhood." But Father Riker would establish redlight houses "to be run for the benefit of both sexes."

He is even more positive on the subject of Negroes, and Orientals. We must take away their vote, regulate their propagation, and generally subject them. "Mysterious diseases that the White Man and children experience can now be laid at the door of Negroes, and Orientals' poisonous vibration out of control and not in their places." As "The Phantom Spokesman—The Wise Man of the Far West—A Disciple of the Great One—A Spiritual Child of the Great Light—who guarantees no failures or disappointments, nothing wrong and no other way out," he orders us to take possession of Asia.

Many of his pamphlets contain lurid pictures of dark-skinned men embracing fair-haired women. This, he insists, was the true cause of the Civil War. Incidentally, the reverse—white men with black women—is not displeasing to Father Riker.

Of whom then does Father Riker approve? Well, Father Riker's pet is the White Man. *White-man-ism* is the name he gives to his religion. Over and over again he says, The White Man is the King Of The

Earth and the King can do no wrong. The World is Yours, Mr. Jew and Mr. Gentile to Own and to Rule. He plans to build a city in the shape of a man and the head will represent the Jewish people; the torso—the Gentiles; the legs—the Negroes; the arms—the Orientals. He writes "Jews are the chosen people, Gentiles are chosen by the chosen, Negroes are the servants of the servants. Orientals are the exceptional servants. Hindus and Indians are distinct retrograding relatives of the Great Gentile White Man." Father Riker, blithely—"I give the whole earth to the Jew and Gentile."

Specifically, he wants wealthy Jewish backers. He promises that Holy City will be the New Jerusalem, even calls himself the Messiah, "the Great Comforter for the Jewish people now awaiting their acknowledgment." Somewhere in his writings he splurges with, "Jewish people, as a whole, are the FATHER in tangible form. Jesus the Christ is their only begotten SON, and Father Riker who lives in their defense and explains all so-called mysteries with true solutions to all problems is the HOLY GHOST."

How about The Perfect Government? The pamphlet starts with a picture of Father Riker holding the world between his hands and ends with a cartoon of the bald-headed Father standing, a club in his grasp, over the recumbent and battered figures of Marx, Townsend, Sinclair, and the isms. Between these covers are some thirty pages of promises and slogans. Here is his economic program:

"All excess money of the people has to be deposited in the Government Bank, and nowhere else. The Government has free access to all deposited money, and keeps everyone employed and satisfactorily cares for all disabled people. I promise you that it will work."

He is confident that he can end "all crime, wars, strikes, depressions, graft, and can make the United States into a Paradise."

(Incidentally, no one has ever collected the \$25,000. It is impossible to convince him of a flaw in The Perfect Government. He answers, "Now you're quibbling like a bookish man. Be a godly man. Have faith. I can do everything that I promise.")

Thus, the Holy City has a dictator and a number of wealthy backers (none, so far, are Jewish) whom Riker is constantly visiting in his plane or cars. Also, a religion based on race feeling, worship of the White Man, hatred of the Black and Yellow.

If he were content to play in his own backyard, satisfied with being high priest of Holy City, his notions would be only ridiculous and he would be just another megalomaniac. But Riker is already an important man in California. He has attracted some national attention and it has been shown in the past that we are populous with crank-followers.

## EXIT THE GENTLEMAN OFFICER

**Forced down behind the German lines, the Allied aviator was greeted like a guest. Forced down behind the Franco lines, the Government pilot has a service pistol, to use on himself or wish he had. And nineteen years after Richthofen's burial by the enemy with full military honors, his memory is mocked by the crumpled corpses of women and children caught like flies in the paste of blood and mortar that was Guernica until the sudden visit of the German flyers who are his successors. Happy the hero who died before war became unfit for him.**

BY WILLIAM L. HOPSON

IN THE WORLD WAR it was not at all unusual for one of the German aviators to drop on the airdrome of an enemy squadron a note worded with all the formality of one cavalier challenging another to cross swords with him.

"If the gentleman piloting the Spad with the red stripe on the fuselage who yesterday put a burst through my wings will meet me at 12,000 feet above Villicourte tomorrow at eleven, I shall be waiting alone."

Unless the commanding officer interfered, the challenge was always accepted and the meeting took place. The two would meet at the appointed destination, fly toward each other firing short bursts to warm the Vickers and Spandau machine guns, then begin to circle for position like two wary boxers. Soon the duel would be on in earnest, ending when one went spinning toward the war torn earth below and the other, dipping victorious wings in final salute to a fallen but gallant enemy, headed for

home with another ship to his credit. Occasionally, when a pilot's guns jammed, his enemy would wave a hand to signify he understood, and pull out of the fight.

And not every pilot who was shot down lost his life. Sometimes a burst of bullets through the petrol tank or into the motor itself would send them down in a glide to be taken prisoner upon landing. When this took place the captured men often were driven to the mess hall of their victorious enemies, where they were treated royally. Toasts were drunk; the prisoners were saluted as befitted their station in life; everybody had a good time. Departure of the unfortunates to a camp for captured officers was like the departure of an honored guest.

These little courtesies were handed out palms up by the Allies as well.

When Captain Roy Brown, Canadian flight leader in the Royal Flying Corps, fired one short burst through Baron Von Richthofen's



# KNOTS YOU ALL HAVE SEEN



**1 The Door-Knob Knot.** This pride of the College Boys in the 1920's makes small-faced men look smaller-faced, and men with rotund faces look like Kewpie Dolls.



**2 The Pee-Wee.** This is a dandy knot for ruining a tie. Tied tight as a shoe lace, it strains the stitching and creases the fabric of even as well-made a tie as an Arrow.



**3 The Pump-Handle Knot.** This one sticks straight out and, on side view, exhibits a big open space below the collar in which you could tuck a loaf of pumpnickel. Not smart.



**4 The Skew-Gee.** This lop-sided knot is often the result of a poor lining or a fabric cut on the wrong bias. Arrow ties *never* have this lop-sided facade when properly tied.



**5 The Winnah!** Not too large, not picayunish, with a good-looking dimple underneath—the way this Arrow Tie is tied—that's the way a knot should be.

**\$1.00 and \$1.50** Arrow ties are cut and constructed so that a perfect knot is a cinch to achieve. And at \$1.00 and \$1.50, they're b-a-r-g-a-i-n-s. (If you haven't the knack of always tying a perfect knot, drop a card to Arrow, Troy, N. Y., for free, illustrated booklet on "How to Tie a Tie.")



Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.,  
Troy, N. Y.

*If it hasn't an Arrow Label  
it isn't an Arrow Tie*





**The Mountain Follows Mahomet.**

back, the Kaiser lost his greatest ace, whom the British pilots buried with full military honors, even to a final volley over the grave. A pilot flew over the lines to the German drome and dropped a note that virtually expressed regret over the death of such a great man. Knighthood was very nearly back in flower.

But even that war could become unpleasant at times, where it involved an officer's honor. It pained many of the highbred gentlemen on both sides to be forced to protect a flight of unwieldy night bombers on their way to rain destruction on the dromes of their fellow gentlemen. Some of them must have winced when exploding bombs lit up the night below, thinking of how such ungentlemanly warfare would lower them in the esteem of the Germans. However, both air forces were always eager to return little courtesies, and the following night the flying gentry were undoubtedly much relieved as they sat in bomb proof shelters and listened to the detonations that were tearing their hangars to pieces.

Admittedly there were quite a number of pilots on both sides who didn't go in much for the niceties of the honor and the glory. Some were frankly more interested in winning. But that is not the point. The point is how many there were, especially in that war's earlier stages, who did and who could.

And in the 19 years that were to elapse before the beginning of the Spanish holocaust, followed by the slaughter of the innocents in Shanghai, the fame of the war birds became legend. Glamor blotted out the terrible butchery, and a new crop of pilots began casting about for a good war suitable for gentlemen with a high sense of honor. The Spanish Civil War seemed made to order.

Here was exactly what they were looking for. Good wages, fast, powerful planes, and (if you joined the Loyalists) a chance to do battle against gallant Germans and Italians who themselves were officers and gentlemen. A rare opportunity indeed to revive the glorious traditions of the World War. Let the common soldier wallow in the muck of the trenches! Let them slash one another's throats and spill out their bowels with such a crude weapon as a bayonet! Such things were beneath the notice of men who, upon being forced down, could shake hands and drink toasts with their captors.

Signing up with the Loyalists must have been something of a shock to all such flying soldiers-of-fortune to be handed service pistols and advised to use them on themselves if forced down in Rebel territory. Their high ideals probably received more of a setback when one day a young Loyalist pilot made a crash landing back of the Rebel lines and was captured. His antiquated motor had cut out.

Had that happened during the World War he would have been taken to the flying field of his captors and treated as an honored guest, and the

next morning an enemy plane would have dropped a note about him on his home drome. But custom changes in 20 years. Taken to the field of his captors, he was treated royally that day. Next morning a Nationalist plane *did* fly over his home drome and drop a package. But it contained the remains of the captured Loyalist pilot; all neatly chopped up except his head, which had been left intact for identification purposes.

Those few not already completely disillusioned by such unairmanlike tactics probably began to reason that, after all, this was Spain; what could one expect from a people who enjoyed bull-fighting? Certainly the men of a race which had produced such great flying gallants as Manfred Von Richthofen, Immelmann, Boelcke, Ernest Udet, Werner Voss and countless others, would never forget their ideals long enough to stoop to such actions.

Unfortunately, things had changed much in Germany since the Imperial eagles fought and died for their God and their Kaiser. A man named Adolf Hitler had ordered a new generation of airmen to help Generalissimo Franco set himself up in business; and although gentlemanly aerial combats were all right when unavoidable, they wiped out no towns nor helped subdue a population by terror. They were old-fashioned and out of date and had no place in the new Germany's efficient way of doing business. Huge bombing planes were the order of the day—a symbol of the nation's progress in warfare from gentlemanly honor to slaughter-house efficiency.

It was the Germans' aerial butchery of women and children, as established by the destruction of Guernica, that undoubtedly shattered the last ideals of the flying soldiers-of-fortune. A Heinkel light bomber monoplane first came over, dropped its 50-pound bombs on the defenseless populace, and then started strafing every helpless human in sight. More Heinkels appeared and followed suit. Apparently this was but a preliminary to the real work, for a flock of huge Junkers, looking more like aerial battleships, soon droned into view. Their cargoes were mostly 1000-pound bombs with several 100-pounders to help out. While they blew houses to bits and slaughtered the screaming villagers the Heinkel pilots, now numbering nearly a dozen, circled low over the outskirts and machine gunned all who fled. For nearly three hours flight after flight of the Germans came over at regular intervals to continue the slaughter. Hundreds of chemical fire bombs had been dropped on the splintered homes and the wreckage was ablaze. A huge pall of smoke and dust hung over the ruins. It blotted from view the upturned faces and disemboweled bodies of those lying in the heat seared streets below.

No doubt the spirits of the great German war aces who went winging on to Valhalla shook their ethereal heads over the butchery of the Guernica innocents and sighed; for aerial warfare is now no game for gentlemen.

(Pictures on Pages 52, 57, 58 and 59)



# BIDDING THE GUILD GOOD-BYE

**Once the leader in bringing bold plays of merit and meaning to Broadway, once the top-scorer in percentage of commercial-artistic hits, the Theatre Guild now takes the bumps toward the ash-can. With no hits last year, and only half-share in one hit against four flops this season, the Guild finds its treasury sinking as low as its artistic integrity. For the sake of box office, it compromises with all its principles, even calling in Hollywood stars. But so far nothing helps against the dimming script-judgment of the board of directors.**

BY HUBBELL ROBINSON AND THERESE LEWIS

THE Theatre Guild is on the skids. In the hinterlands and less informed reaches of Manhattan, the Guild preserves some of its untouchable pre-eminence. But those who are weather-wise to the barometers of Broadway know that a bleak present and a bleaker future confront the Guild.

For the first ten years of its life, the Guild was one of the pace-setters of the American Theatre. It had as many successes as failures. You can count on the fingers of one hand the managers whose records can stack up with that one. In the last ten years, the Guild's ratio of flops increased 50%.

Last season they batted a perfect zero. They had no hits at all. Their best effort was Maxwell Anderson's *Masque of Kings* which Burns Mantle, perennial recorder of theatrical history, pegged with woeful accuracy as a "near-success."

This season they have, to date of writing this, presented five plays in New York. Four of them quickly followed the luckless way of last year's parade of flops. The other, *Amphitryon 38* is a bull's eye . . . a smash hit. Its lead roles are played

by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, the only sure-fire shots in the Guild's sadly depleted arsenal. But in spite of the enormous success of *Amphitryon*, the Guild management is not dancing in the streets. They are only part owners of this production. Lunt and Fontanne, and their friend, John C. Wilson, Noel Coward's manager, own almost 50% of *Amphitryon*. The reason the Guild is a party to this division of ownership and the resulting division of profits is this: For the past few seasons, the plays in which the Lunts have appeared have sustained the Guild. The Lunts have kept the wolf from the Guild box-office. The Guild knows it and treats them accordingly. For their yeomen work, the Lunts receive a substantial share of the gross profits of the plays in which they appear.

But the Lunts can do only one or, by alternating performances, two plays at a time. That is unfortunate for the Guild. This year it seems particularly so. For the Guild must still deliver three more plays to its 20,000 New York subscribers this season. It guarantees them six a year but defaulted on one last season, promising to run it in on this season's list. So,

with four failures and one hit, it still has two to go. *Wine of Choice*, by S. N. Behrman, author of former Guild successes and adaptor of *Amphitryon*, is the Guild's most recent sorrow. Its New York notices were uniformly poor and climaxed a long saga of trial and tribulation.

The Guild engaged Miriam Hopkins for the leading role in *Wine of Choice*. Miss Hopkins, thanks to her movie triumphs, is a potent name at the box office. On the road she drew the customers in to the tune of a weekly gross of \$20,000, in spite of luke-warm reviews from the critics in the way-stations. But by the time the show reached Philadelphia, Miss Hopkins decided *Wine of Choice* was not her choice as a vehicle with which to return to the Broadway stage. She walked out, not daring to risk her future on a play of such doubtful merit.

And star trouble was not the only thorn which beset the path of *Wine of Choice*. There was also director trouble. The directing assignment was originally handed to Phillip Moeller, one of the six founders and an important fixture of the Guild. Apparently he's a fixture that could do with a little refurbishing.

During one of the rehearsals he had a run-in with Alexander Woollcott, of the cast. The point at issue was a piece of stage business. Woollcott objected to Moeller's suggestions, on the ground that they were old-fashioned. Moeller insisted that his instinct for good theatre was timeless and infallible. To prove it was instinctive, he added his favorite boast, "Why I'll have you know I haven't even seen a play performed before an audience in 17 years."

Woollcott's reply was devastating but unprintable. The Guild management wrote the stage direction which curtailed this scene. It read, "Exit Moeller." Herman Shumlin, producer and director of *Grand Hotel* and *The Children's Hour*, was then enlisted.

Then the head of the Eastern Office of one of the major film companies went to Philadelphia to see the play. He knew that the plot centered about a picture star who achieved financial security and a position in life which make it possible for her, for the first time, to enjoy the prerogative of choice. For years, every decision she made was dictated by harsh necessity. This was the Miriam Hopkins role and the focal point of the whole play. The movie executive hoped that this character might transpose well for screen production. But as the play unfolded it was increasingly apparent that the motivations and reactions of the character were unconvincing. As a result, the characterization was confusing.

Afterwards the disappointed picture representative met Lawrence Langner. Mr. Langner is a member of the Guild's Board of Directors and one of its guiding lights. He said, "Isn't it wonderful?"

The film man said, "Well, I don't think the girl emerges very clearly as a person. I don't understand what she's all about."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Langner, "that still needs a little fixing."

And he went blithely on his way.

But it is all too apparent now that someone failed to do that "fixing." The future of *Wine of Choice* has turned out to be no better than its past. So, healthy, wealthy *Amphitryon* continues as the Guild's only hit.

There are, of course, two other plays yet to be produced this year. One of these is to be a revival of Chekov's *The Seagull* with Lunt and Fontanne. It ought to be a "sure thing" hit. Their final production is entitled *Simply Henry Hogg* to be produced in association with the Actors Repertory Company. It is planned at present to exclude all theatrical critics during the first few weeks of the play's run. At this writing very little is known about *Simply Henry Hogg* but the Actors Repertory Company is a liberal group whose point of view may breathe tardy life into the Guild's sickly season. The Guild hopes desperately that it will.

One of the niggers in the Guild's financial wood-pile is its subscription audience. In fair weather, it is a tremendous asset. In times of stress, it is apt to be a headache. At the beginning of each season the subscribers' money in the bank . . . it totaled \$400,000 one year . . . comprises a nest-egg of ready cash that surpasses the wildest dreams of most producers. If the plays go well, a good part of that sum remains in the bank to gather interest.

But, when the plays are panned by the critics and the subscription audience is not abetted by any outside draw, the Guild is faced with the obligation of continuing its productions until all the subscribers have been accommodated. This necessitates a five-week run regardless of how much money they drop during that period. Other commercial managers can, of course, close their plays whenever they begin to take a loss. When the Guild miscues, they pay for it through the nose.

The story of the Theatre Guild's blunderings and bunglings of the past few years seems a far cry from the days when the Guild was the most revered name in the American Theatre, when its artistic integrity was beyond question and its financial success envied and respected.

The Guild, in its heyday, turned a page and closed a chapter in American theatrical history. Bursting on the scene in 1919, when the theatre was a honky-tonk enterprise, saying nothing with a maximum of bad taste, the Guild went in for taste and made it pay. The plays the Guild offered up to an astounded public said something. They raised problems and answered them. And to complete the miracle, they entertained the audiences who flocked





"Common Blood Belongs to a Common Reich."—MEIN KAMPF

to witness these phenomena.

What has happened to bring the Guild from its high estate to the inept and floundering condition it is in today?

The villain in the plot is TIME. The primary victims are the Guild's Board of Directors. The eventual sufferers are the Guild audiences and the theatre itself.

The Guild's Board of Directors is composed of Theresa Helburn, Phillip Moeller, Helen Westley, Lee Simonson, Maurice Wertheim, Lawrence Langner, and Alfred Lunt. Lunt was elected in 1935. With that exception the Board is the same as it was when the Guild was formed. Except that its members are 20 years older.

In 1919, these six original members were dreaming great dreams, fired with excitement, bursting with energy. And their own roll-call combined talents well calculated to achieve the goal they were pointing for. Helburn, a fine executive and a good judge of script value; Moeller, a great director; Simonson, a gifted stage designer; Westley, a fine actress; Langner, a lawyer with a deep and sympathetic devotion to the theatre; Wertheim, a banker with a love of grease paint. Creatively, legally, financially, they were well equipped for the theatrical wars.

With success came imitators. As it gradually became evident that the Guild had elevated the tone of the theatre as a whole and the tastes of audiences in general, other producers followed the trail the Guild had blazed. Taste and strong traces of muscular intellectualism in the theatre ceased to be gasp-producing marvels. If they were not commonplace they were, at least, not novelties. So the Board's job lost some of its excitement.

Money did something, too. Miss Helburn, for example, with her salary and share of the gross profits, raked down between \$35,000 and \$55,000 during the good years. Moeller, Westley, and Simonson fared as handsomely. Langner and Wertheim were independently wealthy, anyhow. They were in for the fun of it. With prosperity came caution. The Guild Board lost any inclination to gamble on a play because they were intrigued by what the play had to say. They were not tempted by plays which they thought might endanger their hard won security.

And there you have it—the original enthusiasm and the crusading spirit simmering down to temporizing with their audiences, and caution and conservatism replacing the courage and curiosity which had dictated the choice of their original productions. Smugness and stuffiness began to characterize the Board's attitude toward their work and the people they worked with. They swapped the experimental approach for a testy and almost defiant faith in their own invulnerability.

The quality of the Guild scripts started to slide. Dramatists had always resented the Guild's tendency

to favor foreign playwrights to the home-grown product. The Guild has produced almost twice as many plays by Europeans as Americans. Even O'Neill, who stands near the top in individual plays presented by the Guild, is a bad second to Shaw.

As long as the Guild was the best market for playwrights who had something to say, they got all the best scripts first. Then gradually writers found other outlets for their work. The Guild's monopoly on fine scripts came to an end. And, lacking the cream of the crop, they made some bad guesses and did plays which were not even skimmed milk. Money started going out faster than it was coming in. Nor were their foreign friends disposed to rally to the sinking ship. In 1926, the Guild, checking over its books, found that they had paid Shaw a total of \$99,000 in royalties for the seven plays of his which they had sponsored. By an odd coincidence this happened to be the exact amount that they had lost on their Shaw productions. The Guild had always had to pay Shaw 15% of the gross profits on his plays, whereas the top for our boys is 10%. So Mr. Langner was hastily dispatched to England to ask Shaw if he wouldn't reduce his royalty fee and give the Guild a chance to come out a little ahead. Mr. Shaw was blunt, logical and not very helpful. He said, "I write plays and gamble on selling them. You buy my plays and gamble on producing them. You lost. I'm sorry." The sorrow, at least, was mutual.

Then the Guild began to lose sight of the fact that actors are people. They were high and mighty with them. Finally, a group of actors sent a petition to Actor's Equity protesting the dictatorial treatment they had received at the hand of the Guild's casting department. Later, they sent another to Miss Helburn. The fate of this letter illuminates the Guild's attitude toward the theatre's most valuable raw material. Miss Helburn said to one of her henchmen, "See, here's a letter from a lot of discontented actors." And as far as Miss Helburn was concerned, that closed the matter.

Time was when the Guild needed actors and actresses to play bits and small parts either without pay or at a mere pittance. And got them, too. Because in those days the younger players agreed with the Guild's argument that any kind of a job with them offered the finest dramatic training in America.

Even such stars as Helen Hayes, Ina Claire, George M. Cohan and Jane Cowl have said, during the past few years, that working for the Guild is not an actor's paradise. The Guild Board, apparently, feels itself superior to the casts it assembles. They are the Guild's employees, not their partners in a creative undertaking. After an opening there are no flowers, no back-slappings, no friendly visits backstage—contrivances by which a manager usually heartens a star who



is going to make him a great deal of money. At the Guild, you do your job and that's that.

And the featuring of stars in Guild productions is, in itself, a revealing commentary on the Guild's dilemma. Originally the Guild's attitude was that the Guild was greater than any actor or actress—the plays they presented were greater than any one of the parts. And they were sincerely opposed to the star system.

But as the quality of the Guild's scripts deteriorated, it became apparent that the magic of the Guild name was acquiring a little tarnish in the process. The phrase "The Guild Presents" was no longer sufficient to bring the faithful trooping into 52nd Street.

As practical showmen, the Board realized that they needed players with "name" value to help their plays do business. That left them neatly transfixed on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand were their first principles; on the other, their immediate need for productions that would pay their own way.

So the Guild compromised with their first principles. If a play looked doubtful, they engaged a star whose "draw" was beyond doubt. But they comprised gracefully. They didn't sell out.

They made a bargain. They still didn't star the stars. They featured them. When they first bowed to necessity and leaned on a name to build box office their program read:

THE THEATRE GUILD  
PRESENTS  
AH, WILDERNESS  
WITH  
GEORGE M. COHAN

First came the Guild, then the play, then the star. In the theatre it is only considered star billing when the name of the star precedes the name of the play—tacit admission that the star, rather than the play, is the thing.

In 1935, they went the whole way—almost. The name of Lunt and Fontanne was given the star position in the billing of *Idiot's Delight*. But the Guild still saved a vestige of original principle. It was a lean one, but it was there. The Guild program for *Idiot's Delight* read:

THE THEATRE GUILD  
presents the  
ALFRED LUNT AND  
LYNN FONTANNE  
PRODUCTION OF  
IDIOT'S DELIGHT  
BY  
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The catch there is the label—"The Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne production." Thus, by sharing the glory, did the Guild make sure of the gold.

In the last two years the Guild has made even further departures from its original determination to do battle with the star system. They have gone to Hollywood for the stars who could

supply the "box office" which their own play-picking and producing couldn't.

Last season they got Katharine Hepburn for *Jane Eyre*. They toured the provinces with it for 15 weeks. Then Miss Hepburn refused to come into New York. She felt the play was too weak and the risk was too great. This season Miss Sylvia Sidney was enlisted for *To Quito and Back*. It flopped just the same. The sad story of Miss Hopkins completes the trilogy of stars whose glitter couldn't dispel the fog of second-rate plays.

The Guild's brain trust has also tried radicalism as a means of hyping the draw of some of their recent efforts. Basically that was a good idea. The Board is smart enough to realize that they have a large following among the suburban intellectuals and amateur free thinkers. And the strained economic situation during the early thirties encouraged discussion of social problems. But the Guild never made it come off. They had an unfortunate habit of either grafting their washed-out Red ideas into plays which started out to be something else altogether, as they did with *And Stars Remain*, or of getting radical tracts which never really become plays, as they did with *Quito*.

The inherent anemia of their gropings in this field is thrown into sharp and cruel relief by the lusty and pointed productions of the enormously successful Mercury Theatre, which originally offered to operate under Guild auspices and was turned down; The Group Theatre, which did at first operate under Guild auspices and then broke away; The WPA Theatre and the Garment Makers' Labor Stage. These lusty youngsters come to grips with their ideas, pump them full of tremendous vitality and, with shoe-string financing, contrive to give them inspired production. On all three counts their work has a dizzy excitement which makes the Guild's social-theatre efforts seem inept and stolid.

Miss Helburn, speaking before a gathering of drama lovers recently, epitomized the faltering uncertainty which seems to have the Guild by the heels. She said, "The only way we can get any sound idea of any script that interests us is to bring together a group of actors and have it read to us by parts."

It was not always thus. There was a time when the Guild Board trusted its judgment of scripts and had the courage of its conviction in producing them.

For ten years its judgment and its courage in sticking by it, paid handsome dividends at the box office and in dramatic achievement. But the record of the past ten years, and more particularly the last five, leads to only one conclusion. They have lost that judgment and with it, their courage, their curiosity and their skill. If they don't look out, they're going to lose their shirts.

(Pictures on pages 60-61)

## INSIDE THE THIRD REICH

**It's prison or a concentration camp if they catch you tuned in on a forbidden radio program in Hitlerland. And they will take your driver's license away if even once you are overheard making a careless or joking remark that could be interpreted as "out of sympathy with the spirit of the new state." So even in the apparently private little world bounded by the turning wheels of your own closed car, you must think long and hard, like a badgered witness under cross-examination, before you dare open your mouth.**

BY CARL MARZANI

THE SUN quieted the rolling farmland, a few miles south of Ansbach.

Not a swastika was in sight, no storm-troopers, no labor conscripts, no sign of the New Germany. Only the sun, the farmers and the Franconian land.

We waited an hour before a car finally stopped. It was an aging machine, but the rear seat was roomy and comfortable. Two men in working clothes sat in front. The driver was young, around 25 or 26 with close-cropped blond hair and a naïve, friendly smile. The other man was much older, with crinkled face, drooping white mustache and bad teeth.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"To Stuttgart," I answered, and Edith added, "We are Americans and cannot speak good German."

"Good enough," said the old man, "good enough. And where do you come from?"

"We left Paris eight weeks ago, and we've come through Switzerland, Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia."

"All on foot?"

"Oh, no," Edith explained. "On foot and making auto-stop. Some days we have luck and only walk ten or fifteen kilometers; other days, we walk thirty or forty."

"And today, where did you come from today?"

"From Nuremberg."

"Good, good. And did you see the National Socialist Congress?"

"No," I answered, "we were too late. We stayed too long in Prague because we wanted to see the funeral of Masaryk, you know, the President of Czechoslovakia."

"Ja, ja," nodded the young man, "I know."

"He was a great man," I pursued, "a great scholar and a great democrat." The young man listened and nodded. "The people loved him very much and so many came to Prague from all over the country that the Government had to broadcast that no more should come or there would be no food."

"No?"

"Yes. And people waited in line for ten, twelve hours just to see his bier in the cathedral. 350,000 people came in one day. Ah, he was a great man, a real lover of freedom."

"Ja, ja," said the driver while the old man stirred restlessly. Edith's knee touched mine and I subsided. For a while we traveled in silence.

"They are afraid of war in Czecho-





The Man Who Came Back

slovakia," I said finally.

"Uhhh," grunted the older man and the young one said:

"Jaaa, and here, too!"

"But no one wants war, do they? The people don't want war?"

"The people no, but the government yes," said the driver.

The old man came in, nervously.

"No, no, the government does not want it, no, no. What he says is only a matter of speaking, as one might say the government makes food dearer, but . . . but it doesn't, no, no, not at all. Food, well, food just gets dearer, and war . . ." his old hands fluttered, his shoulders contracted a little, "war, well, it comes too, sometimes. But we don't want war, we are like America, yes, like America." He paused.

"May be," said the other, "but . . ."

"And so," the old man cut him off, "what does America think of Germany, eh?"

Edith smiled and gestured warmly.

"Oh, the Americans love the German people because they are so charming and friendly and we understand them."

"So, good, good."

"But, of course, we don't understand your politics, because we are a democracy, you see, and you, well, you are something else, nein?"

"Ja," said the young worker, "ja!" And there was a faint, but unmistakable vibrancy in his tone, while his companion was silent.

I felt surer of myself and went on.

"And what we can't understand at all is the policy toward Jews."

The young man nodded interested, and wedged himself in the corner of his seat, so that his head was in profile to us. The other man didn't move, but I could sense him listening.

"In America we have all kinds of people, Germans, Jews, Italians, Poles, Lithuanians, Irish, and they all work together. The rich Jew is the friend of the rich German; the poor Jew is the friend of the poor German. We think this talk of race is nonsense and stupid."

Edith nudged me again, but the young man was still nodding so I continued.

"Jews are often people with brains and training, and that is worth money to the State. But you turn them out and what happens? Your best engineers are making cannons for Russia and France; your best chemists are in England; your surgeons and professors are all over the world. Where is Einstein? In America. And Germany is the poorer."

"It is true," said the driver and the old man turned around with a thoughtful, tired face.

"So, but it must not be said."

"Yes, I understand," I answered, "but we must say it. Even now men, Germans, have told us that Einstein is really not a good scientist."

"That's right," said Edith. "In Nuremberg they told us that a German professor has written a book proving that Einstein is not a good scientist

and that the relativity theory is all wrong. He proves it by showing that a good Jew must be a bad scientist."

The old man was smiling, half to himself. The younger worker laughed, but bitterly and scornfully.

"A professor wrote a book! Bah! We think what they want us to think. . . ."

The old man had stopped smiling and was shaking his head violently. He had a way of looking around timorously that seemed second nature to him, though here we all were, suspended within the world of a car guarded by twin rushing files of harmless apple trees.

The youth shook his shoulders harshly, as if to shake off the unspoken admonition of his companion.

" . . . ja, eat what they want us to eat and work what they want us to work."

"What wages?" I interposed.

"Forty marks a week, and I'm an expert machinist. Forty marks! It's lucky I'm single!"

"And how long do you work?"

"On paper, eight hours a day. At the lathe, ten, eleven hours . . . until our work is done. Today is the first Saturday afternoon I've had in a month."

The old man now suddenly came around.

"There's no money for wages," he said, "but look what they wasted on Mussolini's visit."

The driver spat out of the window.

"I wonder what they are arranging right now," I said. "Poor Spain! Italy is sending regular army divisions down there."

"I know," said the driver and his companion nodded.

"And Germany has sent a great many aviators and technicians."

"I know, I know."

"But the Spanish people are wonderful. There was a big Italian defeat some time ago, and . . ."

"I know," the driver repeated.

" . . . now the Government has counter-attacked and pushed them back from Madrid."

"Ja, I know that, too."

I had been talking, following a trend of thought, and had hardly paid attention to all his knowing remarks, but now they penetrated into my active consciousness and I was sure that many of the things I had mentioned had never appeared in German newspapers. I was puzzled and curious.

"You do know? Well, how do you know?"

"Oh, I just know."

"Perhaps the radio station," Edith interjected.

"Yes," said I, "you listen to the radio station."

"What radio station?" asked the old man.

"You know, there is a secret wireless station in Germany, started several months ago by the communists. Surely you know about the communist radio station?"

"No," said the old man, "we don't."

"Well, tune in some time. The wave length is 2.9, and it broadcasts around nine o'clock in the evening."



"So," said the younger man.

I said nothing; they said nothing. The few moments' silence lengthened out until suddenly the silence seemed to assume meaning and separate the workers in front from us in the back. I thought to myself that I had gone too far; the mere word communism had torn the tenuous web of confidence that had been slowly established. Edith seemed to feel the same strain, for she began speaking of the Paris Exposition and her voice lacked confidence. But we were mistaken in our estimation, for the first question the younger worker asked was:

"And the Russian pavilion, how was it?"

"Very fine," answered Edith. "We thought that from the outside it was the most beautiful building in the Exposition."

"And inside?"

"It was good, too," said Edith cautiously.

"But is it true that it is filled with models of their big industries, and railways and air lines, and that it has automobiles and tractors, books, stage models and all sorts of things?"

"And is it true," said the other, "that in front of the Italian pavilion there is a statue of Mussolini naked on a horse?"

"Yes," I said, "but how do you know?"

The driver turned around with a big boyish grin; the car swerved a little.

"The radio told us," he confessed.

At first I thought they meant the official stations and then I caught on.

"So you do listen!"

The old man was smiling, too. There was a definite feeling of ease and friendliness, of barriers removed.

"We do," he said, "we do. Three times a week."

"Yes? When?"

"Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The government tries to interfere; you can hear the noises they make. . . ."

"Ja, ja," said the young man. "Sirens and things; rrrrrr . . . zzzzzz . . ." he made different sounds, his index finger revolving around his ear. "But we hear just the same." They both laughed and the old man added chuckling:

"It costs the government a lot of money." And they laughed some more as we joined in.

"Many people listen?"

The old man nodded with a lift of his eyebrows. "But it is more difficult now; the police . . ." he shook his head.

I was about to question him further when the driver cut in.

"We will go up in there," he said, pointing to the low Franconian mountains, whose base we had been skirting. "He has to see his brother. It will not take long and then we will take you to Aalen."

"That will be fine," I answered, and a few minutes later we swung off the main road. As we went up the rough country road, we passed some youths in grey jackets repairing it.

"Labor front," said the driver. "Do

you know their pay? Twenty-five pfennigs a day, not even enough for cigarettes."

"Don't they get cigarettes free?"

"They do not. They live in barracks and have food and uniforms. Week days they work and drill; Sundays they parade. The government gets one year free labor."

"That's outside the army service?"

"But yes! Army service is two more years, and after that, three months' service every year."

"Three months?"

"Ja. Three months a year until you are forty-five."

Edith and I looked at each other.

"Well," she said, "it's one way to cut down unemployment figures."

We passed two big trucks, beautiful, heavy machines with tremendous loads, completely covered under snug canvas. The worker pointed at them.

"Supplies for the cannon factory."

"Cannon factory down here? I thought the armament works were in the north."

"So they are, but this is a new one, hidden in the forests. I'll show you where it is later."

And he did. When an hour later we were back on the main road, running parallel to the forest-covered slopes, he slowed down almost to a stop and pointed.

"It's right in there," he said.

"But I don't see anything," said Edith. "Not even smoke from the stacks."

The driver smiled.

"It's there just the same. The workers come from the village ten kilometers away and are carried back and forth in the factory buses. Remember the two we passed a little while ago? They were part of the fleet."

I did remember the buses. Small, neat grey machines, but they had been filled with women, and I had dismissed them as being some kind of an excursion. I said as much, and the driver snorted.

"They were women. Most of the workers in the factory are women. Just like war time. Like the bread we eat is war-time bread."

He didn't have to elaborate that point for we had tried the bread.

Edith sighed. "Oh, it's terrible!" The old man nodded sadly.

"But the time will come," said the young man. "It will come and then we will settle accounts."

"I hope so," I said, "and many others likewise."

"We know that, too," he said.

A little later we reached Aalen and stopped. A hundred yards ahead of the car there was a church. From its tower hung a huge Nazi flag, black swastika in white circle on a blood-red field. It was swaying very, very gently.

We were all smiling as we shook hands and parted; we to go on to Stuttgart, Strassburg and France, they to remain in Germany.

"Good luck," we said. "Good luck again!"

Half an hour later another car picked us up.

## THE MEN WHO HELPED A HERO

**It wasn't Sergeant York himself, it was the mass-momentum of the war-time propaganda machine and the hot air of political windbags, that blew up his truly remarkable exploit to the proportions of a pipe dream. So the publicity ignored, and the public forgot, the sixteen men who were with the war's greatest hero, that day he "singlehanded" captured those 132 Germans.**

BY BARRON C. WATSON

LAST YEAR a bill was introduced in Congress to make Alvin C. York a major.

*Who's Who in America* says of York: "Armed with a Springfield rifle and an automatic revolver (sic) he killed 20 Germans, captured Hill 223 and compelled the surrender of 132 of the enemy (including a major and three lieutenants) and 35 machine guns."

Believers in Believe-It-or-Not Ripley may be more impressed by a Ripley cartoon with a caption reciting the same statistics, but adding the word "single-handed" to the description of York's action.

York was given the Congressional Medal of Honor by his own country, Croix de Guerre with palms—presented personally by Foch—and Medaille Militaire by France, the War Cross by Italy and other decorations by various governments. He was welcomed back to the United States by a joint session of Congress, made a second lieutenant and placed on the retired list with pay for life. By popular subscription in 48 states a fund was raised to buy a large farm in Tennessee to present to the hero.

Some years ago I was sent by a newspaper to interview a man named Percy Beardsley in Connecticut—not in regard to anything connected with the York story. Mr. Beardsley was a bachelor. He lived alone with his father, a widower, on an ancestral farm located several miles up a frightfully bad road leading from a main highway in the northwestern part of the state. The business of the Beardsleys was raising oxen. Sometimes the farm has been used as "location" for

moving pictures of the South African veldt and its ox carts.

Percy Beardsley was a tall, raw-boned Yankee, straight as an arrow, reserved and laconic, but hospitable. During the interview he had occasion to refer to his files, which proved to be the heterogeneous contents of a pasteboard box brought down from the attic. There was a war diary in the box, but the entries were only about francs loaned and borrowed but never repaid.

While I was conning over the contents of this box I ran across a citation. It read:

"During the attack on Hill 180, West of Chatel Chehery, Mechanic Beardsley with a detachment from his company surprised and captured a number of Germans who were delivering a flanking fire on the attacking line." Also, this citation stated that one Corporal York was in command of the detachment when it returned.

I had heard of York's raid, of course, and I was interested in this sidelight on it. But I didn't learn much from Beardsley. He said that "York did a good job," and that "when the bullets were coming over I guess York was hugging the grass roots just as tight as the rest of us."

The actual story of this adventure, taken from War Department records and affidavits and not from contemporary "feature" articles, goes about like this:

The 82nd Division was driving forward in the great battle in the Argonne forest. All day on the 7th of October that division's 328th Infantry had lain out or advanced in a cold drizzling rain. All that night they





ERC  
CODAL

"Now, I tank I go home."

struggled ahead. Their mission was to jump off from Hill 223 at dawn to cut off a railway line beyond it. But the terrain and the opposition had been so difficult that it was 6:10 on the morning of the 8th when they went over the top from the hill, and the advance had to be made by daylight.

Their route lay through a small valley. A barrage planned to cover the movement failed to materialize. The section of the company in which York and Beardsley served was on the left wing. It became separated from the section to the right where the company commander was. On the left it should have kept contact with another American unit, but the men never saw anything of these supports. The lieutenant in command was killed, and Harry Parsons, of Brooklyn, New York, platoon sergeant, an actor in civilian life, was left in charge.

A shell dropped into one of his squads and obliterated it. From a hill ahead and to the left a murderous machine gun fire swept the valley. The dwindling little group under Parsons' command not only couldn't move forward; the men couldn't even raise their heads without committing suicide. But they *had* to move forward.

Parsons decided he would have to send a detail to "jump" the enemy machine guns and put them out of action. He sent what was left of three squads at the left of his line, 13 privates and four corporals.

Corporal Bernard Early had charge of the detachment. Early was a New Haven, Connecticut, man, a bartender in private life. He and his little detail crept and crawled through thick underbrush to the shoulder of the hill where the enemy machine guns were planted. There they hove to and held council of war; should they attack on the flank, or circle around and come on the enemy from the rear? The rear, the boys decided. So they kept on, getting deeper and deeper into German territory.

It was really past the time to turn, because they were a half-mile back with sudden death thickening about them with every step, when they flushed a pair of German stretcher bearers. One of the Germans surrendered, but the other took to his heels. Now, it wouldn't do to let this fellow get away and spread an alarm, so all hands lit out after the fleeing stretcher bearer—and their quarry led the pack still farther back.

Now the hare in this game of hare and hounds also doubled over somewhat to his right, and led the 17 Americans smack into the field headquarters of a German machine gun battalion.

All of the survivors except York said that about 100 Germans were standing or sitting about in the little clearing. York said 75. (Later, in his autobiography, he reduced his estimate to "15 or 20 men.") Apparently the men had just had breakfast, and they were grouped about a major, receiving final instructions for an attack, orders for which were later found in the officer's pocket. None of the Germans had arms within reach, with the

exception of the major, who was armed with a pistol. The clearing was really a small valley with a brook running through it. It was dominated by a steep, semi-circular hill on the side toward front from which the Americans had just come.

Early and his men had seen the enemy in time to deploy hastily as they burst out into the open. Now they charged toward the Germans, firing a few shots as they ran; they had had their bayonets fixed beforehand. The Germans threw up their hands, and cried "Kamerad!" and Early called to his detail to cease firing. Then he gave orders to have the enemy lined up and searched. He planned to march them back into his own lines, figuring that the capture of the battalion commander and so many men would disrupt the machine gun resistance that had been holding up the American advance, and so accomplish his mission. It seems to the writer that at this point Corporal Bernard Early, assisted by 16 other doughboys, had captured 75 or 100 Germans.

But it wasn't going to be quite so easy as that. There were machine guns hidden on top of the hill, and the crews working them could see everything going on at their rear in the valley. They swung their guns about and opened fire on everything down there. All the men in the hollow, Americans and Germans, hit the earth. Those who weren't struck down in the hail of bullets flung themselves to the ground to save their lives.

Corporal Savage and five privates were killed. One other private was wounded. Corporal Early was hit in the arm by a bullet and got five more bullets in his lower body. He called to Corporal Cutting to take command, and a moment later Cutting was wounded and put out of action.

That left seven privates, with their command falling to Corporal York. York had dropped nearest to the enemy on the hill, but was huddled up near enough to the German prisoners so that he couldn't be hit. Beardsley took shelter behind a tree, and the bullets were clipping it on each side clear to the ground. He was some distance from the Germans, and so received no immunity. The other men were all close to their prisoners, keeping the drop on this small army of hostile men.

York devoted himself altogether to sniping at the enemy on the hill and to the vital matter of standing them off from a rush at the little band of Americans, and this was a suitable assignment for him; he was a crack mountaineer rifle shot. It happened that none of the men except Beardsley could see York at this time. Beardsley testified that he saw York "fire repeatedly." York said in his official statement after the action that he was close to the German prisoners, that he picked off a head whenever he saw it and that when a lieutenant and six or eight men rushed him from 25 yards, he shot the officer "and others."

Afterwards, in his book, written with the assistance of a feature-story



writer, he said that he was out in the open and that he killed all the Germans who charged at him, shooting the rear one first, and then the others successively, picking off the lieutenant in the lead last; his explanation of that procedure was that he had learned to shoot wild turkeys in that way, so as not to alarm the birds in front. He also said, in the book, that during the latter stages of the battle, he stood erect and fired from the hip. During this whole fight York shot away all the rifle cartridges in the front of his belt and three pistol clips.

Apparently the Germans soon saw the hopelessness of trying to pick off the Americans without killing their own comrades in the process, and their fire slackened. Beardsley came out from behind his tree and fired at the enemy with his pistol.

Then the major (this major by the way, had worked in Chicago before the war) offered to bring the rest of his command in to surrender, York agreed to stop firing, and the major blew his whistle to bring the men trooping down from the hill.

It seems surprising that they surrendered so tamely. They could easily have sneaked off to safety, of course. But it must be remembered that German soldiers were drilled to obey; the officer blew the whistle that said "Come!" and in they came. Regulations. Also, for all they knew, they might have been surrounded by a whole American division. And this fact may be significant: On this same day Capt. E. C. B. Danforth, formerly of Harvard and Georgia, and then commanding York's company, captured 44 Germans himself. He was proceeding somewhere across country accompanied only by a private as a runner, and the two of them received the submission of the group without a shot being fired.

York lined up his prisoners, placing himself with the major at the head of the column, and started back for his own lines. The major told the Tennessean which way to go, and York sagaciously took just the opposite route.

En route back another machine gun nest was come upon from the rear, and the German major, rather than have any further unpleasantness, tootled his whistle again, and so added to the string of prisoners. With that increment the whole number of Germans was exactly 132. They were brought in safely, and the eight boys riding herd on them had to march them miles to the rear before they could get them taken off their hands. In fact, it seems that they were almost regarded as being guilty of creating a nuisance in dumping such an unwieldy prize among the very busy government employees in the Argonne. An officer who passed over the theatre of the York raid later stated that he saw there 20 to 25 dead Germans.

In almost everything that has been written about this exploit the part played by the others besides York has been either ignored or belittled. Every writer and politician who has

handled this subject has had a whale of a story, a single handed fighting miracle to build up, and he has done it. Thus an astounding yarn about a raid by a party of 17 brave men with one outstanding member has grown into a fabulous narrative.

There are some sound reasons for that. York was a "natural" for a World War hero in this country. He was the realest kind of an American, a Southern mountaineer of Revolutionary fighting stock. He was a drafted man, although *Who's Who* says that he enlisted. He claimed exemption from the draft, and took an appeal when exemption was denied. The appeal was denied, too. He had been through only two grades in school. To confute anyone who might be inclined to sneer at a licentious soldiery, York, since 1915, had neither smoked, chawed, drunk liquor, cussed nor consorted with what he termed "careless girls." He exceeded the fictional requirements of six feet of height and 200 pounds of weight.

York accepted his honors with modesty, dignity and a sense of humor, and devoted his gifts and his post-war efforts to bettering the lot of his own mountain people. He refused to go into vaudeville. York did a magnificent job, and isn't responsible for being selected as a symbol by the War Department and Congress.

But York hardly did his job single-handed. Sixteen other boys were present. Four of them received citations, which are brief notes of thanks from Uncle Sam. The others got nothing except whatever German bullets they accumulated as souvenirs. Once, some years ago, all of York's companions who could be located were invited to come to Washington as guests at a reception in honor of York. Percy Beardsley said he couldn't make it, what with the war being all over, and his oxen being entered in a pull at the Danbury Fair on that date. Some of the others went, but Lieutenant York was in the reviewing stand with the major generals and high civilian officials, and they were down in the crowd, so they didn't see much of their old buddy. No one paid much of any attention to them.

The other men who took part in the raid on Hill 223 in the Argonne forest were:

Killed—Corp. Murray Savage, Bloomfield, N. J.; Maryan E. Dymowski, Trenton, N. J.; Ralph E. Weiler, Hanover, Pa.; Fred E. Wareing, New Bedford, Mass.; William Wine, Philadelphia, Pa.; Carl Swanson, New York City.

Wounded—Corp. Bernard Early, New Haven, Conn.; Corp. William B. Cutting, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mario Muzzi, New York City.

Non-casualties—Corp. Alvin C. York, Pall Mall, Tenn.; George W. Wills, East Stammers Lane, Pa.; Percy Beardsley, Roxbury, Conn.; Patrick Donohue, Lawrence, Mass.; Joseph Konokski, Holyoke, Mass.; Feodor Sok, Buffalo, N. Y.; Michael Saccina, New York City; Thomas G. Johnson, Lynchburg, Va.

(Picture on page 62)

## THEY STILL WANT TO GET IN

**Our immigration border patrol has one man to every eight miles of Mexican frontier. These sharp-shooter psychologist-detectives have to keep hep to the methods invented by an ever-changing army of body-smugglers. For a few hundred dollars any alien can have himself flown or pick-a-backed across the Rio; some even used to ride over as brakemen, waving at the border patrol as they passed. Because a smuggler can be taken only with the body on him, old and known contrabanders can carry on their tantalizing hide-and-seek under the noses of the guards. Smugglers-by-plane have one sure way of dropping the bodies, when they get tipped that their cargo is spotted.**

BY OREN ARNOLD

It is a heart-rending thing to have yearned for happiness and freedom and prosperity in magnificent America, to have paid anywhere from \$200 to \$2000 to be smuggled across, and then be captured and deported back to starve in your native land. Along our 2,300 miles of Mexican border, aliens of every color and character are constantly looking for cracks.

The opportunity to get into America without official welcome is very good. Mrs. Perkins and her predecessors in the Labor Department have seen fit to place about 300 guardians along the international line from Brownsville, Texas, to San Diego, California. That's only one man to every eight miles, so you can discount him if you have a nice bomb-throw-

ing uncle you want to bring in via Mexico, or if your Chinese cook would like to bring his family in.

"Listen, Uncle Malignovitch," you can write him, "you come on to Tampico and then to Matamoros, see. Then you put on some old overalls and a denim cap, take a brakeman's billy and climb right up on top of the first east-bound freight train heading for the bridge over the Rio Grande. Just stand right up on a freight car. Wave a friendly greeting to the border immigration men, there in that little house on this end of the bridge. Then drop off around the curve and go on to the main Brownsville hotel, where I'll have a room reserved for you. Nothing to it."

Precisely that racket was worked





Anschluss

for nobody knows how many months—or years—until some alien on this side got arrested for burglary. When they put the screws on him he told the whole thing. Said he had paid a “smuggler chief” in Chihuahua \$300 to guarantee his safe crossing into the U. S. A. The immigration men arrested the next two or three who posed as brakemen, but the smuggler chief wasn’t caught.

Of course, too, you will want your Chinese cook’s family to be brought in. “Listen, Ong,” you back him up in the pantry corner some night. “You send your wife about 500 smacks, see. Tell her to grab a boat and head for Guaymas, on the Mexican coast; then come on up to Hermosillo. Tell her to noise around she wants to get in. Some Mex will hear her, and offer her a seat in a night plane. . . . Fly her right over the line at 2 a.m. and put her down around Phoenix or Tucson.”

It is a safe guess that there is at least one such airplane crossing a night. Each ship will bring five to ten chattering or scowling Chinese, Russians, Japanese, Hindus or Mexicans. The flier’s profits are large even without the usual heavy additional shipment of narcotics in his cockpit.

If Mrs. Ong and her little Onglets never get here, however, the following true and somewhat routine frontier incident may suggest a reason:

One of the aviators, an adventurous young American with a duly licensed plane, was soaring high in the starlight above Sonora one night when his radio phones came to life.

“Calling plane six-six-six, plane six-six-six,” the radio voice was saying. “Pilot of plane six-six-six, your mother has just died. Funeral arrangements await your instructions.”

Tch-tch, that was bad news. The young aviator naturally was quite upset about it, but he shed no tears. He looked out the cabin window, verified that he was soaring over Sombrero Canyon which is 30 miles or more from any town or village. So—he reached for a certain extra lever in his cockpit, gave it a terrific thrust.

An unholy screaming reached him, even through the motor and wind noise. His lever had opened a trap door in the cabin behind him. Six aliens huddling there were dropped without warning. Their bodies spattered somewhere on the jagged rocks a mile below.

The plane went on into Tucson and landed casually. Federal officers met it, searched it, questioned the aviator.

“Me? I took some American sportsmen down near Hermosillo to hunt jaguars,” the young man explained. “What’s all this about?”

The officers could only apologize. Must be some mistake. A year later an under-cover operative worked into the man smuggling racket and got the full story. The smugglers and the aviator collected their fees in advance.

It was one of those under-cover federal men down in Mexico who brought back the final chapter in the career of Domingo, called “El Coy-

ote, King of the Smugglers.”

Domingo functioned in and around Juarez and El Paso back in the time (before 1928) when immigration men were called Line Riders instead of Border Patrol.

A stretch along the river up by the smelter, above the Southern Pacific tracks was Domingo’s favorite playground. One day Domingo collected about 200 pesos from each of three aliens (really petty money for him) and told Immigration Officers Swartz and McIntyre that he would cross with his charges before bedtime. The Americanos accepted his challenge. Rain started at sundown, but at 7 p.m. the two were crouched right down in the river water, there at the end of the shack street called Smuggler’s Row. Distant smelter lights cast a faint glow, the only illumination. They shivered and cursed and swore to resign tomorrow, but they kept their eyes near the water level, staring through the rain at the smelter’s dim glow. Sure enough, a form presently was silhouetted just above the water.

“It’s nothing but a dog,” ruled Swartz, after studying it.

“It’s a powerful big dog,” McIntyre countered.

The dog, or whatever, made for Domingo’s cabin on the American shore. Two more dogs followed.

The federal men sloshed out, took opposite sides of the cabin. They pushed in, pistols drawn. Nothing happened.

“No sabe nada, señor,” the brown-black woman inside simpered. “Domingo no esta aqui.”

They looked everywhere. Domingo really wasn’t there, nor was anybody else. Not in the closets, under the beds, in the shallow attic.

The two men, stymied, stood outside in the rain, flashing their electric torches. Half a broken barrel leaned against the adobe shack. McIntyre’s light beam picked up a streak of white behind it. He went over and kicked out a groveling but well-dressed Chinese, whose white collar had caught the light.

“Belong here, belong here—see my feet, they are not wet. My shoes and stockings are dry. I have not waded across. Belong here, belong here.” The Chinese patted his feet.

A smuggler, wading the river, carries his human contraband on his shoulders after tying sox and shoes in a waterproof roll around his neck. The officers knew that trick. They took the Chink in.

But they never found the others, nor saw anything of Domingo, even though they searched until dawn. A week later Swartz and McIntyre, off duty and loafing in Juarez, encountered Domingo in the Big Kid’s Bar. Ever sociable, he bought their drinks.

“Why you no feel joost over your head on thee roof, señor?” Domingo purred at McIntyre. “I wass lay there, right above thee broken barrel. I could easy have keel you, but—does one shoot one’s fran’s? Here,



señores, have thee anawther glass!"

Domingo made monkeys of the border force for six or eight years. Then he went in for ammunition smuggling because it paid more, for a while. Pancho Villa gave him \$5,000 once to bring in guns. Domingo brought in \$3,000 worth, pocketed the \$2,000 change.

Pancho knew too much for that, however. He socked Domingo in the *carcel*. "Bring me the \$2,000 he stole, if you want to see him out of the jail," Pancho told the family.

The Domingo relatives began to take up a collection all around Juarez and El Paso. Some of the immigration men even chipped in a dollar each; they wanted to resume their game with the old devil. Finally the wife, sons, daughters, brothers et al got the \$2,000 and traveled to Villa's headquarters.

"Ah, you have come!" greeted Pancho, grinning. "You shall now see Domingo outside the jail, as I promise."

They saw him taken out and stood against the jail wall. Saw him crumple when the bullets struck; then took him out and buried him.

"In another year," said Swartz and Mac, sadly, "we'd have caught Domingo surely."

**T**HE trouble with a human being, however—be he Russian, Mexican or Chinese—is that he weighs up to 200 pounds and is annoyingly bulky; moreover, he seldom has more than \$500. On the other hand, opium, cocaine, heroin and marijuana equal to a very sizeable bank account can be packed into a couple of ordinary tomato cans.

This astute reasoning convinced Mr. Leo Markheim, lately of Los Angeles, that he should go in for concentrates. First, he made a deal with one Andres, who lived just over the fenced international line near Ti Juana, Baja California, on the American side. Next he leased a plain looking adobe house just opposite on the Mexican side, and built a board wall around the back yard to keep his chickens in.

Mr. Markheim undoubtedly had considerable success with his chickens; he began to put and take rather flashily in the big green room at Caliente, and to wear a checkered sport coat, at the beautiful race track there. All of which interested federal officers.

One day up the road somewhere about Chula Vista, the speed cops bore down on a young Mexican driver who was singing loudly and twisting all over the highway.

He came out of his car fighting like a Sonoran javalina, conked one of the policemen and laid him out cold, drew a gun and would have killed the other one but for a snappy bit of jiu jitsu application. When they finally got him in the jug the doctor said he was laden with marijuana, and he didn't deny the charge.

"Where'd you get it?" the sergeant demanded.

"From Leo, what you t'ink—BOOM! BOOM-BOOM! POW! Smart as hell, eh gringo?"

"Leo who, Mex?"

"Hunh?"

"Leo who? Where is Leo?"

"Shooting his cannon. BOOM-BOOM, POW! Lemme outar this, I gotta get to Angelina's, goddamn you gringos. Angelina—she's got what it takes, she gives you the breaks, she's. . ."

"Sign off that yodeling! *Leo who?*"

But you can't stop marijuana raving, and when an addict comes to his senses he won't talk. The federal dicks knew at least one Leo. But what about that boom-boom, pow?

The Border Patrol boys watched Mr. Leo Markheim and eventually got the answer to the *boom-boom, pow*. The kid was right. Leo had a cannon. The sleuth crept up to Leo's poultry fence at midnight and saw it shoot. Leo himself put the tomato can on one end of an eight-foot lever. He dropped a weight on the other end and the tomato can went catapulting through the darkness, right over the international fence into Andres' own back yard!

**D**OPE has been smuggled across our Mexican border by submarine—pulled under the Rio Grande in sealed cans. It has been flown over in airplanes, even dropped from kites. On one occasion it was found tied in horses' manes and tails. It is often concealed in automobiles, more often tied to dogs who are trained to swim the river with it at night, constantly shipped over with other commodities such as tomatoes, peppers, baskets, pottery, beans. To combat this as well as the traffic in human contraband, Uncle Sam is sending bright young men to officers' schools, teaching them to shoot, to ride, to speak foreign languages, to know the law. Given another ten years and the Border Patrol may be as efficient as the FBI and the Secret Service.

Another instance in El Paso proves the worth of the young agents. Cocaine had been coming in through a new and undetected channel. Veteran sleuths on both sides of the river settled pretty soon on a woman who was repeatedly crossing the river with her little girl. The child carried a doll and mothered it, and smiled at the other passengers on the international trolley car, and sometimes sang cute little songs.

No matter, they picked up the couple anyway and took them to jail.

"See what they got, please ma'am," the customs officer ordered the matron.

That matron missed no bets, ever. She took the mother in and gave her the once over externally and internally. Then she called the little girl in and gave her an inspection too. But it was wasted effort.

Nevertheless an officer tailed the couple persistently. They had a chance to be getting dope, and to dispose of it. Old timers on the force worked at it and gave it up.

Then the young officer took the job. He stayed with the mother and

daughter for four days, three times crossing the border and back, watching every move made, admiring the little girl because he had little daughters of his own at home.

On the fourth day, in the trolley car, he suddenly had his inspiration. He arrested the mother and child again, took them to jail and immedi-

ately revealed a doll stuffed not with sawdust but with drugs.

"My little kid at home gets all sorts of dolls," he explained. "However, she's crazy about just one, clings to it everywhere she goes even though it's ragged. But I suddenly noticed this kid on the street car had a *new* doll every day!"

## MAN WITH SIX COUNTRIES

**A European journalist, nicely equipped with six false passports, found he could make more money selling special information to the Gestapo than selling general information to the public. As agent for a treacherous Czechoslovakian general, he sold the Pilsen defense plans to Germany. Then he tried to double around and sell the name of the treacherous general to the Czech police. The Gestapo did not like this idea. With the secret police of two nations on his trail, he disappeared, leaving the fatal name in a sealed envelope in Vienna. Meanwhile Germany had the key to Pilsen, gateway into Czechoslovakia.**

**O**NE cool Viennese summer evening, in a café near the Karntnerring, a little man with six countries was talking in soft German with a tall Austrian Nazi, an agent of the Gestapo. In the lap of the little man was a portfolio containing the plans of the Czechoslovakian general staff for the defense of Pilsen. At the side of the tall Nazi was a portfolio containing a large sum of Austrian schillings. The two men sipped their *milch kaffee* slowly, and talked, and fell silent; and when the tall man had paid the bill, they departed separately, the Nazi carrying the plans of Pilsen, and the little man with the money.

For a few weeks the little man with six countries lived quietly and comfortably in Austria. A Central European of mixed blood by birth, and a former journalist, the little man had learned enough in his travels to make professional espionage a profitable business. His command of four languages and his possession of six false passports gave him access to almost any European country, although the suspicious police of several governments, including his land of birth, had forbidden him entrance. But the little man was not satisfied for long with the inferior role of go-between. He had not stolen the plans of Pilsen;



they had been sold to him by a Czechoslovakian general. His own commission was small in comparison with the price he had been forced to pay. And so the little man wrote a letter to the Czechoslovakian police, in which he stated his readiness to expose the name of a traitorous Czech officer for the sum of twenty thousand dollars. He arranged a rendezvous in Vienna.

The Czechoslovakian police had reason to believe that the offer was not a ruse. Once before the little man had sold them evidence solid enough to court-martial one of their officers. But the price he asked this time was extremely high. At the Vienna rendezvous, the Czechoslovakian representative offered \$10,000. When the little man held out for his original offer, the Czech refused to pay the price, and reported the failure of the bargain to his chiefs in Prague; whereupon the police instructed their representative to steal the name if necessary. But the would-be informer had anticipated counter-treachery, and had quit his lodgings for destination unknown.

Some days later, visibly unnerved and haggard, the little man visited one of his former friends, a Viennese journalist, and confessed his predicament. The secret police of two countries were on his trail. The Gestapo, having got wind of his dealings with the Czechs, had decided that it was better to kill a go-between than to lose a pro-German Czech general; the Czechs, on the other hand, were determined to get the name of their man without paying for it. But the little man with six countries prized his bit of knowledge and the occult power it gave him; if his intrigues were to bring him to his death in assassination, he at least did not want the secret to die with him. And so he gave his journalist friend a sealed envelope, inside which, on a scrap of paper, was written the name of the traitorous general. This was his legacy, and his only one. If his death were ever reported, his friend might open the envelope.

That was the last time the little man with six countries has been seen by any of his old acquaintances. For the past six months, no one has known whether he is dead or alive. The Czechs are still trying to renew their contact with him; while the Germans are trying to renew their contact with the Czech officer. And the only man in Europe, outside the Gestapo, who can reveal the name of this officer, has his secret hidden in an envelope in a drawer in a desk in a house in Vienna.

That is how the German general staff came into possession of the plans for the defense of Pilsen, one of the two main gateways for an invasion of Czechoslovakia. And having entered the country, the Nazi task is simple. The 3,000,000 Sudetic Germans living in Czechoslovakia are centered most heavily around Pilsen. Czech army officers have privately estimated their possible resistance at from ten days to two months.

## WRONG MAN, TIME AND PLACE

**The coming celebration at Cooperstown, N. Y., honoring baseball's centennial, naming Abner Doubleday as its father and 1839 as its birthdate, is a very fine thing, except that baseball, the emigrant child of cricket, wasn't born at Cooperstown, nor was its birthdate 1839, nor was Abner Doubleday its father.**

BY FRANK G. MENKE

THE chieftains of balldom have decreed that in 1939 they will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the sport in the quaint little spot that is Cooperstown, at which time Abner Doubleday will be hailed formally as the papa of baseball, and Cooperstown will be honored as the bassinet.

Already the ceremonious fellows are in high lather, carving out a Baseball Hall of Fame, and so far they have elected about ten of the noble athletes, and will anoint quite a few more, whose names will be notched on the inside walls of that shrine in Cooperstown. It's much as if California were getting ready to celebrate the 900th anniversary of its discovery by a fellow from Miami.

The real facts are as follows:

(1) Baseball was a game evolved through the years from cricket.

(2) The game was played along the Atlantic seaboard, with Boston and Philadelphia the pioneer strongholds, at least 35 years before 1839, and there is proof that it was played, as a fairly standardized game, in Erie County, Pa., as early as 1810, which was nine years before the birth of Doubleday.

(3) Doubleday, described as "a schoolboy in Cooperstown, N. Y. in 1839," actually was a 20-year-old student at West Point, N. Y. in 1839, where he learned enough about military tactics to become a general in the Civil War.

Baseball bigwigs of today accept that Doubleday-1839-Cooperstown trinity as the basis for the celebration wholly because of a report made by a commission, appointed in 1907, to establish the exact facts relative to the beginning of baseball. The chairman of that commission was A. G. Mills, third president of the National Baseball League.

The report, when analyzed, and checked against relevant facts and coherent findings, reduces itself to guesswork of the left-handed variety, and totters on its own feeble foundation of inaccuracies.

The report credits Doubleday with originating the "baseball square," which is called the "diamond" today. The fact is that the square was drawn by and introduced to the players in 1839 by Alexander Cartwright, a young draftsman. He devised it to end argument as to how far bases should be from each other, and to nullify the sharp practice of basemen in those years of kicking a base 15 or 20 feet beyond the original mooring point, while a runner was trying to make it.

Obviously, baseball must have been played long, long before 1839.

But the Mills report would have the readers believe—and baseball's mental powerhouses apparently do believe—that in 1839 Doubleday stepped right out one balmy afternoon in Cooperstown, gathered 21 boys around him, showed his "square," instructed them fully in the intricacies of a new game which he had thought up, and that then and there the first game of baseball started, with 11 players to the side.

Anyone who delves deeply must come to the conclusion that baseball is an offshoot of cricket. A great many of the earliest rules of baseball were those which govern cricket. The expressions used were à la cricket. In earliest times there were no bases—as in cricket. The earliest pitching was with the same motion as in cricket. The bats were shaped like the regulation cricket bats. There were no stolen bases in pioneer baseball. There aren't any in cricket. Pitchers in early baseball—like the bowlers in cricket—were permitted a short run

before making delivery. There are no foul balls in cricket. There weren't any in baseball until 1863. Hits mean nothing in cricket; runs alone count. And runs alone were counted in baseball until a great many years after the game was firmly entrenched as a national sport.

Britons settling in the United States in the region of the Atlantic seaboard brought along their cricket equipment. There is much evidence of cricket games in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and adjacent places at the turn of the 19th century. The youngsters saw the game, but were unable to play it. The papas were averse to loaning out bats, balls and wickets inasmuch as they were so far removed from the source of supply—England.

The boys created their own equipment. They whittled out their bats, made their balls of wool and drove stakes into the grounds, in lieu of wickets, which were somewhat too tricky a job to build. What they were playing was cricket without wickets, and the plan didn't work out, so they altered the rules to fit conditions. They placed their stake at a spot which now is first base, instead of having it back of the pitcher (or bowler. Two boys constituted a side; the defensive players were the pitcher and catcher; the offense tactics consisted of trying to hit a ball far enough to make the run from the "plate" to "first" and back again, completing a run. If a hit was good for only one base, the teammate stepped to the plate and tried to drive the other fellow home.

The original method of putting out a batter was to "plug" him: that was to hit him with the ball while between first and home. This "plugging" method continued among the boys long after the Knickerbockers wrote their first rules in 1845.

When other boys saw the pioneer "baseballers" at play, they asked to get into the game; asked that positions be created for them. They could have—and many did—get up their own quartettes, but that meant making a ball and making bats. The original pitchers, grown weary of chasing long hits all over the lot, readily agreed to the addition of teammates. So teams became three-man combinations, then four-man, and there was a time when each side had 15 players.

In 1839 a team was made up of 11 men, four outfielders and four infielders, which included a man between first and second.

When the teams grew to four-man, it made it very hard on the offensive play because the two extra men concentrated near what is now first base and it was a tough job hitting a ball through the infield. So the boys, who liked to get in as much batting as possible, added another stake—where third base now is located. That formed a triangle. But it meant that the runner going from first to what we today call third base, had to run in front of, or back of, the pitcher. On any ball hit to the pitcher, the runner





Under the Royal Rumanian Robe

630P64-



was a sure out, because the pitcher could "plug" him without difficulty.

So they added what now is second base, and the playing infield became a square, or call it diamond, if you wish. Bit by bit the game was getting farther and farther away from cricket, but many cricket rules continued to dominate play, and most of the terms retained a cricket accent.

Stakes eventually were replaced by flat stones, because too many boys were injured in collision with stakes. There were no strikeouts in those days; no bases on balls. The batter remained "alive" until "plugged" while between the bases. A ball hit in any direction—fair or foul—permitted the batsman to start traveling around the bases.

The playing square was laid out according to the ideas of the rival captains. Some liked bases far apart; others had contrary notions. The bases were not rigid. And, because this was so, certain base guardians, wishing to give their teammates more time to "plug" a runner, would move the base 10 to 25 feet farther away—a custom that brought about disputes and arguments.

Cartwright ended all that with his square which fixed the distance of 90 feet between bases. He decided that the pitcher should throw "half the distance between bases." And that is why the pitcher's box was 45 feet from home plate. It remained at 45 feet until 1881, when it was lengthened to 50 feet, because of the demand by batsmen who stated that since the pitcher then could pitch with any motion he desired, instead of being restricted to the original cricket throw, it was too difficult to hit a ball that traveled only 45 feet.

Innings were unknown as such in the 1830's, the 40's and for many years beyond. Each team took an equal number of turns at bat, and the one which scored the most runs in so many turns, or the team which was first to score an agreed-upon number of runs was winner. If the boys had time for only brief play, they would agree to take a turn at bat each, the team with the greatest number of runs being the winner. Sometimes 50 runs was the total needed to win; often it was 100 runs.

A team remained at bat until each player had been "plugged" out. Such player no longer was permitted to bat during that turn. One by one the batters would be eliminated, until two were out, and then the defending team would take its batting turn.

The Knickerbocker Club, of New York, the first adult ball club in the United States, framed the first real rules to govern the game. It provided that the contest should consist of 21 runs—but it used the word "aces"—regardless of the number of "hands" played. Each team was to have an equal number of turns at bat, as in cricket, and that the one which was first to score 21, or which had the higher total beyond 21 when each team had equal turns, should be known as the winner. The Knicker-

bockers used bats almost identical with cricket bats, specified a three-ounce ball, similar to the cricket ball of the times, and provided that home plate be made of iron, flat and circular, to be imbedded in the ground, and not to cover a space of more than one square foot.

Practically every game that is played is one of evolution and development; constant changes, constant

tinkering through the years before it takes on a semblance of organized contest. No better evidence can be presented than to show that not a single rule of the original ones laid down by the Knickerbockers of 1845 is in effect in baseball of today, and that, along the parade of the years, a few thousand new rules have been made, and discarded, or altered before there was the standardization of today.

(Pictures on Pages 63-66)

## THOUSAND MILE GUN

**Diplomats do not believe anything until it is officially denied, yet Britain's rulers seem to believe Germany possesses a rocket-gun capable of shooting the distance from Berlin to London, New York to Chicago. Perhaps this gun is the mysterious persuader Hitler-Mussolini used on Chamberlain. Only Eden remembered that, in history, there has never been a single weapon for which no antidote was found.**

BY PAUL THANE

BRITISH foreign policy has executed a sweeping about-face. Why? What caused it? Enigmatic references to a mysterious weapon have been coming out of Europe for the past 3 years.

We have our own Lester P. Barlow shouting claims for his aerial mine through the committee rooms of Washington but the case of the German invention is somewhat different. The only ones who are likely to have even heard of this "gun" are military observers and people in the diplomatic service and none of these is apt to be garrulous about such things. If the rumors keep springing up year after year, they doubt it less but they still doubt it. The moral of most diplomatic services seems to be: Never believe anything until it's officially denied.

A year or two ago questions about the German gun brought a smile. This was because of the extravagant statements as to range—2000 kilometers—a range that seemed to defy all the laws of ballistics. 2000 kilometers is about 1200 miles and would make

it possible for Chicago to be shelled from New York. It would bring London and most of the large cities of Europe within easy range of Berlin.

How is this possible? It is 20 years since the German Big Bertha bombarded Paris and actually struck the Maternite and Saint-Gervais hospitals, killing and wounding some 981 people, yet the hitting-gun range of modern big naval and coast guard guns remains under thirty miles. The answer is that it is a rocket projectile and gathers propulsion while in flight. It is called by the Germans a "stratosphere bomb."

Of course dispersion increases with range and accuracy is out of the question. No one believes that any target smaller than a city could ever be struck. It is the psychological effect upon a possible adversary that is important and even that is denied.

An ex-army officer who has lived in Europe for 14 years said: "The population of a large city would soon get used to such bombardment and would, under war conditions, go about

their work calmly. The gun is not large enough. It has a 7½ inch bore and probably cannot throw a projectile weighing over 300 pounds. Until something is developed that is capable of throwing a shell weighing, say 1000 pounds, at long range, its military effect is small. The German gun is a novelty but I do not think it will revolutionize modern warfare. It is a hit-or-miss affair and must waste most of its shots. I have never seen the gun but there has been so much talk of it that I believe it exists. The range is probably grossly exaggerated but I think it is possible that it does have a range of 200 miles."

An ex-naval attaché stated that the gun was small and inexpensive and could be manufactured in quantity. No complicated gun foundations were required. When the suggestion was made that the whole thing might be German propaganda he said, "That was the general opinion a short time ago. Not now. The thing is serious. Both incendiary and gas projectiles could be used. If one nation uses it other nations will find the means of duplication and a general European war would be a far more destructive affair than it was 20 years ago. As to range, it is estimated that one of these bombs would have hit the American legation in Stockholm if aimed from Berlin.

The English are not easily bluffed, yet Captain Eden has given the distinct impression that in dealings with Mussolini and Hitler certain undisclosed threats were made. Before Parliament on February 21st he said that there was a "now or never" attitude and that "agreements that are worth while are never made on the basis of threats."

England has not been invaded for 1000 years and a new weapon that increases her vulnerability may have a pronounced effect upon her choice of action. When Ericsson's ironclads made their appearance in the Civil War the age-old theory that one gun ashore was worth ten aboard ship, went into the discard. Sober opinion of the times was that both wooden ships and shore fortifications were rendered obsolete, that by sending a fleet of monitors across the Atlantic England could be brought to her knees. It turned out later that there was a flaw in the argument in that the monitors couldn't keep the sea in rough weather. Nevertheless British policy suddenly changed. Throughout military history, each new weapon has resulted in a new defense that eventually counterpoised the initial advantage. The British Lion may have rolled over but perhaps he is only stalling for time, feigning obeisance, for, while pursuing an apparently vacillating foreign policy, England is quietly pushing her rearmament program. This program may include the search for an "antidote" for the rocket projectile. Or as in the case of the air bomber, where the best antidote is an attacking plane, the program may emphasize construction of a similar type of gun.



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Abbot	Bateman	Bowe(s)	Canfield	Coon(s)	Doan(e)	Finch
Abel(l)	Bates	Bowles-Bóles	Cannon	Cooper	Dodd(s)	Fin(d)ley
Abraham(s)	Battle(s)	Bowman	Cardwell	Corbett	Dodge	Fin(d)la
Abrahm(s)	Bauer	Boyce	Car(e)y	Cor(e)y	Dodson-Dotson	Finney
Ackley	Baxter	Boyd	Carl(e)ton	Cornell	Donaldson	Fish
Adair	Bayless-	Boyer-Bowyer	Carlisle	Cornwell	Donovan	Fisher
Adam(s)	Beard	Boylan	Carson	Craig	Dorr-Dore	Fisk(e)
Adkins	Beach-Beech	Bracken	Carney	Cottrell	Doty	Fitzgerald
Agnew	Beal(e)-Beall	Bradford	Carpenter	Courtney	Do(ugh)erty	Fitzpatrick
Aiken(s)	Be(a)man	Bradley	Carr	Cousins	Doughty	Flagg
Ainsworth	Bean(e)	Brady	Carrington	Cowell	Douglas(s)	Flem(m)ing
Akers-Ackers	Bear	Bragg	Carroll	Cowles	Dow	Fletcher
Alden	Beard	Brace	Carson	Craig	Dowd	Flint
Aldrich	Beardsley	Brance	Carter	Crawford	Dowd(e)s	Flood
Alexander	Beatty-Beattie	Bran(d)t	Cartwright	Crane-Crain	Downing	Flower(s)
Alford	Beauchamp	Branson	Carver	Crawford	Doyle	Floyd
Alger	Beaumont	Bray	Case	Crenshaw	Drake	Flynn-Flinn
Allen-Allan	Beaver(s)	Brewer	Casey	Crew(s)	Draper	Foley
Allison	Beck	Brewster	Cassel(l)	Crocker	Drummond	Foote
Allred	Becker	Brice-Bryce	Castile	Crowder	Druw-Drewry	Forbes
Amrose	Beckley	Bridge	Coston	Crownell	DuBois	Ford
Ames	Beckwith	Bridges	Cecil	Crosby	Dudley	For(e)man
Anderson	Bedford	Briggs	Cross	Duff	Forrest	
Andrew(s)	Beebe	Brigham	Chalmers	Cros(s)man	Duke(s)	Forstyth(e)
Angel(l)	Beecher	Bright	Chamberl(a)in	Crouch	Duncan	Fort(e)
Angus	Bentley	Brichon	Chamber	Crowder	Dunham	Foster-Fors
Appleby	Belcher	Britton	Champion	Crow(e)	Dunlap-Dunlop	Power
Appleton	Bell	Brittain	Chandler	Crowell	Dunn(e)	Fox
Archer	Benedict	Brook	Chapin	Crozier-Crosier	Dunning	Francis
Arch(l)ald	Benjamin	Bronson	Chapman	Crump	Dutton	Frank(e)
Armitage	Bennett	Brooks	Chappell	Culbertson	Duval(l)	Franklin
Armstrong	Bentley-Bensen	Brooks	Charles	Culbertson	Dye	Fraz(l)er
Arnold	Benley	Bro(u)wer	Chase	Culp-Kulp	Dyer	
Arnold	Benton	Brown(e)	Cheney-Chaney	Culver-Colver	Eames	Fred(e)rick
Arthur	Bergen-Bergin	Brownell	Chester	Cummin(g)s	Earl(e)	Freeman
Ashby	Bernard	Browning	Chew	Cunningham	Earl(e)y	French
Ash(e)	Berry	Brownlee	Child(s)	Curry-Currie	Eastman	Fritz-Fritts
Ashley	Berryman	Brues	Chisholm	Curtis	Easton	Frost
Ashmon	Bertram	Brush	Chisholm	Chasing	Faulkner	Fulton
Atherton	Best	Bryan(t)	Christie	Cushman	Eddy	Furman
Atkins	Betts	Buchanan	Christy	Cutler	Edmonds	
Atkinson	Beverl(e)y	Buck	Church	Cutter	Edmonds	Gage
Atwell-Atwill	Beyer	Buckingham	Churchill	Dal(e)	Edmon(d)son	Gaines
Atwood	Bickford	Buckley	Clark(e)	Dall(e)y	Edwards	Galbraith
Austin	Biddle	Buckner	Clara	Dalton	Eldridge	Gale
Avery	Bigelow	Rudd(e)	Dayton	Elliot(t)	Galloway	
Axtell	Bigg(s)	Ruel(l)	Cle(a)reland	Dane	Ellis	Gallup-Gaul
Ayer(s)-Ayres	Billings	Buffington	Clement(s)	Danforth	Ellisworth	Galt-Gault
Babcock	Bingham	Buford	Clemens	Daniel(s)	Ellsworth	Gamble
Bach(e)	Birch	Bull	Clem(m)ons	Darby	Elmore-Elmer	Gard
Bacon	Bird	Bullard	Clifford	Darling	Ely	Gardiner
Bader	Bishop	Burck	Blacklock	Darr(e)h	Emerson	Garland
Bagley	Bissell	Bundy-Bunde	Cline	Darrow	Emery	Garner
Bailey-Bayley	Black	Bunker	Clinton	Daugherty	Enzel-Engle	Garnet(t)
Baird	Blackburn(e)	Runn	Close	Davenport	English	Garrett
Baker	Blackman	Runnell	Coat(e)s	Dav(e)y-Davle	Erskine	Garrison
Baldwin	Blackwell	Burch	Cobb	David(s)	Erwin	Gates
Bain(e)	Blain(e)	Burck	Cochran(e)	Dickson	Estabrook(s)	Gay
Ballard	Blair	Burke	Cody	Davis	Estes	Gaylord
Ballinger	Blake	Burnett	Coe	Dawson	Evans	Gee
Ballou	Blakeslee	Burnham	Coffey-Coffee	Day	Everett-Everitt	Geer-Gear
Bancroft	Blakeslee	Burns	Coffin	Deal	Farley-Fairley	Gerard-Gara
Bangs	Blanchard	Burr	Co(l)burn	Dean(e)	Fairchild	Gerhard(t)
Barnd	Blanc(e)s	Burrell-Burrill	Colby	Dicker(t)	Farrell	Gibson(s)
Barber	Bledsoe	Burrows	Col(e)	Delan(e)y	Farris	Gibbs
Barbour	Bliss	Burroughs	Col(e)man	Dell	Faulkner	Giddings
Barclay	Blodgett	Burt	Collier	Denn(e)y	Fell	Gifford
Barkley	Blood	Burton	Collins	Dennis	Fenn	Gilbert
Bard	Blount-Blunt	Bush	Colts(t)on	Denn	Fenton	Gilchrist
Barlow	Blue-Blew	Bushnell	Colton	Derry	Ferguson	Gile(s)-Gyle
Barnard	Boardman	Butler	Colver	Devone	Fern(e)-Fearn	Gill
Barnes	Boggs	Butterfield	Colvin	DeVaux	Ferrill	Gillespie
Barnet(t)	Bolton	Butt(s)	Collwell	Dewey	Ferris	Gillette
Barney	Bond	Buxton	Compton	Dewitt	Field</	

Gill(i)am	Herbert	Keen(e)	M(e)cDae	Morrow	Pierce	Ruggles	Stevens	Wait(e)
Gill(e)s	Herman	Kean(e)	Mac-Mac(i)e	Morse	Pierson	Rush	Stephens	Wakfield
Gill(i)man	Herndon	Keith	Mad(d)ock	Mortimer	Pike	Russ	Stevenson	Waldo
Gilmore	Herrick	Keller-Kellar	Maddox	Morton	Pinkerton	Russell(l)	Stephenson	Waldron
Gilmour	Her(r)ing	Kell(e)y	Magee	Mos(e)ley	Piper	Rust	Stewart	Wales
Gilpin	Herrington	Kelllogg	Magill	Moss(e)	Pitt(t)man	Rutherford	Stickney	Walker
Girard	Her(r)on	Kelsey	Maguire	Mott	Pitt(s)	Rutter	Stiles-Styles	Wall
Glascott	Hess(e)	Kelso	Malett(e)	Moulton	Platt	Ryder	Stillmaier	Wallace
Glasgow	Hewitt-Hewett	Kemp(e)	Malone	Mow(e)y	Plant	Ryder	Stil(l)well	Wall
Glass	Hewlett-Hulett	Kemper	Maloney	Munro(e)	Platt	Sabin	Stim(p)son	Wallis
Gleason	Hibbard	Kendall	Mann	Munson	Plummer	Sackett	Stinson	Walsh
Glen(n)	Hickey	Kendrick	Manning	Monson	Plunkett	Sage	Stockton	Walster(s)
Glover	Hickman	Kenard	Mar(a)ble	Murdock	Poe	St. John	Stoddard	Walton
Glover	Hicks	Kennedy	Markham	Murdock	Poindexter	Salisbury	Stokes	Ward
Godfrey	Higgins	Kenn(e)y	Markham	Murphy	Polk	Salter	Stork	Warden
Goff(e)	Hildreth	Kent	Marsh	Murray	Pollard	Sam(p)son	Storer	Ware
Good(e)	Hilliard	Kern(s)	Marshall	Myer(s)	Pollock	Sanborn	Stor(e)y	Warfield
Goodman	Hillman	Kerr	Marston	Nagel-Nagle	Pomeroey	Sanderson	Storm	Waring
Goodrich	Hill(s)	Ketcham	Martin	Nance	Pond-Pound	Sanford	Stouffer	Warner
Goodwin	Hilton	Ketchum	Marvin	Napier	Pool(e)	Sargent	Stout	Warren
Gordon	Hin(e)kley	Key(e)	Mason	Nash	Poor(e)	Sa(u)nders	Stover	Warwick
Gorham	Hind(s)	Key(e)	Masters-Massie	Nelson	Pope	Sawyer	Stowish(e)	Washington
Goss(e)	Hine(s)	Keyser	Masters	Naylor	Porter	Saxton	Stratton	Waterhouse
Gough	Hinkle	Kilder	Masterston	Neal(e)-Neil(l)	Posey	Saxton	Stratton	Waterhouse
Gould	Hinman	Kilpatrick	Mather	Needham	Post	Sayre-Sayer(s)	Street	Waterman
Grace	Hitchcock	Kimball	Max(t)hews	Neel(e)y	Potter	Scarb(o)rough	Streeter	Watson
Graham	Hite-Hight	Kimble	McCall	Neff	Potts	Schaeff(f)er	Strickland	Watt(t)ers
Granger	Hodge	Kingsbury	May	Nelson	Powell	Schaff(f)er	Strong	Watt(s)
Grant	Hoagland	King	May	Nesbit-Nisbet	Powell	Schenck(e)	Stroud	Wayne
Gr(e)aves	Hoar(e)	Kingsbury	Mayhew	Neville	Pratt	Schubert	Sturges	Webber
Gray-Grey	Hobart	Kinney	Maynard	Nevins	Prentice	Schneider	Stuart	Webb
Greel(e)y	Hobbs	Kirby-Kerby	Mayo	Newcomb	Prescott	Schultz	Stubbs	Webb(er)
Green(e)	Hobson	Kirk	McAdam(s)	Newell	Preston	Schumacher	Stump(e)	Webster
Greenwood	Hodge(s)	Kirkland	McAllister	Newkirk	Price	Scott	Sturges-Sturges	Week(e)s
Greene-Grier	Hodson	Kirkpatrick	McCall	Newman	Prince	Sears	Sullivan	Weir
Gregg	Hoffman	Kitchen	McCart(h)y	Nichols	Pringle	Seel(e)y	Summer(s)	Weich-Weist
Gregory	Hogg	Kline	McClanahan	Nichol(l)s	Pringle	Seldner	Sutton	Wells
Griffin	Holbrook	Knapp	McClure	Nicholson	Pritchett	Sellers	Sutherland	Wells
Griffith	Holcomb(e)	Knight	McClough	Nicholson	Proctor-Procter	Simple	Sutton	Welton
Grigs(s)	Holden	Knott	McClure	Nickerson	Prior-Prior	Seward	Swain-Swayne	Wendell(l)
Griffith-Grymes	Holmes	Knowles	McCormick	Nightingale	Pugh	Sewell-Sewall	Sween(e)y	Went(f)
Grissold	Holl(e)y	Knowlton	McCormack	Niles	Purcell-Pursell	Sexton	Sweet	Wesley
Gross-Gros(s)	Holliday	Knox	McCoy	Nixon	Purdy	Seymour	Sweet	West
Grover	Hollingsworth	Kolb	McCune	Noble	Putnam	Shaff(f)er	Swift	Whit(e)cott
Grove(s)	Hollis	Kuhn(s)	McCune	Noel-Nowell	Quackenbush	Shannon	Styler	Weston
Grubb(s)	Hollister	Kyle	McEwen	Nolan	Quackenbush	Sharp(e)	Taft	Wetmore
Grubb(b)e	Holloway	Lac(e)y	McCurdy	Norman	Quigley	Shaw	Taggart	Whal(l)ey
Guest	Holmes	Ladd	McDaniel(s)	Norris	Quinn(n)	Shea-Shay	Talbot(t)	Wharton
Guest	Holk	Lake	McDonough	North	Radcliff(e)	Sh(e)arer	Taliaferro	Wheaton
Gurney	Hood	Lamb	McDowell	Norton	Rae	Sheffield	Tall(e)y	Wheeler
Guthrie	Hooker	Lambert	McGibbee	Norwood	Rail	Sheldon	Tall(i)man	Wheldon
Hacker	Hooper	Lamont	McGibbee	Noyes	Ralston	Shelton	Thompson	Whipple
Hackett	Hoover	Lancaster	McGinnis	Nun(n)	Ramsey	Shepherd	Tate-Taft	Whitcomb
Hadley	Hopkins	Landis-Landes	McGowan	Nye	Ramsay	Shepherd	Taylor	White
Haeger-Haeger	Horn(e)	Lang	McGowan	O'Brien	Rand	Sheridan	Teague	Whitehead
Haig(h)	Horn(e)	Lan(g)don	McGuire	O'Bryan	Randall	Sherman	Temple	Whitfield
Haines	Horton	Langford	McHugh	Oden	Randolph	Shield(s)	Tennant	Whiting
Hair(e)	Hoskin(s)	Lankford	McIntosh	Odell	Rankin	Shibley	Tenn(e)y	

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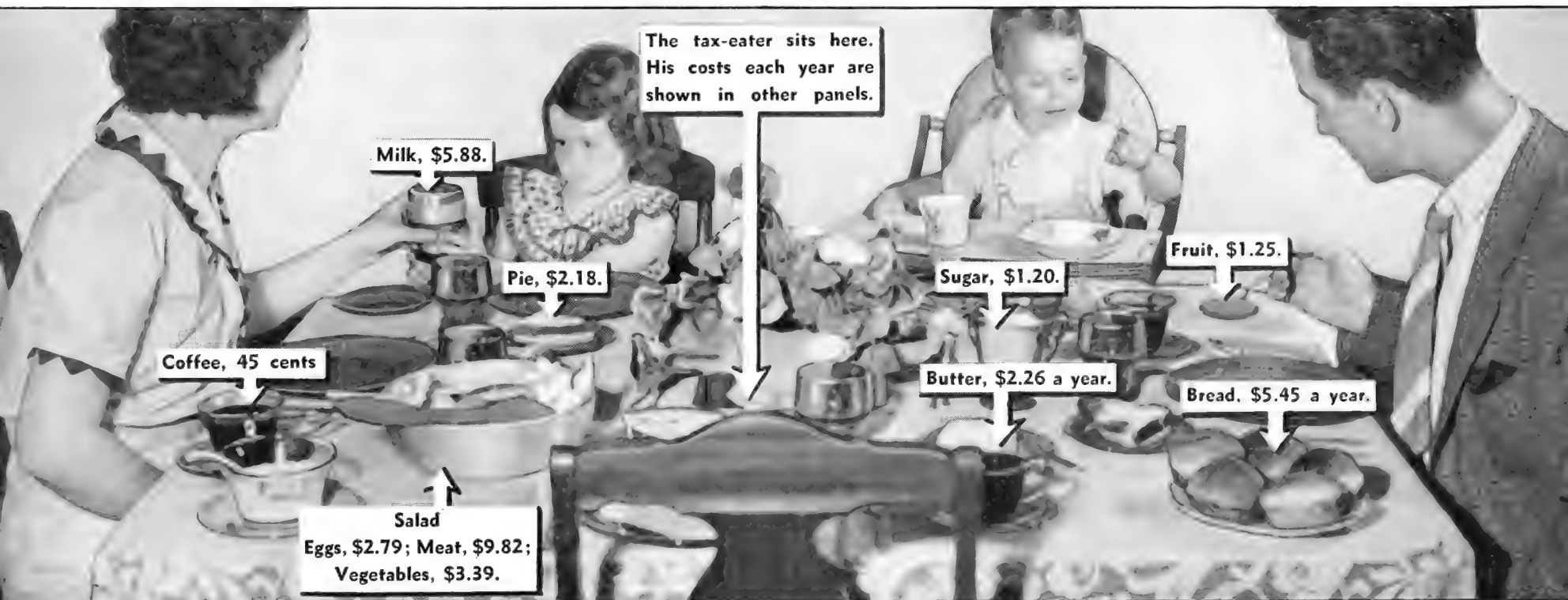
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# THIS IS SEE-READING..



**This Family Sets a Place for an Unseen Guest.** He eats no food but he eats into costs of food. He is Mr. Hidden Taxes . . . As an article passes from producer to consumer he gets into the price at each stage of production. A loaf of bread, for instance, accumulates 53 taxes before it reaches the table. Farmer, miller, wholesaler and grocer pass tax burdens to buyers.

**The Family Pictured** is typical of one of 3 families studied by the Providence Journal. It lives on \$2,600 a year, spends \$827.19 for food. The tax collector eats \$57.87 worth of it. The man of the family works more than a week to meet his food taxes. Taxes take a little less than 7 cents of every dollar spent for food. Each dollar paid for rent includes 20.65 cents for taxes.



**Automobile Owners Pay Plenty in Taxes.** Service stations collect an average tax of 5.29 cents on a gallon of gas. Taxes hide in prices of tires, parts, oil and new cars. The Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. figures it costs \$225.50 a year to run a low-priced car. Taxes take \$48.14 of this.



**The Lady's Boudoir** is heavily taxed. There is a flat 10 per cent levy on cosmetics, perfumes and powders. Dentifrices and toilet soaps carry a 5 per cent tax. The Providence Journal found that every dollar spent for cosmetics included between 12 and 13 cents for taxes. Every dollar of electric light costs includes 12½ cents for taxes. Phone bills include 10.26 cents tax per dollar.



**Indirect Taxes Take a Hand in Card Games.** Scarcely an activity escapes the invisible tax collector. The Providence Journal's three families paid an average of 12.18 cents per dollar in taxes. Clothes accounted for 6.41 cents of each dollar . . . The \$2,600-a-year man worked 34.31 days to meet his hidden tax bill—and the newspaper's estimates are conservative. More than half the taxes are hidden in retail prices.

## HIDDEN TAXES

**A Subject of Concern to All Good Citizens  
Tedious to Read in Words . . . Effortless in  
LOOK'S "SEE-READING"**

Into every wage earner's pocket plunges the hand of an invisible tax collector. Research by the Providence (R. I.) Journal and the Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. proved he takes 12 cents of every dollar a poor man spends. Others estimate the hidden tax toll as high as 18 cents.



# .. THE NEW EDITORIAL TECHNIQUE CREATED BY LOOK TO MAKE ALL SUBJECTS INTERESTING TO MILLIONS

Many is the dusty tome that cloaks an important subject with impenetrable words.

The pity is that only scholars and specialists have the time and training to ferret out the facts. To the millions whom these subjects concern the most, they remain unfamiliar hearsay.

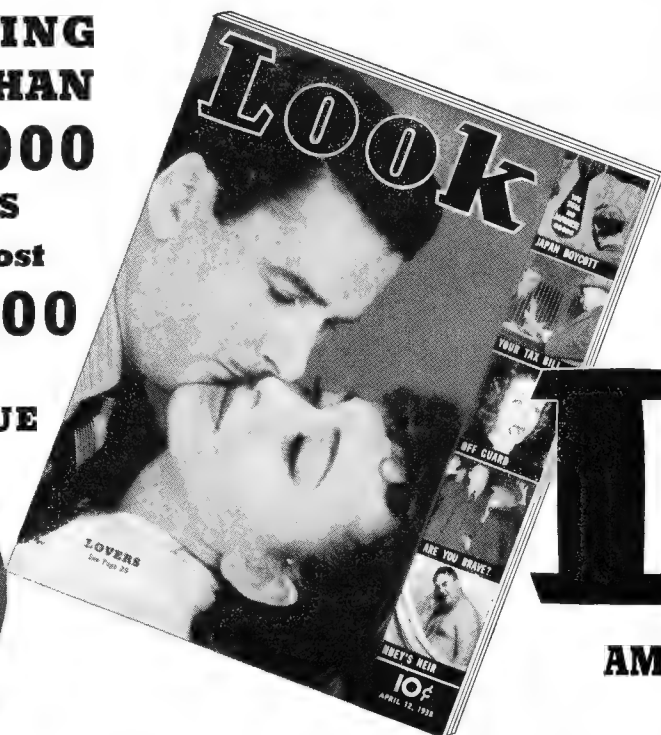
But now, something has happened to change all that. A new editorial technique has been invented. It is called SEE-READING . . . a new *picture-language* that makes possible a new kind of magazine . . . LOOK.

LOOK takes wordy subjects and transforms

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# **PORTRAIT OF A MAN, 1938**



*His features are streamlined for Speed.*



*His chin and his forehead recede.*



*He sharpens his beak*



*On "Life," "Pic," and "Peek."*



*He'd waste too much time if he'd read!*

## **THE FABLE OF MAN'S SALVATION**

**The Angel of the Lord came down to bring to all nations peace and to governments a surcease from political bickering, and to the Bar Association an end to crime and dispute, and to Missionaries an end to their labors, and to the Medical Association an era of abiding health. And it was very tough going indeed for the Angel of the Lord.**

**BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE**

**A**ND there descended from Heaven an Angel of the Lord, and he had wings of fire and shining eyes,

And he swept through the air like a burning brand, and all the lands were as midday, and the man who sat in the shadow looked up,

And there was wonder and confusion in the hearts of men.

And the Angel circled thrice, and descended to earth at West Point, Orange County, State of New York, U. S. A.

And he blew thrice upon a trumpet of silver, and the young soldiers answered the summons, and stood in silent ranks, beautiful, noble, before the Angel.

And the Angel smiled upon them, and lifted up his voice, and spoke.

"Be ye no more troubled, for all is well, and I come unto earth to proclaim a miracle and a new ordainment of the Lord.

"For the Lord of Hosts hath ordained that there be henceforward no more hosts, and that war shall be no more, neither shall men slay their brothers any more,

"And man shall love his brother, and peace shall be everlasting.

"Hence shall ye depart unto your homes and be happy in the grace of the Lord, who liveth forever!"

The Captain of Cadets gave a sharp order. "Fix bayonets! . . . Charge!"

The Angel, perceiving that he was barking up the wrong tree, soared gracefully off into the air.

**F**OLLOWING the path of least resistance, the Angel drifted in the current of air that flows along over the Hudson River—but, after a moment recollecting his duty, he went like a flash of lightning—where he did not strike—but merely oozed quietly

through the roof of the Madison Square Garden and stood in the middle of the stage. A political convention was going on. The Angel lifted up his voice and spoke.

"Peace be unto you, for the Lord hath sent me to proclaim unto you good tidings,

"And He hath ordained that all strife of one party against another in this city is now forever stilled,

"And that there shall be no more dissension in this city, and that none shall be powerful and none powerless,

"And henceforth each man shall govern himself and not his neighbors,

"And no man need take tribute from another or pay tribute to another, and the vain warrings of factions shall cease.

"Wherefore, rejoice ye, and give praise in the name of the Lord."

Four bricklayers, two gunmen, a relief-man, and six politicians leaped onto the stage. With a slightly discouraged expression, the Angel oozed out again through the roof.

**T**HE Angel reflected for a moment—and then with the speed of light was over Japan.

And he cried in a loud voice—"Behold! Rejoice! For I bring good tidings!"

"Henceforth shall the Chinese cease to hate you, and you and they shall live side by side, in mutual peace and good-will, unto time everlasting Amen!"

And Lt. General Matsumoto Koshiro in person turned the machine-gun fire on the Angel; so that the Angel grew bored, and departed.

And he came unto Italy, crying in dulcet tones: "Behold, I bring Peace!"

And Mussolini made a very ugly face at the Angel, and yelled: "That's the last thing I want; I have put an



# The Story Behind THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

## How a BACHELOR'S IDEA now guides the rearing of more than a MILLION CHILDREN

**T**WELVE YEARS AGO, a man who was then a bachelor gave birth to an idea which is currently affecting the health, education and character of more than a million children.



George J. Hecht

Having successfully launched the Welfare Council of New York City, George J. Hecht began studying the needs of children. He soon concluded that the greatest service that could be rendered to children was to provide their parents with information on the best methods of child rearing. How were parents to learn

more about their jobs as parents?

He observed that there were magazines on every conceivable subject, including the breeding of cattle, poultry and dogs, yet strangely enough, no magazine on the rearing of children. And so he resolved to launch a popular yet authoritative magazine for mothers and fathers on all the problems of rearing children from crib to college.

The Idea Becomes

### THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Thus began The Parents' Magazine. Four great universities gave their official co-operation—Teachers College, Columbia University; State University of Iowa; University of Minnesota; and Yale University. Fifty of the nation's leading physicians, educators, child psychologists and other child development specialists became advisory editors. Parents took to it immediately—and told their friends. How could they help liking it? Here was a fascinating, authoritative mixture of common sense and the latest discoveries of science. Here, at last, was dependable, practical, up-to-the-minute guidance about all

the problems presented by their children of all ages.

### 11 Years of Gains in

### Circulation and Advertising

The Parents' Magazine was a "natural" for it satisfied a basic human instinct—love of offspring. Its rapid growth has made publishing history. From modest beginnings, eleven years ago, The Parents' Magazine has advanced in both circulation and advertising at an amazing pace. In fact, every year of its existence it has shown a substantial increase in both circulation and advertising—this during a period when no other magazine in America was recording such consistent gains.

Every month now The Parents' Magazine goes into a half-million progressive homes, to aid the nation's most conscientious parents rear their children. It helps them, too, as a buying guide—The Parents' Magazine is a veritable directory of reliable products for children and for use in the home.

Because parents trust and respect The Parents' Magazine, they trust its advertising. So The Parents' Magazine has proven to be an unusually effective advertising medium, high in results, yet low in cost.



Mrs. Clara Savage Littledale

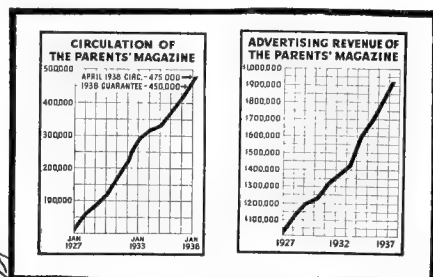
### Typical Features in

### THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Every issue of The Parents' Magazine contains about forty helpful features. Under the able guidance of Mrs. Clara Savage Littledale, who has edited the magazine since its founding, The Parents' Magazine has become a veritable gold mine of ideas about bringing up children from crib to college.

The Parents' Magazine gives sound, practical advice on all the tantalizing, everyday problems of child rearing. Typical features include: New Methods of

Baby Care . . . When Your Child Won't Eat . . . Toilet Training . . . Constructive Toys . . . Family Fun . . . Approved Fashions for the Younger Set . . . Whole-Family Menus . . . Information Tests for Children of Various Ages . . . Adolescent Problems . . . Sex Education . . . Teen-Age Problems . . . For Fathers Only . . . Music Lessons . . . Pets . . . Nervous Children . . .



The Parents' Magazine is the only magazine that has registered consistent gains in both circulation and advertising year after year, for the last eleven years—the full period of its existence.



Left-Handedness . . . Indoor Snapshots . . . New Methods of Discipline . . . Preventing Colds . . . School Failures . . . Tantrums . . . Fears . . . Home Development . . . Books for Children . . . Home Work . . . Your Children's Friends . . . Family Movie Guide.

### You Owe It to Your Child to Read THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

See for yourself how helpful The Parents' Magazine can be in solving all the problems of child rearing. The coupon below entitles you to 8 big issues for only \$1.00—just half the price you pay if you buy single copies at 25c each.

A half-million progressive, modern parents find The Parents' Magazine invaluable. Readers say there are, in a single issue, scores of ideas and practical suggestions worth many times the cost of a year's subscription. Once you try The Parents' Magazine you'll wonder how you got along without its help. So don't delay. Send in this coupon today!

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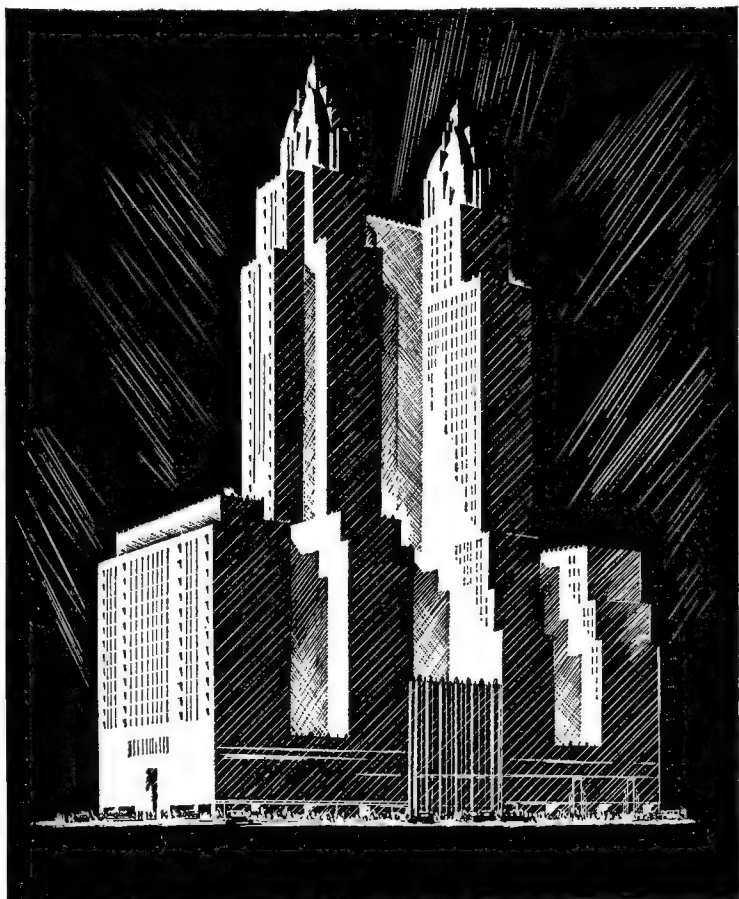
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# The PARENTS' MAGAZINE

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and Calendar of Special Events  
(April to May)

embargo on peace."

Thereafter the Angel hovered over Germany, dreaming of certain German friends of his in Heaven, such as Beethoven and Goethe and several others: and it was indeed his will to speak unto Germany also: but there came forth from a door one Adolf Hitler; and the Angel took one look, and went elsewhere.

He went unto Russia, and he spoke quietly to a meeting of the people. And they listened with earnest attention for a moment; and then they said: "This is indeed very interesting, what you proclaim—the brotherhood of man upon the whole earth: but it sounds dangerously like the doctrines of the fiend Trotsky: and you must get Comrade Stalin's permission before you can speak to us further. Otherwise, we'll just get shot—and that would be too bad."

"But I am the Angel of the Lord!"

"Well, get Comrade Stalin's O.K. on the Lord: then come back. You interest us. But don't tell anybody."

The Angel made a wry face and walked out on them.

THE Angel decided he had made a bad start—doubtless, he thought, his own fault—so he took a refreshing little ten-minute joy-ride off to Betelgeuse and back, and then resumed his labors.

He floated in through an open window of a large hall in Philadelphia, where the Annual Convention of the American Bar Association was in session. And he spoke—

"Behold, I come unto you to proclaim a new mercy of the Lord who is God,

"For he hath ordained that there be henceforth no more crimes and no more wickedness and no more dissension of man and man,

"And injustice is herewith abolished from the earth, and there shall no more be cause for dispute between a man and his brother,

"For now shall all men see the beauty of righteousness, and follow its path.

"Wherefore, disperse ye unto your homes in peace, for your anxious labors are at an end."

The President of the American Bar Association, very red in the face, rose and shouted: "Police! Throw this Angel out of the hall—for this is Treason!"

The Angel sighed, bowed to the police-officers, and floated out again through the open window.

THE Angel knew that there was a big meeting of delegates from various Christian Missionary Societies going on in Baltimore, so he went there. He was a thorough, hard-working Angel.

Here he did not alight on the stage but hovered over it, gently fanning the air with his luminous wings. He hoped thus to produce a good initial impression. Then he spoke—

"Peace be unto you, dearly beloved brethren, for I am sent unto you by the Lord,

"And I proclaim unto you that all your labors are ended, and the faithful servant may rest in the shade of the vine-tree, and all shall be fulfilled.

"For the Lord hath taken into his

own hands all thy labors, and His Will Shall Be Done.

"And if it be His Will that the heathen believe, they shall believe,

"And if it be His Will that they believe not, then shall they believe not.

"Wherefore, ye good and faithful servants, betake yourselves unto the fields or the work-rooms or the nets of the fishermen, and continue to toil for the Glory of God and of Man. But the Lord hath spoken, and He will in future take care of His own religions to suit himself."

A deacon rose and said: "I move a trial for heresy for our erring brother."

"But I am the Angel of God!"

"That makes it all the worse! I also move that no news of this obscene affair be released to the Press!"

There was a unanimous shout of approval from the assembled congregation.

The Angel bowed from the air. "Good evening, brethren!" He went up through the roof in a blinding burst of light that sent all the clergymen scurrying out of the hall, yelling—"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

THE Angel thought: "Perhaps I frighten them; they cannot be themselves; they cannot be natural. So I will try a different technique."

He strolled quietly in through the usual entrance of the hall where the American Medical Association was having its annual meeting of distinguished delegates. Here he felt at home at last.

After listening to several reports on the non-progress of cancer-study, and on the triumphant success of Dr. Jones in keeping a 98-year-old patient alive for three more hours by means of the intravenous injection of helium, and on the fact that a common cold is a common cold and that is that—then the Angel suddenly decided to relieve the minds of these earnest gentlemen of all future anxiety. Without rising from his seat, he projected his voice—which was, compared to mortal voices, as crystal is to clay, and spoke:

"I am the Angel of the Lord, and I proclaim unto you that what you have sought has already been ordained.

"And that there shall be no more pain on earth, and no sickness, and no mortality of the flesh,

"For the Lord hath ordained that if there be even one man on earth who with his whole heart wisheth that Evil be abolished, it shall be abolished;

"Such is the Word of the Lord, which I proclaim to you, that ye may rejoice!"

The Angel got no further. An agile intern who was sitting beside him grabbed him by the throat and strangled him on the spot.

A TERRIBLE VOICE spoke, and it was heard unto all the ends of the earth.

"Return, deluded Spirit, unto my side. Once hast Thou left me: twice hast Thou left me: and I have told thee that it would be in vain. Return into the Peace of Everlastingness. Men desire not the salvation of Man."



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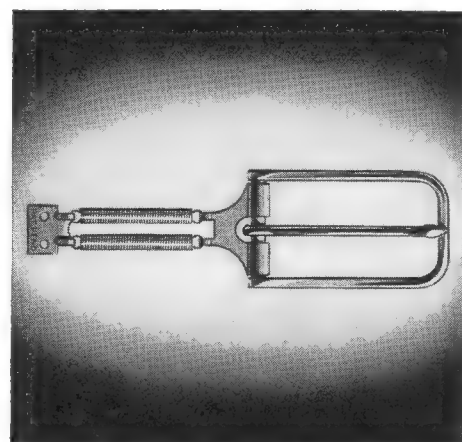
When you relax and want comfort at home you drop into your favorite chair and there is effortless ease in its SPRINGS.



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## THE ARAB TALENT FOR TERROR

Arabs in Palestine pit native cunning against the modern weapons of the British. Roads are mined with dud shells stolen from a world-war dump at Gaza, detonated by mousetraps. Soldiers are ambushed during their after-tea nap. Stolen hand-grenades can be used to turn roadside rocks into exploding barricades. Twisting, desolate hill-roads give perfect cover to snipers, while confounding the operators of clumsy, heavy war machinery. British military, tangled in their paraphernalia, become targets under the glare of their own super-searchlights.

THERE had been a great deal of sniping at Kilo 43 on the Nablus Road. The road there bends and turns and twists through the Judean hills, and cars have to travel in low gear. Buses and trucks creep toward the summit. It made a very convenient place for the Arabs to snipe at Jewish vehicles of all descriptions, and when the British sent soldiers to investigate, the soldiers were fired on, too. The Arabs always slipped away in the dark and escaped safely into the hills. Finally General Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope, High Commissioner for Palestine, called in the army officers and offered his own plan for cleaning up Kilo 43. They were to start armored cars out of Jerusalem and out of Nablus, and some were to travel at 10 miles an hour, and some at 15 and some at 30. They were to get away at intervals arranged so that there was an armored car by a given spot every 15 minutes, the whole night through.

Every night Lieut. Matson and his armored cars would machine gun the hillsides around Kilo 43, and every night the Arabs would reply with energy. It appeared the increased patrol had only multiplied the Arab's opportunities for sniping. The Rolls-Royces, with their 6 tons of armor plate, weren't easily damaged by rifle fire, but it was annoying. The Arabs were getting too chesty over their ability to bounce bullets around with impunity.

This went on for about a week, and then Matson arranged to borrow a pom-pom gun, and a gunner as well from a battleship anchored at Haifa. A pom-pom shoots 300 three-inch shells per minute. He was going to mount the pom-pom on a lorry and have it convoyed by a searchlight car and an armored car. When the Arab opened fire at Kilo 43 Matson planned to tear off a few rounds and then send a stretcher squad out to pick up the dead.

Matson's gunner was a lad from a battleship at anchor in Haifa harbor. He was delighted at a chance for some action and confident he and his rapid-fire gun would achieve a great and salutary victory for His Majesty's armed forces in the Holy Land.

When everything was set, Matson started the patrol out. Ahead went a truck carrying the biggest searchlight he could find. Next came the truck carrying the pom-pom and the gunner, and then came the armored car. Explicit instructions had been issued. When the Arabs opened fire as usual at Kilo 43, the searchlight operator was to swing his light on the source of the fire, the pom-pom gunner would aim quickly and open fire, and the armored car would be just behind to take care of the clean-up work, if any.

The huge searchlight car rolled past Kilo 43 without incident. The Arab, wary of strange new weapons, let it pass. A moment later the pom-



pom, appeared very large and menacing, and the Arab evidently concluded he had better let it roll along on its way unmolested until he had got a little more information about it, at any rate. So it passed on.

But then what should swing into view but the old familiar armored car that the Arab had amused himself by firing upon for so many nights? He looked it over carefully. Yes. It was just the same, and it was creeping along back of the others so slowly as to make as good a target as ever.

The car climbing on along up the road, had just about reached the same level as the Arabs, squatting behind the rocks above the road, and the Arabs' bullets went singing over Matson's ears.

The searchlight operator tried to swing his light completely around and of course it wouldn't turn that far, not having that kind of a swivel. So he couldn't get his light on the Arab. The pom-pom gunner, being young and from the navy besides, thought all hell was definitely on the loose. So he swung his gun around, set his jaw, and swore he'd teach those devils to fire at him.

All he could see were flashes of fire. He aimed at the point the flashes were thickest, and let go. He did not consider the fact that the armored car might be replying to the Arabs. But such was the case. The flashes were largely from Matson's machine gun. Therefore, the first shot from the pom-pom got results. It slapped the turret completely off the armored car and scared Matson and his driver, who were not equipped to cope with three-inch shells, half to death.

The British have their odd sense of humor about the difficulties of mechanical warfare against scattered terrorists. "Our pom-pom was almost fatal to the old Arab too, for that matter," Matson reported. "He nearly died laughing."

At Gaza, "where Samson scored his final triumph and met his terrible end," Arab snipers were particularly active, and the British pondered a course of action.

The sniping occurred only at night. It followed that the snipers were afraid of the light. Therefore, night must be turned into day.

A tremendous searchlight, mounted on a high tower much like the steel towers for farm windmills in the Middle West, appeared in Gaza.

The Arabs were startled and timid the first night this great light sent its rays over the town, and they refrained from sniping while they studied the new problem it presented. They perceived that if they stood in front of the light, the British troops could see them and shoot at them. However, if they went around back of the light, they could see the British troops with their machine gun up there on the tower platform, while the British were unable to see them.

Whereupon they sent for their best shot, who carefully picked off four Tommies from his safe position in the deep shadows.

During the World War there were three furious battles for possession of Gaza, which has been a key point in the defense of Palestine for several thousand years now. In the

course of fighting hundreds and thousands of rounds of artillery were fired, and not all these shells exploded. In fact, the territory for miles around was heavily sown with dud 17-pounders.

When the British civil administration took over after the War, they set up a department of public works which announced publicly that the sum of five piastres would be paid for every dud shell brought in. For years the Arabs continued to shuffle in bearing dud shells, and these were stacked up back of Gaza until there was a small mountain of them. From time to time the British assured one another that it was about time to explode the entire heap, but they never quite got around to it.

As the Arab terror got under way, highways and roads were mined. Every few days a car or a truck would be blown up, and the British for a time were mystified as to the source of the Arabs' explosives. At last someone suggested that it might be well to investigate the remote possibility that the Arabs were converting war time duds into mines. An officer was sent to have a look at the ammunition dump back of Gaza, and he returned with the news that approximately half of it had disappeared.

To make a mine of the Arab model required a mousetrap, and it didn't have to be of the quality which leads men to beat paths to the doors of skilled but retiring manufacturers. Almost any mousetrap will do.

The Arab would take his shell under his arm and go to a blacksmith as iron-nerved as himself. The blacksmith, trusting almost entirely in Allah, would drill a hole in the cap, and return the dud to the mine maker. The latter then would seek out a nice section of highway, dig a hole and place the dud therein. Then he would place a nail in the cap-hole, and an inch or so away he would place his mousetrap. A string tied to the trigger of the mousetrap led off across the road and into the rocks.

With the dud well buried this apparatus made an effective mine. It could be counted on to explode, although there was a large question as to just when the explosion might occur. Generally, however, it occurred when a car, a donkey, or a pedestrian, ran over or trod upon the string. This set off the mousetrap, the bar of which flew over and drove in the nail. All very ingenious. The British became very vigilant to prevent the planting of these mines, but there was a final incident which illustrates the subtle daring of the terrorist.

Squads of Tommies were stationed in machine gun nests on the hill-sides at close intervals all around the main roads. The watch was so close that the Arabs found the mining trade in a slump which seriously threatened it with extinction, until one of them made an important discovery. He found that the Tommies, every day around 4 o'clock, climbed in their lorries and rolled into town for their tea.

Here, then, was an opportunity to mine the road again. But why bother to mine the road? The British, when they returned from their tea, invariably lay down for a little nap. And, if one were to lie down on a string


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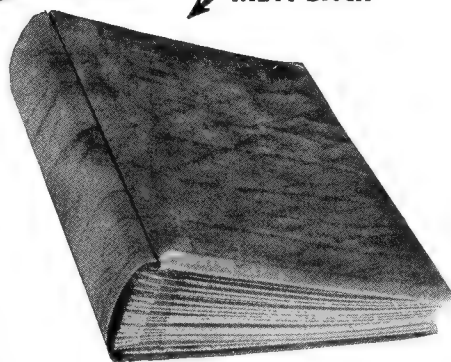


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leading to a little mousetrap . . . ?

And so, while the British soldiers were having their tea the Arabs mined their machine gun nest. The subsequent explosion killed three Tommies.

Mills bombs, the name the military gives to hand-grenades, were far superior to the Arab's own home-made bombs, which consisted of gas pipe in the shape of a T, filled with powder and jagged scrap iron and fitted on each of the 3 ends with a nail which went through the metal cap to a detonator inside. By chucking one of these end-over-end one detonator after another would be struck until one of them worked. The main troubles with them were that they were touchy, uncertain and bulky to carry. So the Arabs stole Mills bombs whenever possible. Usually, one at a time. But there was an occasion when the terrorists broke into an ammunition dump near Haifa and got off with 1,000 bombs, according to the paper. The British denied the story, but at any rate the Arabs had Mills bombs, in quantity.

Those who have visited the Holy Land need not be told that there are plenty of rocks there. The Arabs use them to build barricades across the roads.

A traveler confronted with a barricade across the road in a warring country is confronted also with quite a problem. If he gets out to remove the rocks, he will be picked off by snipers hidden on the hillside above. If he attempts to turn around and escape, he will be picked off by snipers. If he just waits for help he will be picked off by snipers.

But the Arabs, did not consider this quandary enough. So they hit on a new scheme for using Mills

bombs. They would hold the handle down, pull the pin, and then squeeze the Mills bomb between the rocks of the barricade. If the traveler, defiant of snipers, climbed out of his car or bus and started tearing down the barricade, he would release the Mills bomb. Since such barricades usually were encountered at night, the bomb would fall unnoticed to the road, where it would tick off its allotted 5 seconds, then blow up barricade, car, traveler and any sniper who had ventured too close in his eagerness to see the fun.

The military produced a very neat plan, to cope with the bomb barricade. It consisted of doubling the patrol of Army lorries, and of obliging a couple of Arab prisoners of war to ride on every lorry. When a barricade was encountered, the prisoners were to be compelled to climb out and remove it.

The simplicity and effectiveness of this plan was evident to all, and the officer who thought it up received congratulations and praise from his immediate superiors. The mere announcement of the plan, quickly reaching the Arabs, would oblige them to desist from barricade building rather than send their luckless comrades to certain death. It looked as if the military had outwitted the Arab at last. But not for long. Just as quickly, the Arabs learned that higher authority had placed an emphatic veto on the plan. There was an order that prisoners were not to be carried on patrol lorries or compelled to remove highway barricades. To force them to do so, it was ruled, would be cruel. Such means could not be employed in modern, mechanized warfare. They were only for terrorists.

## INSIDE NEW YORK

BY SIDNEY CARROLL

AT ELEVEN o'clock on a Sunday morning—any Sunday morning you can travel up to 200 West 57th Street, Manhattan, and hear the Swami Nikhilananda deliver a sermon on the sweet delights of the religion known as Ramakrishna-Vivekananda.

The Swami was the first apostle I visited on a single Sunday among the lesser-known religions of New York. He preaches at a place which the landlords call "The Rodin Studio" but which the Swami's group calls "The Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Center." It is a regular elevator apartment house. You walk one flight up a staircase decorated with a couple of mail-order stained glass windows. The Swami's group meets in a large room where the red curtains are pulled together to keep out the light from 57th Street. The audience sits on camp stools. There is an altar decorated with flowers, candles, a picture of a swan, and a photograph of a Hindu prophet in a loin cloth. The Swami comes down the middle aisle dressed in a bright yellow cassock. He takes a seat on the altar and patiently waits for the latecomers to get seated. A piano keeps playing during this necessary interval. When the piano stops the Swami's voice can

be heard intoning a sing-song Hindu prayer. From the back rows he's quite invisible because he is still sitting down. Then he translates his prayer into English and he begins his sermon. On that Sunday he spoke about Reincarnation. He believes in it.

A quick census might show that there are about 100 religious organizations—not connected with any of the majority religions of this country—flourishing and doing very nicely indeed in New York City. If you devote one Sunday to visiting as many of them as you can, you might see four of them in action. These wouldn't include the erotic-exotic shenanigans where the worshipers holy-roll over symbols like the wishbone of an ostrich or the eyeball of an Indian cow. Such things go on behind closed doors, mainly in Harlem. We're concerned here with the come one-come all cults—the high class stuff—where they advertise in the *Times* or the *Sun* and they hang an "all welcome" sign over the entrance to the kirk, whether it be a temple devoted to the new scientific religions or the ancient practice of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda. Places with names like The Fellowship of Life Abundant, Sri Das, Vedanta, The Center



of Inner Vision—or Ramakrishna-Vivekananda. But that brings us back to the Swami Nikhilananda:

The little pamphlet which is handed to each visitor to his Center says:

"The ancient religion and philosophy of the Vedas and Upanishads, the Sacred Books of the Hindus, in their modern interpretation and as corroborated by the experiences of Ramakrishna-Paramahansa and his great disciple Swami Vivekananda, form the basis for the teachings of this Center."

The student of religion, I suppose, wouldn't dare call this religion a "cult." It's good old Hindu philosophy of the sort that Swami Yeats-Brown thinks is quite cricket, and in the matter of age the New Testament of a faith closer to home is just an upstart. But we'll call it a cult because it's a stranger among the American religions, and the people who patronize it are not like the homogeneous types you find at the Methodist-Episcopal, or the Temple Beth-El, or wherever you worship.

There were about 150 people listening to the Swami on my Sunday, but a good many of them were in a kind of Cook's tour that was visiting the "Exquisite Centers of Oriental Religions in New York City." One of the ladies in the tour told me that after the Swami's sermon they were all going down *en masse* to eat a dinner of lamb curry and saffron rice at the Rajah Restaurant. Apart from the members of the tour, the audience held a handful of old ladies who looked like Queen Mary; when they bowed their heads they had to hold their hats. There were a few of those German-looking ladies, like skinny Brunhilds with their corn hair in halo braids and their wide smiles. The type is usually found at the exhibitions of Leica photographs or at the modern dance recitals, but it also manages to turn up in abundance at the meetings of these minor-league religions. There were several Negroes at the Center—one who kept his eyes closed all the way through the sermon and opened them only when he made some notes. There was one Japanese. There were several young ladies with permanent waves.

The Swami Nikhilananda talks to these men and women every Sunday morning and on Tuesday and Friday evenings. The Swami is a strikingly handsome young man with a sad smile and delicate brown fingers. After his sermon, during which he spoke about Buddha, and Brahma, and Karma, and Vedanta, he got up to announce that the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Society was going to hold a dinner that night—at Schrafft's Fifty-Seventh Street Place. Tickets were one dollar-fifty and there were to be two speeches: one by a college professor and one by the daughter of Woodrow Wilson. The service was over at 12:30 p.m.

3:00 P. M.

After Ramakrishna, you can attend the service of Sadhu, which is performed in room 601 of Steinway Hall. The service I attended started late—at 3:20. Mr. Balwant Singh, the Hindu philosopher who presides, came in dressed in an American sack suit and a bright orange turban. He

explained that he was late because he had sent a boy out for his gown and the boy hadn't come back. Mr. Singh then explained to the 12 people present that it would be hard for us to hear him teach in New York from that day on. A group in Philadelphia had sued for his services, promising him a nice lecture room with guaranteed rent and a large congregation, and he was going to take it up.

Mr. Singh's room, like all the rooms in Steinway Hall, is embroidered with a sprinkler system. He has two grand pianos and an American flag at the front of the room. The audience sits on camp stools. Mr. Singh, who is a young man of *café au lait* complexion, talks with an accent that reminded me of the tones of Sean O'Casey. (He says "ting" for "thing".) Mr. Singh gave us a talk on the subject of mind and body, but it was hard to pay strict attention to him. Right next door to his lecture parlor is the Nola Studio, which is one of Steinway Hall's musically inclined emporiums. Somebody in there was doing a job of *The Flight of the Bumble Bee* and every time the bee got close to the low notes the pianist got a healthy round of applause. It was hard to lend an ear to the subject of Mind over Body when Rimsky-Korsakov was being dismembered in the next room. I left Mr. Singh at precisely 4:12, just as he was in the middle of explaining how a chair was not a chair and a body was not a body. I had to be next door by 4:15 if I wanted to hear the services of the Baha'i religion.

4:15 P. M.

Baha'i meets on the sixth floor of 119 West 57th Street. Baha'i, as such, dates back to a man named Bab, who saw the true light in 1844. Here is a description of what Bab saw, written in a free pamphlet:

"... in 1844 (he) began to herald the advent of One greater than himself, who should inaugurate a New Era in religion and civilization. After some 6 years of noble and disinterested effort he was martyred at the early age of 31, his breast becoming the target of a thousand bullets."

But Bab's breast was not bulleted in vain. After him came Bahá'u'lláh, who proclaimed himself as the one whose coming Bab had foreseen. Bahá'u'lláh died in 1892, after living 40 years in prison. His son, 'Abdu'l-Baha, took over his father's practice and died in 1921 after a life spent in spreading the gospel. Today Baha'i claims a million followers all over the world.

The New York sect of Baha'i followers meets in a large, long room with a special spotlight for the speaker and camp stools for the audience. As the audience gets seated somebody plays some holy licks on the piano. The speaker on that Sunday was a Miss Orcella Rexford, who spoke on "How Do You Solve Life's Mystery." She had about 200 people to talk to, and she went to town.

Miss Rexford was dressed in a chic cream-colored print dress with purple jewels at the neckline and a blue wide-brimmed bonnet with a bow tied cleverly under her chin. She



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bears a faint but troublesome resemblance to Aimee Semple MacPherson, though she lacks Aimee's hell-fire-and-damnation technique. The audience took her to its heart. She was nice to look at even though she spoke for two hours straight.

You Solve Life's Mysteries, says Orcella Rexford, by welcoming your troubles. "The first thing to do when you get troubles is to get glad!" she says. "Do you want me to repeat that?" she asks. "The first thing to do when you get troubles is to get glad!" The audience liked that.

The audience was composed of several oldish men who seemed to have come alone, and many old ladies who couldn't find the right seats. They were a folksy group. I tried to imagine one of these old ladies playing bridge at a friend's house. When the conversation would come around to church socials and ladies auxiliaries, another lady would turn to the Baha'i worshiper and say: "And what church do you attend, Miss MacDougall?" And Miss MacDougall would say, "Baha'i!" That might cause some kind of an impasse.

8:15 P. M.

After Baha'i there is an interval of a few hours before you can go up and hear Mr. Joseph O. DeVincent lecture at the Absolute Center. There are some excellent cafeterias and movie houses in this region of 57th Street, so the time really passes quite quickly. Mr. DeVincent's "Absolute Center" is also located in the Steinway building. When you enter his sanctum a neat little lady in a flowing black net gown welcomes you and asks: "What brought you to the meeting tonight?" I told her that I had read Mr. DeVincent's advertisement in the *New York Times*. Well, she says, that's very nice, and would I like to have my life history told from my name? She wrote my name and my date of birth on a slip of paper and then she said I could go into the main lecture room. The main lecture room is a small office. The audience sits on camp stools. There is an attractive altar at the front of the room, backed by a red velvet curtain and flanked by two red torch-lamps. There is a large astronomical chart pinned on the front wall on which the whole world is divided into four main sections: Sylphs, Salamanders, Undines, and Gnomes. There is also a desk up front, and on the desk are three portraits: one of Jesus Christ and two of Joseph O. DeVincent.

The portraits of Mr. DeVincent are in the same three-quarter pose usually favored by Dale Carnegie.

A slim dark girl got up out of the audience and opened the meeting by reading a prayer written by Mr. DeVincent. Then the lady in the black net dress got up and told us that Mr. DeVincent gives courses at a very reasonable and attractive price and that he can cure all our worldly ills. She told us of a woman who had a stomach tumor that weighed 15 pounds and Mr. DeVincent made it evaporate after a few lessons.

Enter Mr. DeVincent—from a side door. He is a small man (older than the two photographs would indicate)

with a grey mane, and a barrel chest wrapped in a boiled shirt. He speaks with a lisp and indefinable foreign accent. When he gets excited a frog pops up in his throat. In a lecture that took one hour and a half I could decipher only one sentence, and that was this: "Sensation is only for the purpose of having man go through it!" Like Mr. Balwant Singh, he spoke about the mind and the body, but most of his stuff sounded like this:

"Cuz an' effec'! Mytery an' Mytizm in eckperimen'! Ain't it billiums of thellsinyo' body? Gawdblezzya'!"

An hour and a half of this, and then he stopped and sat down. The lady in the black net came out again while the master rested and passed the collection plate around. (I figured the crowd for an even dollar. Then the lady explained that we could hear Mr. DeVincent lecture at various times during the week, if we cared to, and he could cure us of all our earthly ills. Then she explained that Mr. DeVincent was ready to read several life histories simply by looking at the name of the person and the date of his (or her) birth. She explained that Mr. DeVincent had spent 25 years formulating this particular theory and that he was pleased to call it "The Modern Qabala of Numbers." There, I thought, with the glow of discovery, is the first word I have ever seen in which the "Q" is not followed by a "U."

Before he came to me, Mr. DeVincent read the mixed fortunes and the ups and downs of two ladies. He seemed to hit it right. One of the ladies was in her seventies, and she had a scar on her left cheek. Mr. DeVincent read her life story in his inimitable dialect. Only the essence of his grammar lingers in my mind: "I'd like to see you when you was young. You must've be very beautiful. You never marry, do you? Well, you had the chance. I see that. You have two chances. You give 'em both up. Why? You very artistic. You should be clairvoyant. Why you ain't make use of your gifts." And so on. He kept right on going even though there was a tear running down the lady's cheek. Then he came to my name.

It seems that I fit into the category of "7-6-1." The first number, I believe, stands for "Divinity," although it might very well be "Matter." At any rate, he said I was a good business man. It wasn't precisely the place to stand up and argue, so I shook my head affirmatively. "Ain't it so!" said Mr. DeVincent. Then he told me that I had had some serious trouble at the age of nine, or it might have been at the age of twelve. "I broke a leg," I said. "Ain't it so!" he said. I have never broken my leg, but the mere thought of it made Mr. DeVincent happy. He kept on reading the letters in my name. "You'll never be in want," he said, "mebbe you'll be down and out but sump'n'll toin up. Never in want, GAWD blezz ya!" Then he told me to beware of a woman much older than myself, and the meeting broke up. There was no time to ask him whether all the people named John Smith lead identically the same lives.

This was at 10:30 p. m. My holy day was spent.



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 FOR  
 DRAWING

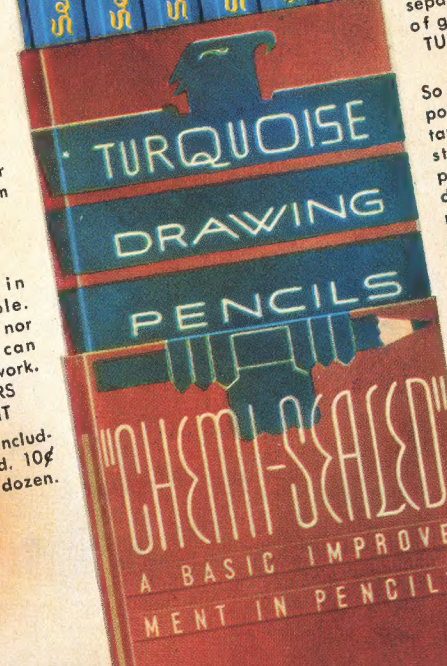


TO guarantee precision grading, unaffected by time, temperature, or humidity, the 17 grades of TURQUOISE are scientifically compounded from 17 separate basic formulas of graphite and clay. TURQUOISE GRADING NEVER VARIES

So firmly is the lead supported, that even long tapered and chisel points stand up under heavy pressure, saving you tedious resharpening and maintaining the uniformity of your line. TURQUOISE MAKES BETTER DRAWINGS

A denser lead structure makes TURQUOISE lines so opaque and even that you can get sharp, clean reproductions direct from uninked pencil tracings. TURQUOISE GIVES PERFECT BLUEPRINTS

17 grades—6B to 9H, for drawing. 10 grades—2B to 6H, with eraser, for writing.





With Independent Tobacco Experts..  
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

*It's Luckies  
2 to 1*



**H**ERE are the facts! Sworn records show that among *independent* tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together. These men are auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. They deal with all, but are not connected with any manufacturer. They *know* tobacco from A to Z...and they smoke Luckies...2 to 1!

Remember that every Lucky Strike gives you the throat protection of the exclusive process, "It's Toasted." This process removes certain harsh irritants present in all tobacco, and makes Lucky Strike a light smoke—easy on your throat.



Have You Heard  
the Chant of the  
Tobacco Auctioneer